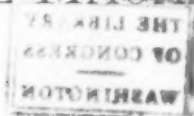


ARTHUR'S

HOME MAGAZINE.



EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR.

VOL. L.

PHILADELPHIA:

T. S. ARTHUR & SON.

1882



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ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. L.

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## FACTS ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

Antiquarians say that the umbrella was invented shortly after the flood, and has been the least improved upon of all appliances for human comfort, the shape being now as it was in those youthful days of the world. An umbrella is much like a pigeon as to the question of possession—the last one who gets it owns it. The following facts about umbrellas—especially the last one—may serve every reader a splendid purpose sooner or later: To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but drippings of the rain, indicates courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies that "exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella signifies that "I am a fool." To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To go without an umbrella in a rain-storm shows I am sure of getting rheumatism, and will have to use St. JACOBS OIL to get well." To keep a fine umbrella for your own use and a bottle of St. JACOBS OIL always in the house, in case of rheumatism or accident, would signify that you are real philosopher.



The following communication to the editor of the Salem (Mass.) Register shows how an artist treated his visitor: "I would have accepted your kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounced on me so suddenly. He arrived last Friday, and, without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a few hours my hand and wrist were so badly swollen and painful that I felt as though one of Mr. Hatch's coal teams had run over me. Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; he always swells and put on a great many airs, making himself at home, devouring my substance and leaving me poor in flesh and pocket. Last winter he came and stayed two months. I then decided that the next time he came I would change his diet. I was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with, but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of St. JACOBS OIL—morning, noon and night. This fare he is disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and will leave by to-morrow or next day; says he cannot stop any longer, as he has pressing business elsewhere. He is a treacherous fellow, and he intends visiting some of our Salem friends; if he does, just give him the same fare that I did and he won't stop long. J. S. LEFAVOUE.

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[Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by E. BUTTERICK &amp; CO.]

## Fashionable Styles of Garments.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' PROMENADE TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 1.—One of the new shot suitings is made up into the stylish costume illustrated by this engraving, and plain satin is effectively commingled in the decoration. The skirt is simply a perfectly designed four-gored shape, and may be decorated in any way pleasing to the fancy. The present decorations are simple, though effective, but may be supplanted by any other garnitures more in accordance with the wearer's taste. The front-gore and the front half of each side-gore are covered for more than half their depth with narrow box-plaitings of the material headed by broad bands of satin, the lower plaiting being continued all about the bottom of the skirt. At each side of this decoration is a long, plaited panel of satin, which covers the remainder of the side-gore; and upon the back-breadth are arranged overlapping rows of box-plaiting that extend a little more than half-way to the belt.

The polonaise is beautifully fitted by double bust darts, single under-arm darts, low side-backs and an arching center seam. The skirts of the side-backs extend beneath the backs, and, after being joined together, fall in a deep point low down upon the skirt. Over them the backs are draped in quaint fashion, being plaited up and folded back upon themselves, the result being a *bouffant* drapery, very suggestive of a large hood. The fronts close with button-holes and buttons to some distance below the waist-line, and below the closing they flare stylishly to expose

the skirt decoration. They are raised quite high by plaits, and fall in deep points upon the sides.

Beaded fringe, showing the same rich tintings, as the material, border the drapery edges of the front, while under-facings simply complete the point of the back. A rolling collar of satin and a large bow of satin ribbon complete the neck neatly; and satin cuff-facings, edged at the top by a narrow box-plaiting, trim the close sleeves. Sometimes the front-gore of the skirt will be faced below the drapery with plush or other rich contrasting fabric, and a deep quilting of the suit goods will be arranged upon the sides and back. If plush, velvet or rich, heavy goods of any kind be used for the skirt throughout, it will be as fashionably finished without trimming of any kind, except, perhaps, a narrow plaiting or ruching about the bottom. One handsome costume of this style is developed in navy-blue plush and *moiré* satin, the edges of the over-dress being bordered with a band of chinchilla fur.

The model to the costume is adapted to rich and inexpensive fabrics alike, and the decoration, even for suit goods of ordinary texture, may be severely plain or even more elaborate than pictured, according to individual preference. The model is No. 7874, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents.

The hat is a handsome feather turban, and is one of the most popular styles of the season.



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' PROMENADE TOILETTE.



7887

*Front View.***MISSES' DOUBLE-**

No. 7887.—The garment here model is in 8 sizes for misses make the cloak as represented in years, needs  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 54 inches



7852

**LADIES' COSTUME.**

No. 7852.—The model to this costume is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, the costume requires  $11\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



7887

*Back View.***BREASTED CLOAK.**

illustrated is very stylish. The from 8 to 15 years of age. To the engravings for a miss of 11 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



7870

*Front View.***DOLLS' BOOT, SLIPPER AND STOCKING.**

SET No. 68.—This Set is in 5 sizes for dolls with feet from 2 to 4 inches long. For a doll with feet 3 inches long, a pair of boots and slippers will require  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 22 inches wide, and a pair of stockings will need  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Price of Set, 15 cents.



7870

*Back View.***MISSES' COSTUME, WITH ADJUSTABLE CAPE.**

No. 7870.—The model to this costume is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. A miss of 11 years requires  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of striped goods, each 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of striped 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**7863***Front View.***7857****LADIES' FANCY SLEEVE.**

No. 7857.—One of the latest caprices in the fashioning of sleeves is here shown. The pattern is in one size, and needs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide, to make a pair of sleeves like it. Price of pattern, 10 cts.

**7863***Back View.***LADIES'**

No. 7863.—This sumptuous-looking hair or any variety of richer fabrics. The model is in 10 sizes for ladies from lady of medium size, it requires  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54 inches

**WRAP.**

wrap may be developed in cloth, camel's-such as silk, *satin de Lyons* or plush. 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a of goods 27 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**7868***Front View.***7868***Back View.***7856****LADIES' PUFFED SLEEVE.**

No. 7856.—This pattern is in one size, and requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, to make a pair of sleeves like it. Price, 10 cents.

**7854***Front View.***7854***Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 7854.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it needs 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide. Price, 20 cts.

**CHILD'S CLOAK, WITH CAPE.**

No. 7868.—This model is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it will need  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

FIGURE NO. 2.—LADIES' SKATING TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 2.—A decidedly cosy and picturesque toilette for either skating or sleigh-riding is here seen.

The costume is of fine camel's-hair of a warm garnet hue, and is prettily fashioned. The skirt is of the four-gored style, and is trimmed quite elaborately with shirrings and plaitings of the material. About the foot is a narrow, side-plaited ruffle, above which is a deep, side-plaited flounce, that, across the gores, is surmounted by a broad section of the material shirred several times at both edges and once midway between, to form two full, baggy puffs between the shirrs. The body is in basque style in front and has an effectively draped back, whose lower edge is gathered to the skirt under a broad sash of Surah silk. The model is No. 7621, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents.

The cloak is quite long and is constructed of illuminated cloth of a broken pattern. Its fronts are close, but without darts, and are in double-breasted, diagonal style, closing with one row of buttons and button-holes nearly to the bottom, where they separate and round away jauntily at the corners. The back is slightly fitted by a center seam and low side-backs, and has long laps of

fur inserted in the lower part of the side-back seams. Pocket-laps of fur rest jauntily upon the sides, and

a rolling collar, covered with fur, encircles the neck, reversing the tops of the fronts to form lapels that

are also covered with fur. The coat sleeves have deep cuff-facings of fur about their wrists, and a muff of the same warm material may be carried to protect the fingers. The cloak is lined all through with quilted, cardinal satin, and may be bordered all around with fur, if desired. It is a handsome style for cloths, plushes and cloakings of all varieties, and may have plush in any of the fur imitations or plain or fancy varieties for its facings. The model is No. 7886, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. The muff may be shaped by model No. 7339, which is in one size, and costs 10 cents.

The hood is prettily modelled and is made of garnet plush, and its reversed front edge is covered with fur. The ties are of Surah ribbon, and a large bow of the same is placed at the center of the back. The hood comprises a front and a crown portion joined plainly together, and a pretty cape slightly gathered at the back and deep enough to perfectly protect the neck. The hood is lined with pale-pink quilted satin, but may have a lining of fur, silk, plush or some



FIGURE NO. 2.—LADIES' SKATING TOILETTE.

warm woolen fabric. The model is No. 7851, is in one size, and its price is 15 cents.



FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' SHORT COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—Simplicity and elegance are conspicuous features of the costume here portrayed. The skirt is of plush of a rich blue shade, and is

the outer edge is reversed all around to form a graduated *revers* that is faced with plush. The fronts are deeply and broadly

shirred below the closing, which is made with button-holes and steel-bead blackberries; and, below the shirrs, the edges are turned over in plush-faced *revers*. The side edges of the fronts are plaited up prettily, and a fall of fringe garnitures their lower edges, the fringe being provided with a heading that is a part of itself. A military collar stands about the neck above a frill of lace and a row of steel *passementerie*, this decoration being carried down the front to the top of the shirring. The close sleeve is decorated with lace and *passementerie*. It may, however, be completed with a cuff-facing of plain goods, if such a finish be preferred.

All varieties of dress materials may be fashioned into handsome costumes by this model, and the edges of the over-dress may be plainly finished or decorated with lace or any variety of fringe and *passementerie* preferred. A *four-sure* is usually worn with a costume of this style, and, while not a necessity, is an effective and stylish support to the drapery. One of these articles may be made by pattern No. 7823, which is in one size and costs 10

cents. The model to the costume is No. 7852, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents.



FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' SHORT COSTUME.

The over-dress is in polonaise fashion, and is a handsome departure in its mode of construction and draping from any of the modes heretofore issued. It is made of brocade of satin of the same shade as the skirt, and is neatly fitted by the customary darts and seams. The back is of busque depth, with plaits folded under at its center, and side-back seams below the waist-line, which produce the stylish effect of a triple box-plait in each side of the deep, square skirt. The back-drapery is provided by an ingeniously shaped section of the material gathered at both ends to a band, which is tacked to the back seams underneath at the waist-line, the inner edge by this means falling loosely in graceful bournous fashion, while





7855

*Front View.*

FIGURE No. 4.—GENTLEMAN DOLLS' WALKING SUIT.

FIGURE No. 4.—This consists of Gentleman dolls' Set No. 70, which is in 7 sizes for dolls from 12 to 24 inches long. To make the costume for a doll 22 inches long, will require  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods 22 inches wide. Price of Set, 20 cents.



7855

*Back View.*

**LADIES' DOUBLE—**  
No. 7855.—For walking, driving this style are very popular and sonable wrap materials. The from 28 to 46 inches, bust dum size, it needs,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 48 inches

**BREASTED CLOAK.**  
ing and general wear, cloaks of are made of all varieties of sea-pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies measure. For a lady of medium material 22 inches wide, or wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



7885

*Front View.*

FIGURE No. 5.—NURSE DOLLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 5.—This costume consists of Set No. 71. The Set is in 7 sizes for dolls from 12 to 24 inches long. A doll 22 inches long needs 1 yard of

goods 36 inches wide for the dress, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of Swiss or lawn for the apron and cap. Price, 20 cents.



7885

*Back View.***LADIES' BASQUE, WITH ADJUSTABLE COLLAR.**

No. 7885.—This model is adapted to any kind of goods not too heavy to lie nicely in the folds of the plaits, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it will require 5 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



GENTLEMAN DOLLS' CUT-AWAY COAT, PANTS AND VEST.

Set No. 70.—This Set is in 7 sizes for gentleman dolls from 12 to 24 inches long, and requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material 22 inches wide in making the garments for a gentleman doll 22 inches long. Price of Set, 20 cents.



FIGURE No. 6.—LADY DOLLS' RECEPTION TOILETTE.

FIGURE No. 6.—This toilette consists of Set No. 67, and is in 7 sizes for lady dolls from 12 to 24 inches long, and needs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material 22 inches wide for a lady doll 22 inches long. Price of Set, 20 cents.



GIRL DOLLS' WALKING SKIRT AND SHOOTING JACKET.

Set No. 69.—This Set is in 7 sizes for girl dolls from 12 to 24 inches long. For a doll 22 inches tall, the garments require  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of any preferred variety of material 22 inches wide. Price of Set, 15 cents.



7865

Front View.



FIGURE No. 7.—GIRL DOLLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 7.—This costume consists of Set No. 69. It is in 7 sizes for girl dolls from 12 to 24 inches long.

The costume, for a doll 22 inches long, requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material 22 inches wide. Price of Set, 15 cents.

LADIES' HOOD.



7865

Back View.

No. 7865.—A becoming and comfortable style of hood for sleighing and skating wear is here represented. The hood-portion and cape are each comprised in one piece. The pattern is in one size, and, to make a hood like it, needs 1 yard of material either 22, 27 or 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



7860

*Front View.***CHILD'S**

No. 7860.—This costume is combination of two fabrics. The children from 2 to 6 years of age, needs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of contrasting goods 22 inches wide, yard of contrasting fabric 48



7860

*Back View.***COSTUME.**

very handsome for the costume pattern is in 5 sizes for children. The garment, for a child of 5 years, will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of contrasting goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material and  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



7871

*Front View.***FIGURE NO. 8.—CHILD'S COSTUME.**

FIGURE NO. 8.—This consists of model No. 7853, which is very stylish in effect and quite simple in construction. It is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 6 years, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



7851

**LADIES' HOOD.**

No. 7851.—This pattern is in one size, and calls for  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material 22 inches wide, or  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, together with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of satin 20 inches wide for lining. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

**MISSSES' COSTUME.**

No. 7871.—This handsome model develops with equal satisfaction in materials intended for school or best wear. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 11 years, the costume needs  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



7871

*Back View.*

**NOTICE:**—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

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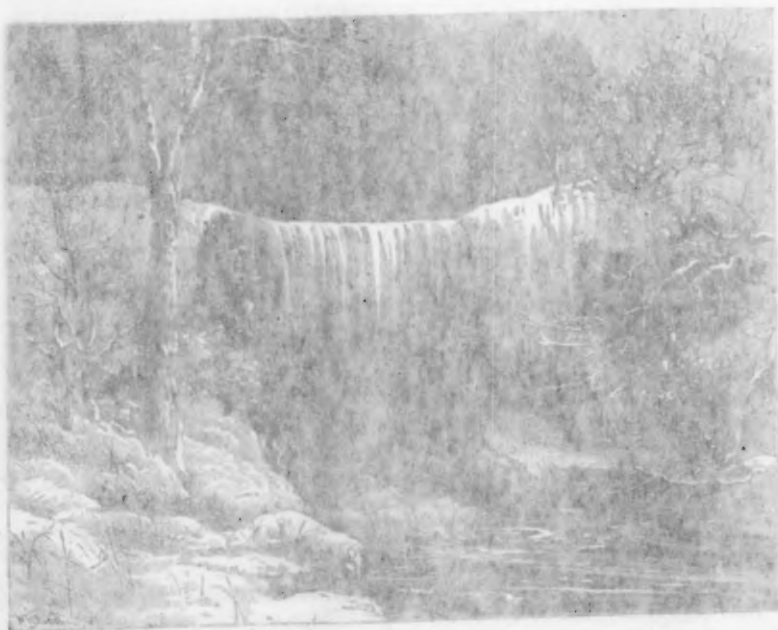


# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol.

JANUARY, 1882.

No. 1.



FALLS OF MINNEHAHA.

THESE falls, the winter aspect of which is presented in the above engraving, are situated in the State of Minnesota, between St. Paul and Minneapolis. Mrs. Eastman, in her "Legends of the Sioux," referring to these, says: "The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. Between the Fort and the Falls of St. Anthony are the 'Little Falls,' forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians call them Minnehaha, or 'Laughing Water.'" Though here shown with a considerable amount of water falling over them, they often dwindle to a very scanty flow.

The readers of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" will remember that the Old Arrow-maker's wigwam is

represented as being within the sound of the Falls, and that his daughter was napped for them.

"Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women;"

And that "Hiawatha" went a long journey to the land of the Lacotahs to woo the dusky maiden:

"Striding over moor and meadow,  
Through interminable forests,  
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,  
At each stride a mile he measured;  
Yet the way seemed long before him,  
And his heart outran his footsteps;  
And he journeyed without resting,

(5)



SNOW BIRDS

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Vol. I.

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No. 1.



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The readers of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" will remember that the Old Arrow-maker's wigwam is

represented as being within the sound of the Falls, and that his daughter was named for them:

"Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women;"

And that "Hiawatha" went a long journey to the land of the Dakotahs to woo the dusky maiden:

"Striding over moor and meadow,  
Through interminable forests,  
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,  
At each stride a mile he measured;  
Yet the way seemed long before him,  
And his heart outran his footsteps;  
And he journeyed without resting,

(5)

Till he heard the Cataract's laughter,  
 Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
 Calling to him through the silence.  
 'Pleasant is the sound,' he murmured,  
 'Pleasant is the voice that calls me!'

"On the outskirts of the forest,  
 'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,  
 Herds of fallow deer were feeding,  
 But they saw not Hiawatha;  
 To his bow he whispered 'Fail not!'  
 To his arrow whispered, 'Swerve not!'  
 Sent it singing on its errand  
 To the red heart of the roe-buck;  
 Threw the deer across his shoulder,  
 And sped forward without pausing.

"At the doorway of his wigwam  
 Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
 In the land of the Dakotahs,  
 Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony.  
 At his side, in all her beauty,  
 Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
 Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
 Plaiting mats of flags and rushes.  
 Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
 And the maiden's of the future.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Through their thoughts they heard a footstep  
 Heard a rustling in the branches,  
 And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
 With the deer upon his shoulders,  
 Suddenly from out the woodland  
 Hiawatha stood before them.

"Straight the Ancient Arrow-maker  
 Looked up gravely from his labor,  
 Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
 Bade him enter at the doorway,  
 Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
 'Hiawatha, you are welcome!'

"At the feet of Laughing Water  
 Hiawatha laid his burden,  
 Threw the red deer from his shoulders;  
 And the maiden looked up at him,  
 Looked up from her mat of rushes  
 Said, with gentle look and accent,  
 'You are welcome, Hiawatha!'

### SURROUNDED BY FIRE.

LIFE upon the "Border" is always attended with more or less danger and excitement, and, even Iowa, in her advanced stage, is not exempt from it.

There are still large tracts of unsettled prairie over which devastating flames sweep annually, notwithstanding the fact that our laws attach heavy penalties to the crime of setting out fires at this season of the year. On the evening of

November 2nd, 1880, I rode out for the distance of seven miles, to witness a prairie fire, that I might accurately describe it to our readers.

The settlement extends about five miles east of Bur Oak Grove, and from thence an uncultivated prairie, twenty-five miles in width, offers a grand scope for the flames. On the evening in question, we ascended an eminence and beheld one unbroken line of fire extending from north to south, as far as the eye could reach, now bending to the east for a mile or two, and now to the west, bounded on one side by a blackened waste, on the other, by a brown expanse, over which the flames were steadily advancing.

As it moved over the short upland grass, it was not more than a foot in height; in other places it shot skyward in fiery jets, as it struck the swampy ground, where reeds and flags grew rank and tall, while, scattered over the blackened space, huge pyramids of flame lighted the scene for miles around, marking places where tons of hay were making midnight fires.

The wind was low, and the line moved leisurely along, in strong contrast with the evening before when a young man residing with his widowed mother upon the outskirts of the settlement had discovered the fire sweeping down upon them, borne by a fierce head-wind that threatened to destroy all before it.

The usual mode of protecting isolated farms, is to plow a strip of land about twenty feet in width around the premises, and in ordinary cases the fire will not pass over; but it was evident that, with such a breeze, the plowing would be of but little avail, and in company with his nearest neighbor, the young man undertook the hazardous work of fighting it by back fires, that is, by burning the prairie in small patches before it has time to sweep down in one extended line. In places, it was easy enough; in others, it required all their efforts to keep it from getting beyond their control. For several hours they kept it within bounds, but suddenly a whirlwind passed through the fire, scattering the sparks and burning grass in a luminous shower about them.

The fire started anew in a thousand places, as sparks caught and ignited, expanding in flaming sheets of light, which grew wider and wider with every breath of the wind.

"Merciful Heaven! we are surrounded!" exclaimed the older man, as he glanced hastily about for some means of escape.

There was no time for consultation; the flames were sweeping down from the east, borne by the resistless force of the wind which caught the tall grass as it burned off at the roots, and hurled it forward upon the inflammable vegetation beyond.

If they retreated before it, they must pass over a piece of swampy ground, where grass and reeds grew rank and strong, with every prospect of

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being overtaken in a worse place than where they were.

On came the flames like a wrathful fiend. Every moment the air grew hotter, and the sparks thicker, as the dangerous element was borne toward them on the wings of the wind, and, each acting upon his own impulse, fled in opposite directions. The younger man ran straight toward the flames, and although the burning space appeared to be only a line, he found it much wider than he supposed, and instead of clearing it with a bound, as he had intended, he was obliged to pass over several rods of blazing grass, and when he reached the space already burned, his hair and eyebrows were badly singed, and his coat on fire. Quickly drawing off the garment, he succeeded in extinguishing it, and then looked around expecting to see his neighbor, but the older man had run out into the slough, and lay down with only his head above the water, to await the coming of the flames. In a few moments the place was completely hidden from view, by the crimson sheet that swept over it; how a human being could live in the midst of so much flame and smoke, seemed too deep a mystery, and as soon as the grass had burned sufficiently away, the young man returned to look for his missing comrade. When the smoke had cleared, the man rose from his place of doubtful refuge, and stood gasping upon the shore.

"How are you?" asked the younger, advancing toward him.

"I am very nearly boiled, that's about how I am," he said, as soon as he could recover breath enough to speak.

"The flames heated the air until I was obliged to duck my head under, then the burning reeds fell into the water till they set it to steaming, and when I raised my head, I got a breath of hot air, that made me think that my choice lay between boiling and roasting; I'd like to see the fellow that kindled the fire in my place awhile; how fared you?"

"I am scorched some, but very glad to escape so easily, although I have not the least desire to try it again. But hark! what was that?"

The two men listened anxiously for a moment, and the sound was repeated, striking a chill to their hearts far more terrible than anything they had before experienced.

It was a human cry, and so full of agony and despair, that the two men trembled, as it came borne across the waste, fearfully wild and distinct above the roar of the flames.

"Tis a woman's voice," said the elder man, as a shudder ran through his frame at thought of a fellow-being perishing horribly, so near that they could hear the heart rending shrieks.

"Look, look!" shouted the younger man, pointing in the direction from which the sound proceeded, where, darkly outlined against the lurid sky,

a female form was visible retreating before the flames which every moment gained upon her.

"O God! it is my Lily! my own precious child! Is there no way to save her?" exclaimed the elder man despairingly, as his gaze fell upon the fleeing girl.

"Alas, none," were the unuttered words that rose to the lips of his companion, as his eye measured the distance, and he saw how utterly futile would be any attempt at rescue.

The father comprehended what a single glance had revealed to the other, that the flames would overtake her before they could traverse half the distance and it would only involve a useless sacrifice of two more lives. He raved in agony. A lifetime of torture seemed to concentrate in the moments as they watched the fragile girl, as she sped hopelessly on as if striving to evade, if only for a moment, the fate that awaited her.

"Look! look!" again shouted the young man, pointing to a dark object which neither had previously observed.

It was a horseman, riding at full speed toward the fleeing girl, dashing straight in toward the fire, as if willing to meet the flames half-way.

To the men who watched his course, it seemed like rushing into the very jaws of death, but the horseman never faltered. With an encouraging shout to the girl, who now ran to meet him, he dashed onward, unheeding the current of heated air and stifling smoke that was wafted toward him.

"Too late! too late! He cannot retrace the ground," groaned the father, as his eye measured the hopeless distance which lay between his child and safety.

"If there is a man in the world who can save her, it is John Harper," said his companion encouragingly.

"John Harper! Is it he?" gasped the father, "and it was only yesterday that I told her never to be seen in his company again! and now the brave fellow is riding straight into the flames to perish with her," and the hopeless father groaned in anguish.

"See! he has reached her; he swings her to a seat behind him, and wheels about to recross the ground," and with a cheering shout the young man endeavored to encourage the heroic fellow.

"Has he gone mad?" he asked a few moments later. "He is not taking the shortest cut, but is bearing away to the right!"

"It matters not; 'tis but a hopeless race with the winds, and no horse in America could run it. O, my poor child! O, my brave boy!" and the father covered his face with his hands and groaned in agony.

The rider knew the strength of the animal as well as any one; he could feel the panting sides, and note the slackened speed of the willing beast, and clearly realized the inability of the horse to



carry his double burden across the intervening space, but if he could urge him to make a few more desperate bounds, he could reach the solitary tree that stood like a lone sentinel in the midst of that scene of terror and desolation.

The horse already staggered with exhaustion, but with whip and voice he urged him on, until, trembling in every limb, he paused beside the tree.

"Quick, Lily, climb for your life!" he said, standing erect in the saddle, and helping her as far as he could reach, then swinging himself up he assisted her to a seat upon a branch out of the reach of the scorching flames.

The horse stood for a few seconds, as if to recover breath for a final effort, and freed from his burden, made another effort for his own safety. He staggered forward, and fell upon his knees, just inside the burned region where the men were standing, and not a moment too soon. The father ran to him, and throwing his arms around his neck, caressed him with tears of gratitude.

"I'll take it all back, John. You're good enough for the president's daughter; take Lily and my whole farm with her, if you want to," he said, as he grasped the brave man's hand as he descended from the tree.

"I'll accept your offer, minus the farm," was the smiling reply.

"How came you out here, Lily?" asked the father.

"I came to look for you. You had been gone so long that we feared that the flames had overtaken you," she answered.

"Well, don't you ever get John into such a scrape again." And she never did.

### GRANDMA'S GOLDEN WEDDIN'.

It came off in October, a year ago last Fall, You never heard about it? Well, if that don't beat all!

Why, 'twas all in the papers; I keep 'em handy—see:

Mr. and Mrs. Willett—that 'ere means John and me.

Melissy, my grand-darter, had sot her heart upon't;

She said, "Folks wedded fifty years should take some notice on't;"

And so she made the cake, and sent the invitations out,

And everybody came that lived in five-mile here-about.

Grandchildren?—bless 'em—every one! and great-grandchildren too

(Lucinda brought the twins, although she feared 'twould hardly do).

The day? Why 'twas as like unto the mornin' we had then,

As if the sun had just turned back and made it o'er again!

Melissy wore my weddin'-gown, and when her hair was curled

She was my very picter, taken young—for all the world!

John, he looked kind o' dazed-like, and then what did he say,

A-takin' of her hand, but "Hannah, 'tis our weddin'-day."

John's kind o' breakin' down, for now, at four-score years, you see,

His mem'ry goes a-travellin' back to days that used to be:

They bring the children to him; he calls 'em *Jim* or *Joe*.

He seems to think they are our boys in times so long ago.

My youngest sister, Patty, the one that married Dan,

Stood up with me as bridesmaid, and he was John's best man.

Now Daniel he's been dead—let's see—this twenty year or more,

But Patty she stood up with me, jest as she did afore.

The parson read the service—we'd kept our promise true,

But there, with children's children nigh, we made it over new;

And when the solemn words were spoke, it seemed to John and me

We had renewed our youthful vows for all eternity.

Ah, yes, I see John's failin' fast, his strength is nearly gone,

And when he goes away from me, I soon shall follow on.

We've journeyed hand-in-hand along, from early morn till late,

And hand-in-hand we'll journey on, inside the Golden Gate!

Melissy, there, she's promised to a likely man, they say;

She's got most of her settin' out, and soon will name the day.

They love each other faithful. I tell her, "Wait, my dear,

Until your love, like our'n, has stood the test o' fifty year."

RUTH REVERE.

To HIM who thinks a thing is sinful it is sinful, though it may not be sinful to his neighbor. Many a man is doing right, and is sinning in doing it, because he is violating his own conscience; not any natural law or custom, but simply going against his own conscience.

## SOME WONDERS OF THE SEA.

**F**LUNG upon the sea-shore by the retiring waves, we find lying upon our coasts innumerable variously-shaped, helpless, and apparently lifeless lumps of semi-transparent, gelatinous objects, which we call by the popular name of Jelly Fishes, and which are amongst the most beautiful of the many things of beauty with which the Creator has filled His marvellous creation.

Apparently they are nothing but sea-water entangled among a sort of web of animal matter; and if the largest of them be allowed to dry in the sunshine, it will gradually be dissipated before the hot rays, and a mere pinch of animal matter will constitute its sole remains; indeed, it has been said, and with some truth, that when once a farmer near to the sea-shore carted whole wagon-loads of jelly fishes away as manure for his fields, the result of the day's labors in procuring animal substance might have been carried away in one of the pockets of the farmer's coat.

Yet, if we pick up one of these apparently inanimate lumps of jelly, and carry it to a clear pool left by the tide, new life seems to awaken in it. From the edge of the mushroom like cap a number of delicate transparent filaments are unfolded, and the whole of the cap begins to pulsate slowly, but regularly, the alternate contractions and expansions serving to propel it gently through the water, in which it floats as a parachute floats in the air. It does not seem able to direct its course to any definite point, but it is far from being the inanimate jelly which it appears when lying on the shore.

If taken up in the hands it can be torn, or rather broken, to pieces, the fracture being very much like that of the gelatine which is so often imposed on us under the name of calf's-foot jelly. Were it only composed of water entangled in a fine animal network, the water would escape when it was broken.

But no more water issues from it than when it was intact, and, on holding the broken pieces up to the light, fine thread-like net-work can be seen plainly, as the fibres, which are scarcely thicker than the filament of a spider's web, have a slightly different refractive power from the water, which is abundantly and securely imprisoned among them.

Two forms of jelly fishes are usually found on our coasts. One form has the simple umbrella, with an edging of very fine transparent filaments,

and some flap-like appendages hanging from the centre; and the other has a narrower and deeper umbrella, with a thick mass of central appendages suspended from it. These latter are called by the generic name of *Rhizostoma*, or root-mouthed. Figs. 1 and 2 exhibit examples of the first form, and Fig. 3 represents the second type.

Here I may say that although our knowledge of these wonderful and interesting forms of animal life has greatly increased of late years, so much yet remains to be learned about them that any attempt at their systematic arrangement, and consequently their nomenclature, must be considered as merely provisional.

Suppose that we pick out a small, uninjured specimen, and bring it home for a closer examination. It can be fairly seen in any basin filled with clear sea-water; but as some of its structures require the light to pass among and through them before they can be distinguished, a glass vessel should be used if it can be obtained.



Fig. 1.

There are always several pastry-cooks' shops at a sea-side watering place, and the proprietor will mostly lend on hire to a customer one of the large cylindrical biscuit glasses. Bell glasses can mostly be obtained, but they almost always have a greenish tinge, which destroys the beauty of the jelly fishes placed in them. Here, then, is our jar of clear sea-water, and in it is a jelly fish.

The first point which will strike the observer will be the pulsations of the disk. It continually expands and contracts, as if it were the heart of

some creature much higher in the scale of nature. How and why does it pulsate?

As far as we know, one of the objects of the pulsation is to allow as much water as possible to pass over the various organs, much as a fish, by perpetually opening and closing its mouth and gill-covers, impels the water over the respiratory apparatus. At one time it was thought that the pulsation of the disk was intended to aid respiration, and that the animal used its respiratory apparatus for the purpose of locomotion. Hence these creatures were called *Pulmogrades*, i. e. moving by means of lungs. The movements, however, are so slow, and the force exerted is so

were rolled along by the flowing tide as helplessly as the smallest, and not one of them showed the least symptom of intellect enough to determine upon any definite course, or ability to pursue it. A few hours later, when the tide was on the ebb, I returned to the same spot, and there saw the jelly fishes borne back with the tide, just as helplessly to stay their progress to the sea as they had been to prevent their journey up the river.

Why the pulsation occurs is therefore a mystery. If it be for the purpose of breathing, we can as yet find no respiratory organs. If it be for propulsion, it seems quite inadequate to its office; circulation there is none that can be detected, and

so we are driven to the acknowledgement of our ignorance.

How the propulsion is effected is equally a mystery. It is easy enough to say that "the disk is composed of innumerable polyhedral hyaline cells capable of contractile efforts." But that is no explanation. We want to know *how* the disk is able to keep up these pulsations, though possessing neither muscular nor nervous fibres; and as yet no one has been able to discover the secret. The fact is known to every child who visits the seashore and uses his eyes, but the wisest man cannot explain it.

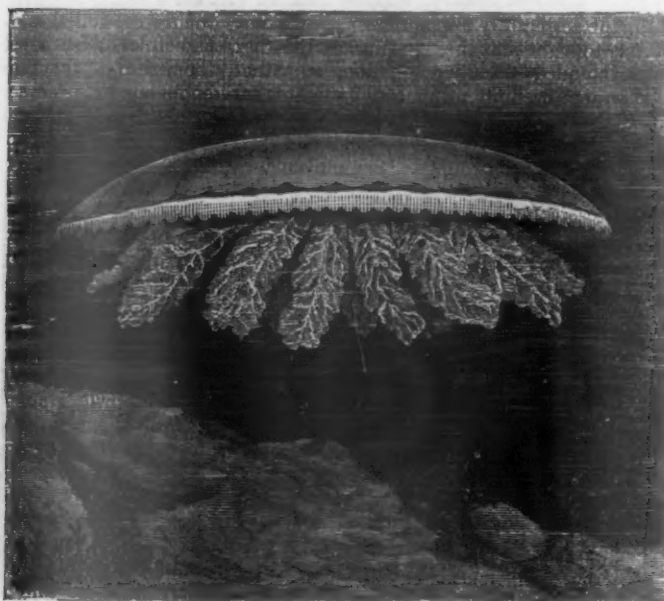


Fig. 2.

slight, that the animal is unable to stem the feeblest current, and even the largest specimens may be seen borne along by the tide without the slightest attempt to shape a course of their own.

Some few years ago I was much struck with this fact.

I was standing at the end of Southend pier, watching the tide come in. It is an admirable spot for such a purpose, as it is a full mile from the shore, and the spectator can see everything that floats in the water beneath him. On that particular day, it was just after high-tide, and in consequence all the animal life came from the sea. The water was full of jelly fishes, especially those of the *Rhizostoma* genus; many of them were so large that they seemed to have journeyed from the tropics. Despite their size, however, and their apparently powerful pulsation, the largest of them

There is another function, besides that of movement, which is possessed by many of these jelly fishes, namely, the power of stinging. This property was noticed by the ancient naturalists, who gave to the jelly fish the name of *Aculephæ*, i. e. nettles, or *Medusæ*, because the long trailing filaments were venomous as the snakes in *Medusa's* hair.

Evidently intended for the purpose of paralyzing prey, the poison-threads of the *Medusæ* are sufficiently venomous to cause intense suffering even to man, and in some cases endanger his life. It is not only the pain inflicted which constitutes the danger, but the effect on the heart and respiratory muscles. The heart seems to cease from beating, and the lungs cannot be inflated. All power goes out of the body and limbs, so that the sufferer becomes helpless for a time, and if in the water might be drowned.

Such, at least, has been my own experience, though persons with a differently constituted nervous organization might not suffer so severely. The reader may remember that when Capt. Webb was making the arrangements for his wonderful swim across the Channel, his chief fear was lest he might be stung by a jelly fish. Even though he was protected by a coating of porpoise-oil, he was once slightly stung, but the oil evidently must have partly neutralized the poison. Indeed, after being stung, the most effectual remedies are oil applied externally and brandy taken internally.

As is the case with those who are bitten by venomous snakes, the spirits seem to have no effect whatever on the brain of the sufferer, but only keep up the nervous power until the venom is eliminated from the system.

It may seem strange that beings of so low an organization should possess so terrible a power, and we naturally search for the means that it employs.

After a human body has been stung, the surface is covered with the finest imaginable red lines, each line representing the track of the poison-thread. When examined with the help of a magnifying glass, the lines resolve themselves into rows of minute dots, as if tattooed with a needle dipped in carmine, each spot denoting a separate sting.

Now, if we take a single poison-filament and place it under the microscope, a wonderful sight is presented to us.

Although the filament is not thicker than an ordinary spider's thread, it is seen to be studded throughout its length with little oval cells, or capsules, looking like very transparent white grapes. Now, take an object-glass of considerable power, not less than a half-inch and examine a single cell.

Here I may mention that throughout this short history of the Medusæ, I spare the reader a mass of scientific terms, certainly very imposing in appearance, but conveying very few ideas. So, I shall lay aside "cnidæ," "ecthorem," "nematocysts," etc, which are the short-hand, so to speak, of zoology, and employ their equivalents in English. They are invaluable to science because they can be introduced unchanged into any language, but as this periodical is intended for English readers, I shall employ such terms as "poison-threads," "thread-cells," and so forth.

On examining a single cell, its surface appears to be crossed and re-crossed with extremely fine lines of a slightly darker color than the body of the cell. A careful manipulation of the light and delicate focussing will show that this appearance is caused by a very fine thread coiled up within the cell. Around the base of the cell is a series of tiny hooklets, which remind the entomologist of the beautiful hook rows which are found in the wings of bees, wasps, ants, and other insects belonging to the same order.

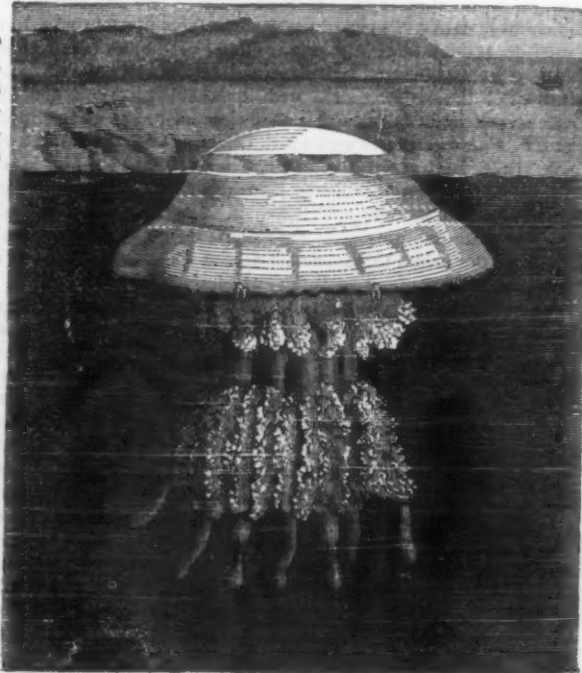


Fig. 3.

Here, then, is the poison apparatus, and the mode of its action is as follows:

As soon as one of these cells touches any object the walls give way, and the poison-thread is shot out to a wonderful distance, its base still remaining attached to the cell whence it sprang. Supposing the cell to be as large as an ordinary grape, the thread would be six feet or more in length, and as elastic as the hair-spring of a watch.

What a startling paradox is here! These creatures really seem to exhibit in themselves the two extremes of organization; their structure appearing to the eye to be scarcely removed above inanimate jelly, and yet, under the microscope, exhibiting a poison apparatus far surpassing the sting of the bee, wonderful and complicated as it is. Moreover the bee has only a single sting, while the poison-cells of the Medusæ may be reckoned by myriads.



What may be the nature of this poison we do not at present know. Some persons have thought that it was electric in its nature, and connected with the brilliant phosphorescent powers possessed by many of the species. Its effect on the nervous system strengthens this opinion, and it is certain that no substance known to be poisonous has been discovered. The extremely minute dimensions of the capsules, however, seem to prohibit even chemistry, or its new ally the spectroscope, from a thorough investigation of the cell contents.

Ordinarily, the threads hang at no great length from the disk, as may be seen by reference to Fig. 1. But the Medusæ seem to be able to project the threads to extraordinary distances. At the time when I was so severely stung the Medusa was not within several yards, and though I was swimming leisurely towards it, my feet were struck before my hands. On lifting my arms out of the water, the delicate filaments could easily be seen hanging from the arm like so many spider-threads.

One fact that militates against the electric theory is, that the poison threads do not depend for action upon the will of the creature to which they belong. If a single filament be separated, and be washed against the human skin, it will sting with as much virulence as if it were still attached to the body whence it sprang, and which may be miles away.

This I have personally experienced. I seem to have a particular attraction for the terrible "Stinger" or "Stanger" of our coasts (*Cyanea*); and if a single filament should happen to be floating about when I am in the water, it is sure to find me. I have been stung even in an enclosed swimming-bath on the Devonshire coast; a detestable and invisible fibre having been introduced into the bath through the supply pipe.

Now we will turn to the umbrella-like disk, and shall find that it is by no means the homogeneous lump of jelly that it appears to be when carelessly inspected.

Look at any one of them as it lies on the sea-shore, and you will see four rings of darker substance than the rest of the disk. These are the four lobes of the stomach; and on turning it over you will see that the appendages which hang from the centre are arranged round the aperture which leads into the stomach.

Next examine the creature still more carefully, and you will find that a number of whitish lines radiate from the stomach to the circumference, some straight, while others are wavy and branched. In the *Cyanea* there are sixteen straight lines and as many branches. All these canals terminate in a wide vessel which runs round the edge of the disk. Here, then, is the digestive apparatus, showing a distinct advance on the animals of the sponge and coral, in which no such apparatus can be discovered.

Arranged round the edge of the disk are eight little brown spots, which are considered by Ehrenberg to be eyes, and indeed the Naked-eyed Jelly Fishes (*alias* the "Gymnophthalmic Medusiform Cœlenterata") were formed into a distinct group. But I cannot accept these spots as eyes, and think that Ehrenberg was as hasty in considering them as such as he was in describing and figuring his so-called "Polygastric," i. e., many-stomached, "Infusoria." The many stomachs with their connecting tubes are plain enough in his figures, but no one except himself has succeeded in seeing them in the living objects. Professor Rymer Jones failed to find them, though he employed one of Ross's best microscopes, an instrument of far clearer definition than that used by Ehrenberg when writing his treatises; and even after inspecting the preparations made by that investigator he still retained his opinion.

Then other naturalists have credited the Medusæ with ears as well as eyes, asserting that certain organs situated at the base of the filaments surrounding the edge of the disk perform the function of ears. These organs are very small scarcely exceeding the five-hundredth of an inch in diameter, and are irregular in number.

When examined with a microscope, each of these organs is seen to be a spherical sac or vesicle, containing from one to ten globular objects. Some observers say that these objects vibrate, while others have failed to detect the slightest movement. It has been conjectured, and in fact asserted, that the tiny objects within these vesicles are analogous to the ear-bones or "otoliths" of fishes, and so the sacs have been called "otolithic vesicles," and their function assumed to be connected with the sense of hearing. But I cannot accept these vesicles, irregular in number and variable in contents, as having any analogy to the ear structure of the higher animals, and am sure that their real office is yet to be discovered.

A few words about the development of the Medusæ must terminate this portion of the jelly fish's life-history.

The Medusa which we find lying on the sea-shore has not always possessed the same shape. It has not merely grown from a little jelly fish into a large one, any more than a house fly grows into a blue-bottle, or a gnat into a daddy-longlegs.

It has passed through a series of changes before it has assumed the form in which we know it; but all individuals need not undergo the same changes. If we trace the creature through its previous existences, and suppose it to go through all of them, we first find it in the stage of an egg. Thence issues an embryo covered with cilia, or hair-fringes, by the movements of which it swims rapidly through the water. Then it settles down for the next change, affixes itself to a seaweed or similar object, and becomes a bell-shaped animal

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fixed by the base to the seaweed, and having long tentacles projecting from the edge of the bell. In this form it is a Hydra, like that of our fresh waters. Sometimes a slice splits off, as if cut with a knife, very much as do the offsets of a tulip bulb, and each slice becomes a separate hydra capable of undergoing its own development, and thus escaping the two stages of egg and embryo.

The polyp continues to grow, and then certain little projections are seen upon various parts of the surface, just like the buds of plants. The buds increase rapidly, and become new polyps, throwing off secondary buds on their own account. The bud is technically termed a "gemma," to distinguish it from the offset, or "stolon."

When these gemmas have attained their full growth, a number of successive wrinkles surround the bell, and divide it into deep rings. In this stage it bears a curious resemblance to the grocer's salad-dressing bottles, where the quantity of glass is supposed to compensate for the paucity of its contents.

The next stage is that each ring becomes notched round the edge, so as to leave a number of projections. These projections increase in length until they become mere threads, while the divisions between the rings become deeper and deeper, so that each ring, or disk, as it now has become, is but slightly attached to its neighbors by the centre. Lastly, the central attachment gives way, the disks are set free, and each disk is then seen to be a small but perfect Medusa.

Such is a rapid and necessarily imperfect sketch of the varied processes through which a Medusa has to pass before it can assume the shape which we see lying on the seashore. We are apt to pass it by without heeding it, and sometimes with even a feeling of disgust at its appearance; but its Maker has thought it of sufficient importance to cause it to pass through all these varied forms, each with its separate mode of organization, before it can assume that shape which we mostly neglect and sometimes despise.

### PANSY FACES.

"There is pansies, that's for thoughts."

**D**ID you ever pass a bed of pansies in full bloom, with their faces all looking westward to the golden glory of the setting sun? If you have, did you stop and watch their sweet faces? No? Ah, you do not know what you have missed! Here is a bed, now, where all the colors, gold, purple, black, vie with each other in their tints and dyes.

Look at that great purple one, rising high above the rest, its head tilted back half scornfully, as if proud of its stately little self. There, a short distance away, a mischievous little golden one laughs at the queenly air of its sister flower, and then

gazesly into a dew-drop opposite to see if its own little merry face is not winsome enough to attract the notice of a handsome butterfly who is fluttering past. Ah! gay little pansy, nodding so blithely on your green stalk, take care; do you see that pretty gold and purple pansy hiding its head in that corner? Only yesterday it was as merry and happy as your wee self, holding up its face for the kisses of that very same gay butterfly, who danced around her all day long; now she is deserted, while he, happily fluttering here and there has quite forgotten her, and her little heart is broken. Take care, little golden flower, lest you, too, fall a victim to the fascinations of so dangerous a denizen of society; better to listen to that honey-bee, with his drowsy hum, he will be good and kind.

There, my friend, look over in that far-away corner; do you see a pale sweet little pansy bending itself over one which, crushed and trampled lies on the ground at her feet? she looks like a sister of charity.

There, a little apart from the rest, their heads bobbing back and forth, are two sober looking ones; you would not think they could harm anything, but oh! the scandal they are talking.

What miniatures they are of human lives! they preach their little sermons eloquently, if only we would listen and take heed; they tell us of the love of the Father who placed them here for us.

How often in life we meet characters like the pansies! Sometimes we see a haughty woman, proud of her wealth and station, and holding herself aloof from those whose misfortune, or fortune, it is not to possess much of this world's goods. She is the purple pansy.

Sometimes we meet those who were once careless, happy, merry girls, whose young spirits are forever crushed, and whose lives are spoiled by some butterfly of fashion, who, attracted by their pretty faces, made them the toy of the hour to be thrust aside as worthless when some newer beauty steps across their path. Sad, alas, is the fate of these, the merry golden-faced pansies!

Then we so often see in real, yes very real life, a young girl, poor and alone, jostled by the throng till, bruised and crushed like the pale little flower, she gives up, tired out with buffeting the waves of life, until some calm, gentle Sister of Charity—perhaps not in the conventional garb, but none the less a sister for all that—comes, and, like the Good Samaritan, soothes and comforts, binds up the bruises, cheers the sad heart, renews the failing courage, and sends her, thus comforted, on her way again; it is sad that there are not more true "sisters" in this wide world of ours.

Then there are the gossips, eternally telling tales of their neighbors over their cups of tea, and making more misery by their "social talks" than a half-dozen sisters can remedy in a month.

Well, it takes all kinds of pansies to make a flower-bed, and it takes all kinds of people to make a world. If we would all, like the little sister pansy, do our mite to aid and comfort the desponding ones, how much happier the world would be; it only takes the drops to make the mighty river.

Let us leave the pansies now, still turned to the west, the dew falling like a benediction on their upturned faces, but may we always follow the right as the flowers their sun, and receive the many blessings heaped upon us as gratefully as they do the dew.

IRENE WILDES.

### THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY AT CONCORD.

FOLLOWING the lovely Lexington road a mile east from the village of Concord, and passing midway the tree-embowered home of Emerson, one comes to a wide gate opening on the grounds of the Orchard House, and leading by a curved path to the Hillside Chapel already famous as the stage of grave philosophical discussions which elude the baffled reporter, and bring dismay to the critics of newspaperdom, who nominally escape the perplexities of their office by good-natured ridicule and satire on the assumed incomprehensible technics of the School.

Just above and at the right of the Orchard House—the former home of the Alcott's, so perfectly described in "Concord Days"—a little rustic, low-roofed building, set in the pine-crowned hill and beautifully wreathed by the grape-vine that once ran over an arbor occupying the same spot, looks down on the approaching stranger without hint of the classic use to which it is dedicated though suggesting by its severe simplicity an aim beyond itself which the inquiring visitor is only satisfied by an attempt to discover.

The interior gained by an easy flight of steps, is as unpretentious as the external in appearance, its plain walls of wood in natural color serving as a somewhat ineffective background for the plaster heads of ancient and modern philosophers, the latter finely represented by busts of Emerson and Alcott, recently contributed to the Chapel by a Concord artist of rather flattering promise.

An open fire-place with pictures above the mantel is a cheerful feature at the left-hand side of the long rows of Spartan wood and camp chairs to the discomforts of which the stoical seeker of truth is, perhaps, oblivious, though a certain restless creaking, and shuffling, and shifting of position toward the end of the long sessions betokens here and there a spirit not yet absolved from the shackles of physical sense. These uncompromising seats, which do not pander to the lovers of luxurious ease, are nevertheless daily filled with occupants quite as remarkable in

their way, and some of them fully as deserving of comment, no doubt, as the group of philosophers on the platform which like the body of the chapel, is sternly simple with no adornments of art beyond the *bas-relief* of a lovely child's face smiling from the arch in front, and in the background a similar cast of the strong features of Thoreau—both works from the hand of the Concord artist before mentioned.

At the right of the lecturer—who always sits during his discourse in front of the flower-illuminated desk—the Dean of the Faculty, A. Bronson Alcott is stationed in rustic arm-chair; his tall, superbly proportioned figure resisting yet the inclination of years, disposed with unconscious grace and dignity in reposeful, listening attitude, his serene, beaming face in its circle of silver hair seeming already touched with the glory of higher suns. "Indeed," remarked one day a not very enthusiastic admirer of the philosophic coterie, "indeed, Mr. Alcott is a god among men, and I should not be surprised to see at any moment a heavenly halo flaming about his head."

At the extreme left, when not engaged in speaking, sits the invincible disciple of Plato, Dr. Jones, usually in a rather ungraceful, if comfortable tilt against the wall, his grey brows bent in close attention to the passing argument which, at the right moment, he is prompt to repel at any point of attack, on the spiritual principle underlying all manifestations of matter. His long series of Lectures during the sessions aim, with absolute singleness of purpose, to the development of a truth which not every mind is adapted to perceive, that the natural world is but a swift, dissolving shadow of the real substance eternally abiding in Psychic force and form.

Of the leaders in this Concord constellation of philosophic stars there is no more remarkable light, probably, than Prof. Harris, the popular exponent of the German Philosophy, notably that of Hegel; who, it is claimed, embraces all principles, and holds the secret of the ancient masters, and is, therefore, the all in all to seekers of a system of pure thought. The intense study of philosophical subjects to which this man has for years devoted himself has imparted to him a look and habit of abstraction which even his practical work as Superintendent of the Public Schools of St. Louis has not served to counteract. When speaking he seems utterly absorbed in his theme, and altogether oblivious to natural surroundings; his face, at all times pallid, growing even more colorless and transparent, while the wonderful flow of technical eloquence, rolling in resistless current from his lips, suggests the idea of a marvellous philosophic mechanism worked by invisible powers, and capable of running on to the possible exhaustion of the fountain at which it draws, if human endurance did not cry, "Enough!"

The "Journal of Speculative Philosophy," published by D. Appleton, shows the line of work which Prof. Harris as Editor evidently finds congenial, and which offers to those interested in this school of thought the best exponent, no doubt, of its principles.

The golden link between the real and ideal—the delightful breeze blowing between the world of fact and the sea of theory—is Sanborn, the Secretary of the Summer School of Philosophy; Secretary also of the American Social Science Association, and an evidently helpful and harmonizing force in all charitable and reformatory work. A literary critic of very fine order, his lectures before the School this Summer on Literature and National life were a pleasant diversion of the general course, and athrill with the genial humor and warm human sympathy which make the man himself, a living brand of fire amidst the white ashes and dying embers of burnt-out scholastics and theorists.

So much has been written in the past three years on the unique attempt to establish a system of cool, speculative thought in this swift, throbbing age of deeds, that it would appear there is very little new to say regarding it, except that no two observers agree in their estimate of the work and its influence. It is not impossible that this may be one of its subtlest charms. A matter on which all are of a mind loses its interest in good measure, and ceases to attract the notice often of approval, or of condemnation. But there is certainly no such supineness of opinion on the subject of the "School of Philosophy." The dreamy air of Concord during the sessions is cut with the keen edge of criticisms, while it is tinged with the roseate hue of content and satisfaction diffused by the "lights" moving serenely in their orbits, each with his little circle of satellites revolving in admiration and worship about its central sun.

The alien student, verdant but aspiring, cruising about in curious quest of knowledge, and drifting into this strange port in earnest hope of finding some solution of the problems that perplex him, is met by the rolling tide of materialism setting in from the world, and dashing madly against the little light-house of a Spiritual Philosophy, recognizing in its tranquil, shining outlook the presence of a Superior Power in the Universe, and the progress of all human life toward the fullness of perfection. It may be that the Faculty of Hillside Chapel, absorbed in the reflection of its divinely transmitted rays, is less conscious than the student of this assault upon its tenets by the Scientific School which, hinging all its trust on the evidence of material facts, derides the poetic power that airily sustains itself in the baseless realm of ideas. In the audience, it is true, there is very little outspoken opposition to the stream of discourse rolling in unknown diapason among

the intangible truths that are void and nameless to sense, though here and there, in the rippling waves of conversation following the lectures, a stone is cast which makes, however, only a transitory splash, quickly smoothed in the serene flow of thought that will not be swamped nor tossed in conflict by any gross, corporeal argument, sinking, as it inevitably must, below the clear, shining current which it seeks vainly to impede.

But the close walk between Chapel and village echoes with earnest interchange of views betwixt opposing parties to whom the latest lecture has suggested new affirmations and denials; and boarding-house tables and parlors ring with spirited discussions in which the cabalistic phrases of the philosophers are knocked back and forth like shuttlecocks in brisk games of battledore. Criticisms rage with fearless freedom, and Plato himself is not infrequently drawn by the aggressive and self-assertive disciples of Herbert Spencer into a defense of grounds which seem utterly untenable to those who build only on the basis of sense. And from controversies of this kind, it must be acknowledged that the Spencerians with their cool, hard logic of facts, usually come out with a glow of victory, being utterly unable to perceive the spiritual truth lying at the root of reasoning which appears to them as baseless as the fabric of a dream.

There is really little use in striving to blend the two systems of thought, as one who has witnessed the futile effort to do so must admit; and in this admission may be found an answer to the question put with much dissatisfaction by many in attendance at the Concord school—why, if it be a fair representative of Philosophic truth, is the Scientific element so vigorously excluded?

It might be fairly denied that there is any exclusion of the Scientific element until its forces are brought to bear against the Divine Principle which under one name or another, this School of Philosophy recognizes as the inspiration and fulfillment of the grand scheme of the Universe. And in the maintenance, exaltation and adoration of this principle—if Philosophy may be said to adore?—the real ease of the school will be found, and its aim, after which there is much curious and skeptical inquiry, is so far, evidently, in perfect harmony with the Christian Church, while, at the same time, it transcends that body in breadth and liberality of spirit, regarding simply the high, moral purpose of a man's thought and work, without reference to the name that he proposes or rejects.

The respectful air of attention, the gentle courtesy of manner with which dissenting opinions are received and reproof, constitute a graceful and salient point in the discussion of these grave thinkers, well worthy of notice and imitation in circles that make religion rather than philosophy a rule of guidance.

Objections are frequently raised by the passing crowd of critics against so much airing of ancient speculative thought, which is declared to be of small significance in comparison with the living vital issues of the present; but Truth has no age and he who strives to compass its full sphere, viewing it from all standpoints of thought and deed, may more securely trace the connections between cause and effect, and follow the ultimate course of things than one who lives only in the hair's breadth of his own brief human life, perplexed by the riddles which no enlarged study of the past, with its complex relations to present and future, has given him any clue.

But, after all, no satisfactory view of this modern philosophic movement can be obtained from another's notes, and whoever has sufficient interest therein to read the reports of its yearly proceedings, will do well to spend his next summer's vacation in the lovely, historic old town of Concord during the reign of the wonderful constellation which has lately risen over one of its sacred heights. And if he gets filled to repletion, and wearies of the sound of "Philosophy," he may flee from chapel and crowd, and seek a rustic seat among the many in the grove above the Orchard House. Or, taking the pleasant road leading down to the bridge, guarded by the monument of the battle ground, he may fling himself in a waiting boat and pass delightful hours in dreamy sails on the shaded, lily-strewn river. Or, escaping to Walden Woods with a volume of Thoreau for companionship, he may sit on the pebbly shore, or drift all day on the wood-encircled pond in sight of the point where the dear old hermit lived for two years in the fine seclusion which left us a harvest of exquisite thought. Or haunted by tender brooding memories of Hawthorne, he may hover about the retired grounds of the "Old Manse," linger along the worn path through the pines above "The Wayside," or follow him to his last rest in the cemetery of Sleepy Hollow—a spot of such heavenly beauty, that dreaming through its lovely, winding ways one forgets the sting and shadow of death.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

### SATIRE AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE vile taste for satire and personal gossip will not be eradicated, I suppose, while the elements of curiosity and malice remain in human nature; but as a fashion of literature, I think it is passing away; at all events it is not my *forte*. Long experience of what is called "the world," of the folly, duplicity, shallowness, selfishness, which meet us at every turn, soon unsettles our youthful creed. If it only led to the knowledge of good and evil, it were well; if it only taught us to despise the allusions and retire

from the pleasure of the world, it would be better. But it destroys our belief—it dims our perception of all abstract truth, virtue and happiness; it turns life into a jest, and a very dull one, too. It makes us indifferent to beauty, and incredulous of goodness; it teaches us to consider self as the centre on which all actions turn, and to which all motives are to be referred. While we are yet young and the passions, powers and feelings, in their full activity, create to us a world within, we cannot look fairly on the world without; all things then are good. When first we throw ourselves forth, and meet burrs and briers on every side, which stick in our very hearts; and fair tempting fruits which turn to bitter ashes in the taste, then we exclaim with impatience that all things are evil. But at length comes the calm hour, when they who look beyond the superficialities of things begin to discern their true bearings; when the perception of evil, or sorrow, or sin, brings also the perception of some opposite good, which awakens our indulgence, or the knowledge of the cause which excites our pity. Thus it is with me. I can smile, nay, I can laugh still, to see folly, vanity, absurdity, meanness, exposed by scornful wit, and depicted by others, in fictions light and brilliant. But these very things when I encounter the reality, rather make me sad than merry, and take away all the inclination, if I had the power, to hold them up to derision. Your professed satirists always send me to think upon the opposite sentiment in Shakspeare, on "the mischievous foul sin of chiding sin." I remember once hearing a poem of Barry Cornwall's (he read it to me) about a strange-winged creature that, having the lineaments of a man, yet preyed on a man, and afterwards coming to a stream to drink, and beholding his own face therein, and discovering that he had made his prey of a creature like himself, pined away with repentance. So should those do, who having made themselves mischievous mirth out of the sins and sorrows of others, remembering their own humanity, and seeing within themselves the same lineaments—so should they grieve and pine away, self-punished. I abhor the spirit of ridicule, I dread it, and I despise it. I abhor it, because it is in direct contradiction to the mild and serious spirit of Christianity; I fear it, because we find that in every state of society in which it has prevailed as a fashion, and has given the tone to the manners and literature, it has marked the moral degradation and approaching destruction of that society; and I despise it because it is the usual resource of the shallow and the base mind, and, when wielded by the strongest hand with the purest intentions, an inefficient means of good. The spirit of satire, reversing the spirit of mercy which is twice blessed, seems to me twice accursed; evil in those who indulge it—evil to those who are the objects of it.—*Mrs. Jameson.*



## SNOW-WHITE.

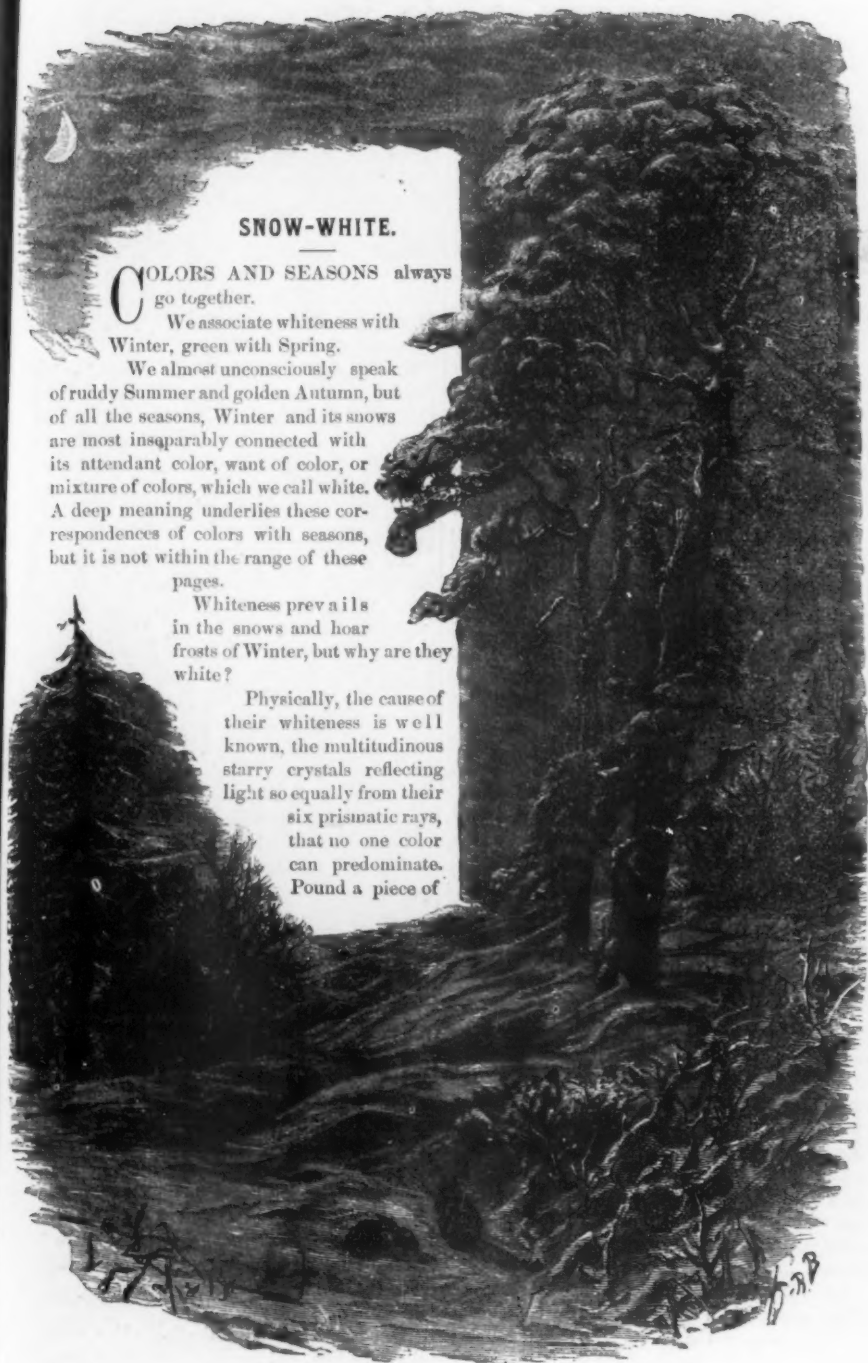
**C**OLORS AND SEASONS always go together.

We associate whiteness with Winter, green with Spring.

We almost unconsciously speak of ruddy Summer and golden Autumn, but of all the seasons, Winter and its snows are most inseparably connected with its attendant color, want of color, or mixture of colors, which we call white. A deep meaning underlies these correspondences of colors with seasons, but it is not within the range of these pages.

Whiteness prevails in the snows and hoar frosts of Winter, but why are they white?

Physically, the cause of their whiteness is well known, the multitudinous starry crystals reflecting light so equally from their six prismatic rays, that no one color can predominate. Pound a piece of





the purest crystalline glass, and the result is a fine powder as white as snow. Take a similar piece of blue, red, purple, yellow, or even black glass. Pound it as finely as possible, and the colored glass will produce a powder indistinguishable in its snowy whiteness from that of the clear glass.

Now let us see what relationship the white of snow has to heat. White objects, as is well known, are ill adapted for radiating or absorbing heat. This is very simply shown by the familiar experiment of laying a piece of black cloth and a corresponding piece of white cloth on the snow. Before very long, the black cloth will be found to have sunk deeply into the snow, while there will be no change in the position of the white cloth.

All careful housewives are aware that a brightly polished teapot will long retain its heat, while if it be allowed to become tarnished, it cools with a rapidity depending on the shade of tarnish. Black earthenware teapots cool so rapidly that they must be kept near the fire, whence they absorb the needful heat, whereas a bright metal teapot would reflect the heat instead of absorbing it.

In some manufactures, the laborers are obliged to work in buildings where the roof is so heated by the summer sun that the building feels like an oven, and the health of the inmates is seriously impaired. A coat of whitewash, however, over the slates, tiles, or metal of the roof has an almost magical effect in reducing the temperature, the white surface reflecting instead of absorbing the heat, as well as the light, of the sun.

Cricketers, again, have learned by experience that white flannel is the coolest clothing that can be worn in the burning weather which mostly accompanies their favorite game, and that it is equally serviceable in saving them from taking cold by checking the radiation of their bodily heat. By parity of reasoning, the white flannel would be equally valuable in cold weather.

Partly on account of its whiteness, and partly on account of the air entangled among the rays of the crystals, snow is a very sluggish conductor of heat, as is instinctively known by many an animal. The Polar Bear, for example, when it hibernates, scoops out a hollow in a snow-drift, and there composes itself for its long winter sleep.

The warmth of its body suffices to melt the snow around it, so that the hollow assumes a dome-like shape, and the snow does not come in contact with the body. But, after that limit has been reached, the snow checks the further radiation of heat, and the animal is able to preserve a sufficient temperature to maintain the life-in-death state of hibernation.

Even those animals which do not hibernate can sometimes avoid a death by frost in consequence of this quality of the snow. The Highland shepherds are only too familiar with this property. In

the bleak and exposed Highlands the snow not only falls profusely, but it is caught up by the wind and drifted into vast masses which obliterate all signs of roads, and have been known even to cover houses, so that not a sign of them was visible on the white expanse.

Yet, thanks to the non-conducting and non-radiating properties of the snow, whole flocks of sheep have been overwhelmed for many days, and at last dug out alive when discovered by the sensitive instincts of the shepherds' dogs. They were well-nigh starved for want of food, and had even been reduced to eating the wool from each other's backs; but they had still retained sufficient warmth to keep them alive, and when supplied with food and taken under cover, were not much the worse for their adventure.

Experienced travellers, when seeing that it was impossible to escape a snow-storm, have utilized it just as the Esquimaux employ it in building their winter houses, and, have sheltered themselves under its fleecy covering until they could venture out again in safety. And a similar practice is common amongst thousands of wild fowl in exposed situations.

We speak familiarly of the frosts of age, and unconsciously associate the white hair of an old man with the Winter of his life. Yet, white hair does not necessarily imply age. Many men reach the age of sixty with scarcely a grey hair on their heads, while others become grey at thirty.

Women are more subject to this early blanching than men, and it is a curious fact that the grey hairs surmounting a young face make it look all the more youthful. Dyeing the hair under such circumstances is a double mistake. There is no dye which, besides being essentially hurtful, does not give an artificial and worn look to the countenance, and thereby exaggerate the elderly appearance which it is intended to conceal.

Passing from mankind to the lower animal, we find that several of them are strangely affected by the winter's cold, their fur or feathers assimilating in color to the snow.

The best known of these creatures is the common Stoat. When the Winter comes on, the fur of the Stoat undergoes a change of color. The ruddy hue disappears altogether, and the fur becomes a beautiful creamy white, with the exception of the tip of the tail, which retains its jetty blackness. When this change of color has taken place, its name undergoes a change also, and in the place of the despised and hated Stoat, there is the kingly Ermine.

A very similar phenomenon takes place in the Arctic Fox, a creature so exceedingly variable in its color that it has gained quite a variety of popular names.

Sometimes it is called the Sooty Fox, sometimes the Blue Fox, and sometimes the Pied Fox. The

two first of these names refer to it in its summer dress, the Blue Fox skin being the most valued. The name of the Pied Fox is given to the animal during its transitional state, when the sooty or blue hair of Summer is giving way to the white of Winter.

In the fiercer cold of the northern latitudes, when the thermometer marks a temperature many degrees below zero for successive months, the fur of the Arctic Fox becomes as white as that of the Ermine, and is proportionately valuable to the hunter.

The Lemming, which emigrates in such countless hosts from the north of Norway and Sweden, affords another example of Snow-White.

Among birds, the most conspicuous example is the common Ptarmigan, one of the Grouse tribe.

During the Summer time the plumage is mottled with reddish brown, grey and black, but in the Winter it becomes almost wholly white.

For what purpose are these changes?

Some persons think that concealment is the chief object in assimilating the color of the fur or feathers to that of the white snow. It is certainly true that an Ermine could not be so readily seen upon snow as if it had retained its summer dress. The same may be said of the Arctic Fox, the Lemming, and the Ptarmigan. As to the bird, however, we are not at all sure whether its white winter's plumage be intended to assimilate with the snow, or to be in bold contrast with the rocks among which it lives, and so to escape observation. Practical entomologists know well that nothing is more difficult of detection than a white moth on a black paling, and the same fact holds good with the Ptarmigan.

Others again say that predacious animals, such as the White Bear, the Arctic Fox, and the Ermine, are better able to creep upon their prey unobserved than if they wore dark coverings. This, however, cannot be the real object of the loss of color. All these animals are sufficiently cunning and active to surprise their prey, no matter whether their fur be dark or white.

We are rather inclined to think that the true reason for the change of color is to be found in the relationship of color to heat which was mentioned on a previous page.

The Polar Bear retains its white color through life.

Some naturalists have thought that it is nothing more than a permanent variety of the Brown Bear, which, being driven farther and farther northwards in search of prey, has put on a white winter dress like the Arctic Fox and Ermine; but, not being able to travel southerly, has found no opportunity of regaining its summer coat. The whole shape and structure of the Polar Bear, however, especially in the modification of the skeleton, show that it is not only a totally distinct species,

but that it ought not even to be placed in the same genus as the black and brown bears.

Perhaps, the theory of cold versus color may be equally unsatisfactory with those of concealment from enemies and assistance in catching prey. Such, however, are the facts, and such are some of the generally accepted theories for accounting for the facts. Certain, however, it is that Winter and Whiteness are connected with each other, and that while several creatures change their dark hues to white at the approach of cold, they never do so at the approach of heat, nor do any known creatures change from white to dark dress in order to suit them for residence in a low temperature.

### CHANSON D'AMOUR!

SHE passed between the rows of corn,  
Their tasselled heads above her,  
They slyly shook and whispered low,  
"Now who could help but love her?"

She smiled up at the stately stalks,  
And they with soft caresses,  
Bent down to twine their slender leaves  
Around her sunlit tresses.

She tripped along, unconscious quite  
Of all her tender graces,  
Unmindful that the leaflets held  
Her firm, in mute embraces.

She carolled forth a roundelay;  
The leaves for very pleasure  
Kept time, as did her dancing feet,  
Unto the merry measure.

The shining tassels touched her cheek  
With kisses softly tender,  
As if to innocence and love  
They'd willing homage render.

So passed she through the waving corn,  
With radiant beauty glowing,  
A picture, in the sunshine bright,  
That gladsome morning showing.

While rustling gently in the breeze,  
The tasselled heads above her,  
Shook slyly as they whispered low,  
"Ah, none could help but love her!"

RUTH ARGYLE.

WFALTY man displaying one day his jewels to a philosopher, the latter said, "Thank you, sir, for being willing to share such magnificent jewels with me." "Share them with you, sir?" exclaimed the man; "What do you mean?" "Why, you allow me to look at them; and what more can you do with them yourself?" replied the philosopher.



SWAMMERDAM.

NO one forgets that in 1610, Galileo, having received from Holland a magnifying lens, constructed the telescope, elevated it in position, and saw the firmament. But it is less generally known that Swammerdam, seizing with the instinct of genius, on the imperfect microscope, directed it to the lower world, and was the first to detect the living infinite, the world of animated atoms! These great men succeeded one another. At the epoch of the famous Italian's death (1632) was born the Hollander, the Galileo of the infinitely little (1637).

An astounding revolution! The abyss of life was unfolded in its profundity with myriads upon

myriads of unknown beings and fantastic organizations of which men had not even dared to dream. But the most surprising circumstance is, that the very method of the Sciences underwent a total change. Hitherto men had relied upon their senses. But now, behold! experiment and the senses themselves, rectified by a powerful auxiliary, confess that not only have they concealed from us the greater part of things, but that, in those they have laid bare, they have every moment been mistaken!

Nothing is more curious than to observe the very opposite impressions produced by these two revolutions upon their authors. Galileo, before

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the infinite of heaven, where all appeared harmonious and marvelously ordered, felt more of joy than of surprise; he announced his discoveries to Europe in a style of the greatest enthusiasm. Swammerdam, before the infinite of the microscopic world, seemed overcome with terror. He recoiled before the spectacle of Nature at war, devouring her very self. He grew perturbed; he seemed to fear that all his ideas and beliefs would be overthrown: a melancholy and singular condition, which, added to his incessant labors, shortened his days.

The eminent physician, Boerhaave, who, a hundred years after Swammerdam's time, published with pious care his "Bible of Nature," gave utterance to a surprising observation, which sets one a-dreaming:

"He had an ardent imagination of impassioned melancholy, which raised him to the sublime."

Thus, this surpassing master in all the works of patient inquiry, this insatiable observer of the most minute details, who pursued Nature so far into the imperceptible, was a poetic soul, a man of imagination, one of those mournful spirits who groan after nothing less than the infinite, and die because they fail to conquer it.

He was born in a cabinet of natural history; and his birth decided his destiny. The cabinet, formed by his father, an apothecary of Amsterdam, was a pell-mell, a chaos. The child wished to arrange it, and drew up a catalogue of it. A modest ambition led him from point to point, until he became the greatest naturalist of the century.

His father was one of the zealot collectors who then became common in Holland—insatiable treasurers of diverse rarities. It was not with pictures—though Rembrandt was then in his glory; it was not with antiquities, that he filled his house. But all that the ships brought back from the two Indies of minerals, plants, fantastic and extraordinary animals, he acquired at any cost, and heaped up in piles. These marvels of the unknown world, contrasting by their splendor and tropical magnificence with the gloomy climate which received them and the pale sea of the North, aroused in the young Hollander's mind a lively curiosity and a passionate devotion to Nature.

The crowds and prodigious movement of Amsterdam favored his solitude. The Babylons of commerce are for the thinker profound deserts. In that dumb ocean of men of mercantile activity, on the border of sluggish canals, he lived almost like Robinson Crusoe in his island. Isolated even in the midst of his family, who could not comprehend him, he seldom emerged from his cabinet, and descended on the fewest possible occasions into the paternal shop.

His sole recreation was to go in search of insects in the little soil which Holland offers above the waters. The melancholy meads, covered with Paul Potter's herds, possess, in the moist warmth of the summer, a great variety of animal life. The traveller is much impressed when he sees the crane, the stork, and the crow, elsewhere





hostile, reconciled here by the abundance of their food, which they frequently hunt in company on terms of perfect accord. Hence the landscape acquires a peculiar charm. The cattle assume an air of placid security which they do not elsewhere exhibit. The summer is short, and early assumes the gravity of autumn.

Enthusiastic collector as his father was, he grieved to see the youth of Swammerdam thus employed. It had been his ambition to make of his son a renowned minister who should shine in controversy, and an eloquent preacher. But his son seemed daily to grow more dumb. The chagrined father lowered his views from glory to money. In that golden city, so feverish and so diseased, no career is more lucrative than that of a physician. But here arose another difficulty. Swammerdam threw himself heartily into his medical studies; but on condition that he created them—as yet they did not exist. Therefore, the

scrutinize with searching glance the smallest detail, Swammerdam created the method of successive enlargement; the art of employing lenses of different sizes and varying curvature, which permit the observer to see *en masse*, and to study each separate portion, and finally to survey the whole for the purpose of properly replacing the details and reconstituting the general harmony.

Was this all? No. To observe dead bodies time is required; but then time robs us of them. Now came a new creation of Swammerdam's. He not only taught us to see and investigate, but he devised means for our permanent investigation. By preservative injections he fixed these ephemeral objects. The Czar Peter, who, a long time afterwards, saw in the dissecting room of one of Swammerdam's disciples the beautiful body, supple and fresh, of a little child, with its exquisite carnation tint, thought that the rose was living, and could not be prevented from embracing it.



basis on which he desired to rest them was the preliminary creation of the natural sciences. How cure the sick man unless you understood the healthy? And how understand the latter without studying side by side the inferior animals which translate and explain disease? But can one see into such delicate mysteries with the eye alone? Does not the feebleness of the sense of vision lead us astray? The serious creation of science would suppose a reform of our senses and the creation of optics.

A veritable creation! Look at the microscope. Is it a simple spy-glass? To the eyes which the instrument possessed, Swammerdam added two arms, one of which bears the glass and the other the object. He himself says, in reference to his more difficult investigations, "that he had attempted to obtain the assistance of another person, but that such assistance proved, in fact, an obstacle." It was for this reason that he organized a dumb man of copper, a discreet servant ready for every work; thanks to whom the observer disposes of supplementary hands and numerous eyes of different degrees of power. In the same manner as the birds expand or contract their visual-organs, either to grasp objects in a whole or to

All this is soon said; but it was long to do. How many attempts! What miracles of patience, of delicacy, of skillful management! In exact proportion as one descends the scale of littleness, the insufficiency of our means proves more and more embarrassing. We can touch nothing without breaking it. Our large fingers will hold no more: they cast a shadow, they throw obstacles in our way. Our instruments are too coarse to seize upon such atoms; therefore we refine them. But then how can we put the invisible point in an invisible object? The two terms in sight avoid us. Only one single passion—the unconquerable love of life and Nature, the undefinable, indescribable tenderness, a feminine sensibility directed by a masculine, scientific genius—could succeed in so great an aim. Our Hollander loved the tiny creatures. He dreaded wounding them so much that he spared the scalpel. He avoided as far as he could the steel, and preferred the firm but nevertheless the delicate ivory. He fashioned in it infinitely small instruments, sharpened by aid of the microscope, which would not work rapidly, and compelled the student to make his observations with due patience.

The most general fact in the life of insects, and the great law of their existence, is the Metamor-

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phosis. Changes which in other creatures are obscure, are in them exceedingly conspicuous. The three ages of the insect appear to be three creatures. Who would have dared to assert that the grub, with its heavy luxuriance of digestive organs and its great hairy feet, was identical with a winged and ethereal being—the butterfly?

He dared to say, and by the most delicate anatomy he demonstrated, that the larva, the pupa, and the butterfly represented three conditions of the same individual, three natural and legitimate evolutions of its life.

How did learned Europe welcome this novel science of metamorphoses? That was the question. Swammerdam, young and without authority, without any position in the academy or university, lived in his cabinet. Scarcely anything of his works was published during his life, nor even fifty years afterwards, so that his discoveries might circulate and advantage all, rather than himself and his fame.

friend Thévenot, the famous traveller and publisher of travels, collected around him at Issy different classes of *savants*, linguists, orientalists, and, before all, inquiring students of Nature. Such was the origin of the *Académie des Sciences*. One might justly say that the revelation of the illustrious Hollander inaugurated its cradle.

A Frenchman rescued from the hands of the Inquisition the last manuscripts of Galileo. A Frenchman also—Thévenot—supported Swammerdam with his purse and credit. He was desirous of establishing him at Paris. On the other hand, the Grand Duke of Tuscany invited him to Florence. But the fate of Galileo was too strong a warning. Even in France there was little safety. The mystic Morin was burned at Paris in 1664; the very year in which Molière performed the first acts of his "Tartuffe." Swammerdam, who was then residing there, might have been present at both spectacles.

Already, at the age of thirty-two, excessive toil,



Holland remained indifferent. Eminent professors in the University of Leyden were opposed to him, and took umbrage at the fact that a simple student placed himself by his discoveries on a level with them, or even above them.

The miserable and necessitous condition in which his father left him was not calculated to recommend him greatly in a country like Holland. In his costly labors he was supported by the generosity of his friends. At Leyden it was Van Horn, his professor of anatomy, who defrayed all his expenses.

At this epoch two illustrious academies were founded—the Royal Society of London and the *Académie des Sciences* of Paris. But the former, specially inspired by the genius of Harvey, a pupil of Padua, turned its gaze towards Italy, and addressed its inquiries to the distinguished and very accurate observer, Malpighi, who furnished at its request the anatomy of the silkworm. I know not why the Englishmen turned aside from Holland, and did not also interrogate the genius of Swammerdam.

He was honored only in France. It was here, in the neighborhood of Paris, that he made the first public demonstration of his discovery. His

chagrin, and religious melancholy brought him to the grave. From his early years he had suffered from the fevers so common in Holland, that land of swamp and morass, and had not paid due attention to them. He studied with his microscope every day from dawn till noon; the remainder of the day he wrote. And for his studies he preferred the summer days, with their strong light and burning sunshine. Then he would remain, with his head bare that he might not lose the smallest ray, frequently until deluged and bathed in sweat. His eyesight grew very weak.

He was already in a feeble condition when, in 1669, he published in a preliminary essay the principle of the metamorphosis of insects. He was sure of being immortal; but so much the more in danger of dying of hunger. His father thenceforth withdrew from him all assistance. Swammerdam by his discoveries had very considerably promoted the progress of medicine, and even of surgery; but he was not a physician. From a spirit of obedience he had attempted to practise: he could not continue, and fell ill. He was now without a home. His father shut up his house, retired to live with his son-in-law, and bade Swammerdam provide for himself, and lodge

where he would. A wealthy friend had often solicited him to reside with him. When expelled from the paternal roof, he made an effort to seek out this friend and remind him of his offer; but he remembered it no longer.

Misfortunes now accumulated upon his head. Poor and infirm, and dragging himself along the streets of Amsterdam with a large collection which he knew not where to store away, he received another terrible shock—the ruin of his country. The earth sank under his feet.

It was the fatal year of 1672, when Holland seemed crushed by the invasion of Louis XIV. Assuredly his fatherland had not spoiled Swammerdam; but nevertheless it was the native home of science, of free reason, the asylum of human thought. And lo! she sank, engulfed by the hosts of the French; engulfed in the ocean which she had summoned to her assistance. She lived only by committing suicide. Did she live? Yes; but to be henceforth no more than the shadow of her former greatness.

The infinite melancholy of such a change has had its painter and its poet in Ruysdaël, who was born and who died in Swammerdam's time, and, like him, at the age of forty. When I contemplate in the Louvre the inestimable picture which that Museum possesses of him, the one leads me to think of the other. The little man who followed the gloomy route of the dunes at the approach of the storm reminds me of my insect-hunter; and the sublime marine picture of the palisade in the red-brown waters, chafing so terribly, and electrified by the tempest, seems a dramatic expression of the moral tempests which poor Swammerdam experienced when he wrote "The Ephemera"—"among tears and sobs."

The Ephemera is the fly which is born but to die, living a single hour of love.

But Swammerdam did not enjoy that hour; and it seems as if he spent his too brief life in a state of complete isolation. At the age of thirty-six he was already drawing near his end. The depths of imagination and universal tenderness in his nature could not be alimented by the barren controversies of the age. In this condition there accidentally fell into his hand an unknown work—a woman's book. This sweet voice spoke to his very soul, and somewhat consoled him. It was one of the *opuscula* of a celebrated mystic of that age, Mademoiselle Bourignon.

Poor as was Swammerdam, he undertook a pilgrimage to Germany, where she resided, and went to see his consoler. He found in the journey a very real assistance in escaping at the least from his contention with the *savants*, his rivals, in forgetting every collision, and in remitting to God alone his defense and his discoveries.

He longed to withdraw himself into a profound solitude. For this purpose it was necessary he

should dispose of the dear and precious cabinet on which he had spent his days, in which he had enshrined his heart, and which had at length become a portion of himself. He must tear himself from it. At this cost he calculated that he would obtain a revenue sufficient for his wants; but the very loss and separation he longed for he could not undergo. Neither in Holland nor in France could buyers be found for the cabinet. Alas! it perished, scattered abroad.

Having been for a long time ill, in 1680, either through weakness, or a disgust for life and men, he shut himself up, and would not go out any more. He bequeathed his manuscripts to his faithful and life-long friend, whom, when dying, he himself styled the "incomparable,"—the Frenchman Thévenot. He died aged forty-three.

### FRIEND TACY.

ALL the community felt deeply exercised over it: a committee waited on William Jordan; for William Jordan had avowed his intention to contest his father's will—his father who had bequeathed all his lands and hereditaments to a distant cousin, to the utter exclusion of his only son, because that son had disobeyed him in choosing a profession. The committee determined to be very firm with William Jordan.

"But, father, does thee think his father was right in thus cutting him off?" asked Tacy Ellis in the plain kitchen where the shadows of the morning-glories outside wavered in at the open door and made soft fluttering mosaics on the white sanded floor.

"That is not to the purpose," answered Samuel Ellis; "if Reuben Jordan thought arbitrarily, that is not for us to meddle with: it was his own property, and if he deemed that William wronged his sense of authority, that, peradventure, actuated him in the matter of the will. But the point now is, that William will now declare his father a false man, and break the will in courts of law. If he does this he is a publican and a sinner—he will be nothing to any of us—"

"But me," interposed his daughter, with burning face; "but me!"

"What!" cried her father, severely.

"Thee knows, father," she said, "what he is to me. We have known each other long, and we have been together much. Thee knows I have never had a secret from thee, and thee knows how I regard him."

"If the committee succeed in persuading him, he must be of little account to thee, for he must wipe out his erroneous arguments by a better line of action than has heretofore been his. He disobeyed his father in the beginning—such men should be suspicioned till they disprove the suspicion—but much was condoned because of his

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youth. Yet if the committee avail nothing, and he carries the matter into courts of law and thus reprobates his father, then he shall be nothing to thee."

"Father! thee never means it!"

"I have said it, and thee knows I keep my word."

"But thy word cannot change my heart, and that is gone from my keeping."

She had her fingers clasped, but was otherwise calm and held herself in check. Her father looked at her, a deep frown between his eyes.

"Does that mean that thee will follow his example—that thee will disobey me?" he said.

"I will never do that," she said; "but thee must not wrong me."

"Wrong thee," he echoed, his face twitching.

"Yea; thee will wrong me to think that thee could govern my soul: my most earnest feeling is for William Jordan, and I will never give that up."

"Tacy!"

"No," she went on, holding to the back of a chair to steady herself—"no! the feeling is more than I myself can govern: then how can thee govern it?"

"Does thee dare to say this? Does this mean a disobedience of my will?"

"No. Thy will shall govern my acts, not my thoughts."

"And I say that if William Jordan does what I say is wrong for him to do, I shall expect thee to see no more of him—to utterly cast him off."

She bowed her head, and giving her one look of more than reproach, Friend Ellis left the kitchen, and Tibby, the little colored girl who assisted with the chores, was not aware anything out of the common had occurred. But this going against him by his daughter was a deeper defection committed by William Jordan, in the eyes of Friend Ellis, than the flagrant fault of setting aside his father's will. He strode through the garden, a tumult in his breast. He sought the committee—he was one of them. He spoke to William Jordan, and when the young man inquired after Tacy, said, "What should ail her?" and said it in such a tone that the inquirer comprehended and knew what a fierce battle lay before him. William Jordan, therefore, set the matter before the committee: He argued that he was younger than his father; had the advantage over his father of having the older man's experience coupled with his own young imagination. He was progressive; his father had not been. His father had tried to keep him from the world of politics and the government of a great nation, and he had gone against his father's wishes in this because he had thought he ought to. And for this assertion of his own individuality his father had thrown him over; had said nothing about it; had let him remain at home as usual, only was a little more reserved; and

only after the death, and when the will was read, was he made acquainted with the small faith his father had reposed in him. He said his father had deeply wronged him, and he would not submit to such evidences of ill-will and spite, if only because such submission would prove that his father was right and he wrong; besides, he wanted the money that of right ought to be his. He spoke as a young, impetuous man, smarting under the sense of having been badly treated, and to whom opposition is a further bad treatment. The committee listened to him with unintermitting silence. When he had finished, Samuel Ellis answered his argument. It was dusk when the committee separated. As Friend Ellis went toward home he saw Tacy watching for him from the arbor of morning-glories. She would have run away when she found she was discovered, but he called to her:

"I have to tell thee, that the committee availed in nought. Thee knows what that means."

"Yes," she answered with white lips, and walked into the house arranging the kerchief above her bosom.

Until First-day came around she never moved from the house; she feared she might meet William Jordan, and she meant to obey her father.

First-day she said, "Father, I am not going to meeting: I am afraid I shall meet the man I should not, and I could not quite pass him by without an acknowledgment."

"Tacy," said her father sternly, "I see there is a long trial before me. Get thy bonnet on and come to meeting: it shall not be said that Samuel Ellis's daughter is militant and—Tabitha, get her bonnet immediately."

Tibby got the bonnet and tied the strings, for Tacy's fingers trembled so. As she walked beside her father, Tacy saw nothing of the world around her; the little birds in the hedges that flew off at her approach came back before their wings had more than fluttered, and twisted their necks and looked after her. There was a confusion in her head that worried her. In the meeting-house yard she did not see any of the people. When she sat in the congregation the silence seemed very oppressive; she wanted sound, movement. For she saw but one thing—William Jordan's face; she heard but one thing—William Jordan's voice; she knew that he was on the men's side, that he had come purposely to see her—for meeting could mean little for him now that the committee had failed to convince him; she knew that he understood the command placed upon her. She wanted only one look at him, one word from him and yet she would not raise her eyes. At last it was over and she got up. For the first time she raised her eyes, and looked wildly about for her father—he must protect her against herself and her inmost feeling. He came over to her and touched her arm. In the meeting-house yard she felt her father grasp her arm.

"Tacy," he said, "William Jordan is standing before thee; look at him and say 'good morning.' Thee must be courteous."

Courteous! She never raised her eyes, she dared not, for she would have broken down. And so she got home.

During the week following she remained indoors, that bewildered feeling in her head. When First-day came around again, she said:

"Father, thee must tell me something of William Jordan. Thee knows I have a right to know—I am obeying thee."

"Thee has a right to know," he said: "William will carry his suit to court. He will not be in meeting to-day."

"Thee never means that he is ruled out—" she began in terror.

"He will not be in meeting, I tell thee," he answered.

She fell in a swoon at his feet. When she recovered consciousness her father was bathing her face tenderly.

"Thank thee, I am well," she said.

He staid with her all day. In the morning she said to him.

"I have written to William Jordan. Nay," she cried, seeing the angry color mount to his face, "I have merely asked for his address after he leaves here. Thee knows he always spoke of the West and the promises it held to young men. I know him better than thee does—he will go there."

"Does thee mean to carry on a written correspondence with him?"

"No."

"Then why does thee want his address?"

"Oh, father, father!" she cried breaking down, "if I had a mother she would understand. I want to know where he is: I want to read in books all about the new country he goes to; I want to feel that I am not cut off in this too. And in time he will feel that although I gave him up, I held him dearer than all the world besides. Besides, the future may be different."

He left the room without a word. The next day a letter came to her from William Jordan, an impulsive letter of love and love's arguments; he urged her to marry him, not to bear the tyrannical authority of a father who would balk her whole life with false reasoning. She read it with grief and pain. But she replied to it: "I shall always care for thee," she said, "and will wait."

She carried his letter to her father. "I will not read it," he said, "I trust thee."

"Father, if thee could love me," she murmured, breaking down again.

"Love thee!" he echoed. "Tacy, daughter, I act wholly from love of thee, to protect thee, guard thee from mistake."

How could she understand? She burned the

letter. For two days she was listless and nervous. On the third day a second letter from William Jordan came for her: he reproached her, said that she did not care for him, that she had deceived him or she would have acceded to his wishes.

With this letter crushed in her hand, her father found her lying in the arbor of morning-glories. She had a grievous illness, her father her tenderest nurse. It was late autumn when she awoke to life once more. All through her sickness the one face, the one voice, had urged her against her father, against herself. When she awoke to life she knew that it was too late now to obey her own feeling. She only said one day, as she watched the swaying bare branches of the trees outside the window:

"Father, William Jordan is gone, of course?"

"Yes," he answered uneasily.

"West?"

"Yes—and he gained the money."

She seemed to pity her father's uneasiness; she seemed to feel so much stronger than he was. In her convalescence a mighty purpose had come to her, and this purpose upheld and quickened the life in her to fuller health. She wrote just one word to William Jordan. She thought that so impetuous a man required a little strength.

"Wait," said the letter, nothing more. She pitied her father that he reasoned as he did, and she knew him to be an upright man.

"Father," she said, "don't thee mind; I will never write to William Jordan again—what I have done was only to prove that my father's daughter is as honest as he is."

As it grew on to cooler weather she mended rapidly, and went about the house as of old. She announced herself as well enough to go to meeting once more. But when she came down-stairs equipped on First-day, her father noticed that she had put on a bonnet of the strictest order, far too old for her. He did not comment, for there was a rigidness about her that forbade any of the old ways. He was timid before her, and could not account for it. She was cheerful, did her household duties, talked upon the old subjects; never, that he saw, did she sink into forgetfulness of one duty that she ought to have performed. But she was changed for all that. And he was changed; there was a doubt in his face that had never been there before; there was a constant questioning in his mind that was irksome in the extreme. She went with older people than herself, sought out the poor, helped in all ways in the charities of the place.

For five years it went on thus, and a settled, elderly peace was upon her, a settled sweet look of hope in her face—a concentrated look so often seen within the faces of those who are much alone. In the five years her father had grown querulous, even complaining at times, seeing in her what he



tain would not see, yet not comprehending it. Nothing put her out of countenance, and even this seemed to smite him. One day, though, he mentioned a man to her as a likely husband for her. Then her face was changed indeed; a hot insulted face it was that confronted him.

"How dare thee!" she cried crashing her hand down upon the table by which she was standing, "how dare thee! Thee knows my life, its willingness to give up to thy will. Does thee think I ever forgot when fondness came to me?—does thee think that fondness ever died in me? It has bloomed and bloomed, seedet, sprouted, grown more and more, until to-day William Jordan is to me the fruitful answer to a life of want and questioning."

He understood her rigid manner now, the change that before he could give no name to. When she saw him shaken she came to him.

"Forgive me," she said in a softer, gentler tone; "I did not think I was so weak. Forgive me! I will try never to be cruel again."

"Cruel!" The word haunted him. He became moody and peevish. She cruel! He liked to be alone, to sit and think and reason with himself. Then he wanted her with him; so she was forced to give up her going out, to cease her visits among the poor, to stay in the one room with him. He was an invalid now, and kept his bed; he was cross, accusative, and she never thought him so—she had dropped thought of him, only her duty to him remained. He did not think that such was her thought; he only deemed that her undisturbed manner proved that she forgave him, and that made him more unreasonable.

When five more years had gone by he found the last of life. She told him this.

"Yea," he said bitterly, "I am glad." She held his hand.

"Father," she said gently, and with the other hand smoothing his white hair away from his forehead, "Father, I hope I have been a dutiful daughter to thee. I have tried hard to be so."

His thoughts going back to the time when she had uttered the pleading cry that he might only love her, that cry was his now, when she only spoke of duty, and he said that she was cruel indeed to taunt him, that her meek face was a torture to him. She quieted him as best she could, lost in wonder.

"Cruel!" he went on, "oh, the word! Cruel! Tacy does thee think I was ever cruel to thee?"

"Never!"

"Not in the time of thy youth, when thee cared overly much for William Jordan?"

"I care for him now, father. Thee never stopped my fondness of thought, thee knows."

"I meant for the best; I could not trust or forgive him. But that time—can thee forgive me that time when thee was young?"

When she was young! What was it smote her heart for the first time in all these years?

"Nay," she said, "thee thought thee was right; thee told me so. I never accused thee."

"Has thee never heard from William Jordan?"

"I have never so much as spoken his name. That would have been disobedience; a daughter disobedient would be a wife disobedient."

"Then what is this change in thee?"

"Change!" She could not understand. He was not at peace; he could not be. For a week after this she did all that she could to make him easy, and at last succeeded, or rather he succeeded in denying that he was not peaceful. Then he died, blessing her, and carrying the tender look in her eyes with him up to Eyes that saw whether he had been right or wrong. Then the purpose that had sustained her all these years was put in execution. I have said her father carried in his dying gaze the tender look in her eyes: That look had been put in her eyes by her purpose. She had made up her mind ten years ago to go to William Jordan eventually, when obedience of earth was at an end. She had told him to wait! How visionary all this was, could not appear to her who had lived with the one thought beside the determination to do her father's will, her own duty. She made her farewells; apparently calm and settled, she hardly knew what was said to her, or if there was a dissuading voice. But she could not tell any one where she was going, nor to whom—that she could not do. Alone, in her prim raiment, she sped over the rails to the far western city.

People marvelled at the peaceful look in her eyes, the patient smile upon her face. She reached the place of her destination, and stopped at a hotel there. Her heart beat strangely as she looked over the directory for his name: She could not ask a stranger where he lived or aught about him. But suppose he had moved away—she had heard nothing from him for ten years, and that was a good while for an adventurous man, without ties, to stay in one place. For the first time a sense of the instability of her ten years' reasoning flashed upon her. But no—here was his name; he was here. But that first flash brought up another: Her father had said, "When she was young." She went to the glass and looked eagerly in it. Then she turned away. "Nay," she said, tremulously, "how weak, how undeserving to doubt him now, when he is so near to me." There was no more faltering, no more weakness. She went into the glare of the busy streets; she found his house. With no hesitation or thought of incongruity, she asked for him. There was astonishment on the face of the servant who admitted her, but Tacy Ellis did not notice that; her eyes had grown sweet and tender in the expectancy of looking upon one face she had not seen for ten years. She entered the richly furnished house, and thought



how William must have prospered, and how gay his tastes had become—but maybe that was the way here, and—how foolish she must be, to be sure; evidently this was where he boarded, and—she was confused now. She heard steps approaching, and her heart beat rapidly. After all she found that unless she put a strong curb upon herself she would break down before him, and she must not do that, for there was so much to explain and reason away. Oh, she knew William's old, impetuous manner—his last letter!—and there would be so much to reason away and explain. She heard the steps in the room beside her, before she dared raise her eyes—suppose he should not know her. Ah, not that! Her one thought had kept even her face young. Then a woman's voice aroused her. She started, and looked at the elderly woman beside her:

"Ah," she said, "he is not in, William—Friend Jordan?"

The other looked at her: "Did you know him well?" she asked, without answering Tacy's question.

"We were—children together," answered Tacy Ellis; then rising hurriedly, "I will call when he is in."

The lady placed a detaining hand upon her shoulder: "No," she said, "but you can see his widow."

Tacy Ellis raised her eyes to the woman's face.

"You did not know, evidently—or rather you were ignorant that he died nearly a year ago," said this lady; "he was overtaken with business. Our Western men quickly wear out; the hurry and rush eat into life like iron. Will you see my daughter, his wife?"

Tacy Ellis passed her hand across her face as though something that clouded her gaze was there. Then still looking at the mother of William Jordan's wife she nodded, and went into another room and saw a young and pretty lady—one of the world's people, in heavy mourning robes, playing gaily with a little child, while another, a boy of about eight years was running after the two. This was the widow, these the children of William Jordan. I think Tacy Ellis never rightly knew what she said or did in that room; her whole purpose of ten years resolved in this—that she must not show anything of the truth. It was only after she had resisted the invitation of the pretty lady to be her guest as the life-long friend of the dead man, that she seemed to come out of a stupor. Then she went toward the door.

"Oh, my son will show you the way to your hotel," said the pretty lady; "he is used to the streets, and my husband's friend must not—"

"Nay, I can find it, thanks to thee," Tacy said.

"No, no: William, go."

William! The name made her clasp the child's hand when they were in the street. She was near

the hotel, when a great cry came to her not to go away with only this little, with no more than this.

"William," she said, holding the child's hand tighter, "can thee show me where—thy father is buried?"

"I know, but I am afraid to go there" he said; "it is lonesome."

"It may well be," she said, "that is—I mean thee need not go. But it is all I have—nay, nay: thee can say to thy mother that thy father's friend desired to know."

The boy told her. She looked after him as he disappeared in the crowd. Then, jostled against, confused, she found the place and the showy tomb commemorating the virtues of William Jordan. She found the grave by means of that stone, but the gleaming marble was only as "the Star of Bethlehem" that guided to something brighter than itself. She saw the old time, the time when she would not raise her eyes in the meeting-house yard for a last look at him. Yet oh, if William had thought her father only desired to control her acts—if he had only thought he was worthy of more than to have a woman false to him! And oh, if he had only believed—if he had waited! She looked at the waving grass on the still mound; then she raised her eyes and looked over the happy landscape beyond the city of traffic and toil that had killed him; then she looked beyond the landscape to one fairer yet—the Beulah of her life to come, her new life when years drop away like shadows from the stars. And then—tears rolled slowly down her face and hid away in the kerchief at her throat, and she saw no more. She started that same day for her old home:

"Oh, Friend Tacy," laughed a woman after meeting when she saw her once more, "I supposed thee would not stay long—in fact, I said so. Thee is not so young, thee knows, but thy old home, thy old days have called thee back, eh? And thee is content to wait with us?"

"Yea, my old days were not appeased in new scenes, Friend. And I will not go away again until—yes, I shall be content to wait," said Tacy Ellis, and turned to greet more women who came up to welcome her and happily chide her a little for thinking that any new thing could take the place of the old.

ROBERT C. MEYERS.

AN unmarried woman, if a good woman, can always make herself happy; find innumerable duties, interests, amusements; live a pure, cheerful and useful life. So can some men, but very, very few.—Miss Mulock.

I KNOW very few instances of a very inferior man ruling the mind of a superior woman, whereas I know twenty, fifty, very inferior women ruling superior men.—Mrs. Jameson.

## ONE OF THE LITTLE ONES.

It was such a cold cheerless day; to be sure, the sun had shown his face two or three times—he had been playing at hide-and-seek you, see. But now he had hidden himself away in good earnest, and it was raining; not big, good-natured, laughing drops of rain, but an unpleasant, disappointed drizzle.

And it was such a tiny bit of babyhood that was out in it all. Poor little one! She was scarcely five years old, with eyes like tender spring violets; wet violets they would be in a few moments, for the tears were just ready to brim over. And if the sun had hidden himself away, he had forgotten to take all his brightness with him, for crinkles of dancing sun-beams lay in tangles all over the small head.

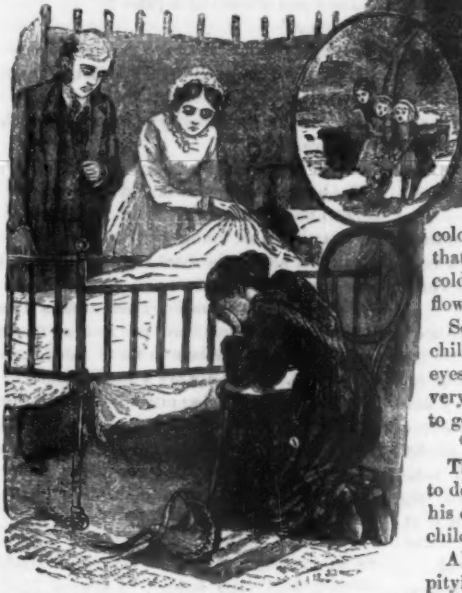
"Please buy my flowers; only five cents a bunch," piped the soft voice, but nobody heeded; all the world seemed only anxious to seek shelter as quickly as possible.

"Oh, please buy my flowers," and the tender baby-lips, now blue with cold, quivered piteously.

There were golden-rod, purple asters, and soft blue-hearted daisies; and the hands that held them were so small; they were cold

stores were beginning to look so warm and bright with their rosy lights shining out into the dreary darkness.

Across the street, just opposite to where the child was standing, there was a large, handsome store, and the window was filled with different



colored lights; it looked so warm and cheerful that the little one thought, "There can't be any cold there, and maybe if I go they will buy my flowers."

So holding tightly her drooping treasures, the child started to cross the street; but the soft eyes were so dimmed with tears, and it was so very dark now, that she could not see which way to go.

There she lay, a tender flower crushed almost to death, and the driver said, with a scowl on his evil-looking face, that he "couldn't help it; children had no business there."

Ah, the people stopped now! Some to gaze pityingly, others only curiously; when suddenly they were pushed hastily aside, and a white, startled face looked down upon the unconscious little form. Ah, the mother-love had come, but too late!

too; and the tender flowers seemed to know, and more thoughtful than any of the passing throng, they hung their dainty heads as if to nestle closer to the little hands and keep away the cold.

And now it was getting darker and darker; soon, very soon, it would be night; and the many

And she was but a child too; she was young, too young, to bear the weight of all the sorrow

that was written on her fair, sad face. Her hair, like the child's, had caught the sheen of dancing sun-beams, and her eyes were just as blue.

There was a hospital near by, and to it the little one was carried. And then the doctor came, and by-and-bye the blue eyes opened, and the poor white lips tried so hard to smile on the mother sitting there. The nurses grew to love the patient little sufferer, and kind ladies brought lovely flowers, and books full of such pretty pictures. And sometimes a young lady would come and read such pleasant stories to the little one. And the child thought, "How kind everybody is."

But one morning the doctor came and shook his head, and looked so sorry; and after he had gone, one of the nurses came and, sitting down by the child, told her such a lovely story.

And it was about a beautiful country, far away where it was never cold; and beautiful flowers were there, and birds were always singing, and some day, very, very soon, the little child would shut her eyes and go to sleep, and when she would awaken she would be in this beautiful country.

And the child smiled, and asked the name of the place, and the nurse said that it was called Heaven, and then the little one laughed and looked, oh, so happy. "My papa is there" she said, "and I guess pretty soon my mamma will come too."

That night the mother asked to be left alone with her child, so the nurses went away leaving the two together.

And to the poor young mother sitting there, all the present seemed to pass away, and the stillness of the room was broken by the song of birds, and she saw again the little brown cottage, and through the open windows the sunlight came stealing in, and there under the great sweet apple-tree she saw her little one, so happy with her playmates all about her.

But when the morning came, and the nurses went in to see the child, the tender blue eyes were closed, and the little face looked like a soft white rose with a golden halo all around it.

There were tears in the nurses' eyes as they tenderly covered the little form.

And then the mother! She was kneeling on the floor close by, with her face covered by her poor thin hands. They spoke to her but she never moved, then they gently raised her face; all the care and trouble of the past few years had vanished leaving not a trace behind; she looked, oh, so happy, the lips were smiling, but the blue eyes were hidden away under the soft white curtains that never would be lifted again in this world.

Just then, a little bird flying near the window, began to sing; and the song seemed to be one of peace and thanksgiving; and truly there was peace for both the mother and her little one, and a day of thanksgiving too, for the father, mother, and child were again together.

HAMILTON.

## DIVORCED.

### CHAPTER VI.

ON returning home a few days afterwards, Mr. Waverly met, as he was entering his house, a girl who had formerly held the place of a domestic in his family.

"Why, Alice!" he said, "how are you?" He seemed pleased at meeting her.

"I'm very well," replied the girl, respectfully.

"You've called to see the children?"

"Yes, sir. I've been wanting to see them for a good while. How Ada has grown."

"Yes; she's grown a great deal."

"Dear little thing! Her face is as sweet as ever."

"Did she know you?" asked Mr. Waverly.

"Oh, yes indeed, sir!" replied the girl quickly, and with animation. "And was so glad to see me that she cried."

An involuntary sigh passed the lips of Mr. Waverly, and he was silent for a moment; while the girl remained standing before him as if waiting for him to say something further.

"Where are you living now?" he at length inquired.

"I've been living at the Mansion House on Third street for some time past; but left there a few days ago."

"Then you are out of a place?"

"Yes, sir."

There was another pause.

"Have you a place in view?" was further inquired.

"No, sir."

"How would you like to come and live in my family again?"

"In what capacity?"

"To have charge of Ada and Herbert."

"You have a nurse?"

"Yes; but I'm going to part with her. The fact is, I'm afraid she's not over-kind to the children; and that will never suit me."

"Not kind to them!" There was a tone of well-affected indignation in the girl's voice. "How could any one be unkind to Ada! And, as for Herbert, he was always a good child."

"Some persons are so cruel by nature, that oppression of the weak gives them delight. Such a person I have good reason to believe Phoebe to be; and, therefore, she will leave here to-morrow. Now, how would you like to come and take her place?"

"If she is really going away, and you would like me to come, I shall be very well satisfied to get back into your family. I always liked the children."

A close observer would readily have detected, in the exterior calmness of the girl, signs of a smothered excitement.

"Then I would like you to come to-morrow

afternoon, Alice; if that will suit you," said Mr. Waverly.

"That time will suit me as well as any other," was answered. And, as Alice spoke, she turned herself partly away, to conceal the expression of her face, lest something in it might betray her.

"You will be here, then?"

"Oh yes," replied the girl. "You may depend on me."

"Very well. I shall expect you."

"I'm fortunate in that arrangement," said Mr. Waverly to himself, as he parted with the girl;

"I always liked Alice, and can trust her with the children, and feel perfectly at ease in my mind. She is a girl of more than ordinary intelligence; that is, for one of her class."

"Oh, papa! Alice has been here," exclaimed Herbert, as soon as Mr. Waverly entered the room where his children were sitting with their aunt. "You know Alice that used to live with us."

"Yes, I saw her as I came in," replied the father.

"I wish she would come back again. I always liked her," continued the boy. "And I don't like Phoebe a bit. She's so cross."

"Alice would be quite as cross as Phoebe, if you worried her as much," said their aunt in a severe tone. "I think she has a great deal of patience with you. More than I have."

In this last sentence Edith spoke the truth.

Mr. Waverly had his own thoughts, but he did not express them.

Ada, who, as soon as her father had taken a chair, came and climbed into his lap, was already leaning her head against his bosom, and looking up, with her pensive eyes, earnestly into his face.

"Would you like Alice to come back?" inquired Mr. Waverly, in a low, fond voice.

"Yes," whispered Ada.

"Shall I tell her to come back?"

"Yes," and a light came into the child's countenance.

"Very well. She shall come to-morrow."

"Is Phoebe going away?"

The child still spoke in a whisper.

"Yes," replied Mr. Waverly.

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

A smile played, for a moment, around Ada's lips. Then she glanced up, with a more earnest look into her father's face, and whispered,

"Won't mamma come back too?"

Mr. Waverly gave an involuntary start, at this unexpected question. The child saw, by the sudden change in her father's countenance, that she had done something wrong. A little while she looked at him, half-fearfully, and then withdrew her eyes from his face, shrinking closer upon his bosom as she did so.

For some time Mr. Waverly remained silent, then rising, with Ada in his arms, he went up to

his own room. Closing the door behind him, he sat down, and again let his child rest upon his knee.

"Ada, dear," said he, in a low, earnest voice.

The child looked up eagerly.

"Ada dear, I want you to remember what I am going to say to you."

The manner of Mr. Waverly, so serious and so expressive, seemed to half-frighten the child; but she did not withdraw her eyes from his face.

"Ada, you have no mamma." This was said very solemnly.

The child looked bewildered.

"But I saw her, papa. Didn't you see her out at Laurel Hill? She isn't under the ground, like dear little Eda. She's alive. Why don't you bring her home? We'll all love her so!"

The child's eyes shone bright through gathering tears, as she thus plead for her mother.

"The woman you saw at Laurel Hill is no longer your mamma," said Mr. Waverly.

"Oh yes! That was mamma!" persisted Ada, with a beautiful and expressive earnestness. "I wish she would come home. I cry so for her, papa, when no one sees me. Aunt Edith scolds me, and says I'm cross when I'm only crying for mamma. But I don't let her see me cry now. You won't scold me; will you, papa?"

Tears were flowing down the cheeks of the child as she said this.

It was impossible for Mr. Waverly to resist the impulse that seized him. He drew his grieving little one to his breast with a grasp that was almost convulsive.

"Lord, help us to bear this great affliction!" came, with a groan, from his lips, as he lifted his eyes upwards. "Poor human nature is too weak for the trial!"

"Don't cry, papa," said Ada. The pain of the father's heart was too great for him to bear without still further outward expression. The words he had just uttered died in sobs upon his lips.

"Don't cry, papa," said Ada, startled by so unusual an exhibition in her parent. And as she spoke, her own tears were dried up,—“Mamma will come home. She isn't dead, like poor little Eda.”

"No, love," returned Mr. Waverly, regaining his self-possession, and speaking firmly. "Mamma will never come home any more. Ada has no mamma. She is gone."

"Where has she gone, papa? Can't you send for her and tell her to come back?"

"No, dear. She will never come back any more. And you must try to forget her. Aunt Edith will be your mamma."

"I don't want her for a mamma. I want my own mamma," said Ada, again bursting into tears and sobbing bitterly.

What further to say, the unhappy man did not

know. He was conscious that he had failed entirely to make the desired impression on the mind of Ada, whose heart was yearning for her mother.

"Oh, wretched woman!" he murmured to himself. "For what untold wrongs are you not responsible! Where was your love for your children when you so madly stepped aside from virtue? Where was your regard for a husband, who would have sacrificed even life itself for your sake? Can repentance and suffering ever atone for such a crime?"

As Mr. Waverly said this, the image of the poor offcast, as she sat crouching beside the grave of their latest born, came up vividly before him, and his heart softened towards her with an emotion of pity.

"Unhappy woman! Why did not the grave open for you ere your feet wandered? Dear would your memory now have been. I could have stood by your grave, and, pointing upward, said to these little ones—'Your mother is in heaven.' Even though sad of heart, hope would have mingled with my sorrow. Alas! what hope is there now?"

No further effort was made by Mr. Waverly to turn the thought of Ada away from her mother. He saw how vain was the task, and abandoned it in despair. Soon after he carried her down in his arms and joined his sister and Herbert at the tea-table. The evening meal passed silent and cheerless; and, after it was ended, the children were taken to bed, and Mr. Waverly and his sister each retired to be alone. How dark was the shadow that brooded over that household!

#### CHAPTER VII.

"DID you see my children?" This was the eagerly asked question of the mother, as Alice entered her room, after returning from her visit to the house of Mr. Waverly.

"Yes," replied the girl, in a half-absent manner.

"Did Ada know you?" inquired Mrs. Waverly.

"She did not seem to, at first. But Herbert remembered me the instant I went in. Ada kept her eyes fixed upon me, with a half timid, half-wondering expression on her face, for some minutes. When, at length, I held out my hands to her, she came to me, walking slowly, as if still in some doubt.

"Do you know me, dear?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered in a whisper. And, as she did so, leaned her weight upon me; looking at the same time into my face with a sad earnestness, that was really touching."

"Dear, dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Waverly, as Alice said this, clasping her hands together, and trembling, from excitement, in every limb.

"I then lifted her upon my lap," continued the girl, "and she leaned her head against me, with

as much confidence as if I had been her best friend."

"And one of her best friends I trust you will be!" said Mrs. Waverly. "For you will bring her to the arms of her mother. Heaven grant that it be done right speedily! Did you see Mr. Waverly?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You did?"

"Yes. I met him at the door as I was leaving."

Mrs. Waverly looked frightened as Alice said this.

"Did he know you?" she enquired.

"Oh, yes. He called me by name, and seemed pleased to see me."

"Why, Alice?"

"He asked if I had seen the children, if they knew me, and if I thought them much improved."

Mrs. Waverly bent towards the girl, and listened with the most absorbed attention.

"He seemed pleased when I told him that they knew me, and were glad to see me."

"He did?"

"Yes. Then he asked me where I was living."

"What did you say?"

"I told him that I had been living at the Mansion House, but was now out of a place."

"Well?" Mrs. Waverly's frame fairly quivered in the eagerness with which she was listening.

"He then wished to know how I would like to come and live in his family again."

"Alice?"

"He said that he was afraid the girl who had the care of the children, was not kind to them, and that he wanted some one in her place, as he was going to send her away."

"And you told him you would take her place?"

"Yes."

"Kind Heaven! Am I not thankful in my heart of hearts!" murmured Mrs. Waverly in a low voice, while her eyes, from which tears suddenly streamed forth, were lifted upwards. "A little while longer, and I shall clasp them in my arms. The children, given me by God, but long separated, will soon be mine again. When are you to go there?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow. So soon?"

"Yes. Mr. Waverly wished me to come immediately."

"Let it be so, then. The earlier the better. How smoothly the current runs! In a little while they will be mine again."

Alice made no response to this; but sat, with her eyes cast upon the floor, and a shadow over her face—the reflection of some unpleasant thoughts.

"To-morrow," pursued Mrs. Waverly, giving



audible expression to her thoughts. "So soon! I did not expect this. To-morrow! Shall I see them before the setting of another sun? Shall I hold them in my arms, and feel their breath against my cheek? Shall I look into their beautiful eyes, and hear the music of their young voices? Surely I am dreaming and will soon awake! Alice! Alice!"

The girl started from her reverie, for Mrs. Waverly pronounced her name in a quick emphatic manner.

"Alice!" said Mrs. Waverly, "are you certain that you saw the children to-day?"

"O yes. Haven't I just said so."

"And you saw Mr. Waverly?"

"Certainly."

"And are you going to his family?"

"Yes."

"It came over me that it was all a dream," said Mrs. Waverly; her breath coming more freely.

"What would I not give to be in your place to-morrow! But my time will come, and, thank God! right speedily. You are to be my good angel, Alice. From your hands I am to receive my children. How shall I ever recompense you?"

Alice did not reply. As Mrs. Waverly spoke, her eyes gradually sank to the floor and remained fixed there.

From some cause she was changed. Her mind seemed to be ill at ease; and this fact became gradually apparent to Mrs. Waverly. As soon as she could forget herself sufficiently to observe the girl with attention, she said, with a shade of concern,

"What's the matter with you, Alice? Something troubles you. Are you sick?"

"Oh, no," returned the girl, evidently trying to rouse herself, "I'm well enough."

"Why do you look so sober then? Are you not glad, with me, at the early approaching consummation of my wishes? I feel like clapping my hands and shouting aloud for joy."

And the excited mother, giving way to her feelings, laughed and cried for a time alternately. As a calmer state returned, she said:

"You are really going to-morrow."

"Yes," was the simple response.

"To-morrow—to-morrow! It is like a dream. To-morrow morning, of course."

"No, not until the afternoon."

"Why not in the morning?" asked Mrs. Waverly, with disappointment in her voice.

"The girl they have leaves in the morning, as I understand it. I am to go in the afternoon."

"How early!" inquired Mrs. Waverly.

"Not until towards evening," replied Alice.

"So late. Why can't you go early; so as to walk out with the children? You could take them down to the square."

Alice turned her face so far away that it could not be seen by Mrs. Waverly, as she replied,

"I would hardly like to ask them out on the first day."

"Why not?" quickly asked the mother.

"It might create suspicion."

"Why should any suspicion lie against you, Alice?" was answered. "Mr. Waverly knows nothing of our purpose. He does not even know that I am in the city. Moreover, you did not solicit the place. On the contrary, you were solicited to take charge of the children."

Alice was silent.

"They will be placed in your care with the utmost confidence," continued Mrs. Waverly: "Why, then, can't you go early in the afternoon. You need not ask to take the children out, for that, I doubt not, will be proposed to you. Bring them down to the square—it is too far for them to walk out here—that I may look into their faces; that I may touch them; that I may feel the sweet breath of my little Ada once more upon my lips."

"You would only betray yourself," said Alice, in reply to this. "The children would tell their father; and I need not remind you of what would follow."

"But, Alice," there was a hoarseness in the low whisper of the mother, "why might we not escape with them at once?"

"We could not get away from the city before the children's absence would be known," replied Alice, "thus making detection almost certain. We must not act too hurriedly."

There was something about the girl's manner that Mrs. Waverly could not understand. There was a change—what did it mean?

"You may be right in that," was the mother's reply. "Doubtless I am too impatient. But, can it be wondered that I am?"

"I do not wonder at all," said Alice. "But, feeling must not carry us away, lest all our purposes fail. Do not think of seeing the children to-morrow. Let me be a day or two in the house, and bring you a report of them. This will be best—this will be safest. After that, we can arrange for the future. What is done deliberately is best done. You are eager, and who can be surprised that you are?"

A deep sigh came from Mrs. Waverly's lips, and then, with her eyes fixed dreamily on the floor, she sat silent for a long time. She said no more to Alice about seeing her children on the next day. The girl rose up in a little while, and left the room. This act aroused Mrs. Waverly from the state of abstraction into which she had fallen. She raised her head, and turned her eyes upon the door through which Alice had passed; and sat in an attitude of attention for a few moments. Then she said, speaking to herself,

"What can this mean? Alice is not what she was this morning. Or, is this impression only

something in my own imagination—the sickly creature of impatience? Perhaps she is right. I had better not attempt to see them to-morrow. It might, and possibly would, defeat everything.”

#### CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Alice left Mrs. Waverly's chamber she sought that in which Mrs. Grafton was sitting, and drawing a chair close to her side, looked at her with a serious face, and said:

“I have been to Mr. Waverly's.”

“Indeed!” was the surprised response.

“And have seen the children.”

“Did they know you?”

“Oh yes. And I saw Mr. Waverly also.”

The countenance of the girl still wore a serious expression, and there was in the tones of her voice unmistakeable evidence that she was about to speak of something that weighed upon her mind.

“Was not that rather unfortunate?” inquired Mrs. Grafton.

“I don't know whether it was or not,” replied Alice. “Time will show. He seemed glad to see me, and asked if I would not come into his family again and take the care of Herbert and Ada.”

“Strange! Is it not?”

“To me it seems strange. The thought that I might get back into the family had indeed crossed my mind. But I had no expectation of this so soon.”

“Everything is working favorably,” said Mrs. Grafton.

“I'm sure I don't know,” replied the girl, doubtfully. “I begin to feel troubled about the matter.”

“From what cause?”

Alice did not reply immediately. A debate was going on in her mind.

“I would like to do right,” she said at length.

“We all desire that,” returned Mrs. Grafton.

“Are you in doubt as to your present action?”

“Not in regard to what is already done. But the question as to what I ought to do in the future remains unsettled.”

“We should weigh well all that we purpose doing,” said Mrs. Grafton; “for an act once done can never be recalled. But, in what are you in doubt?”

“Mr. Waverly is going to trust me with the care of his children!”

“So you have just said.”

“And their mother will expect me to place them in her hands!”

“She will, undoubtedly. For what other purpose do you intend entering the family of Mr. Waverly? Have you not pledged yourself to Mrs. Waverly that you will aid her in all possible ways to get possession of her children?”

“In all right ways,” said Alice.

“How do you discriminate?” said Mrs. Grafton.

“My mind is not much given to discrimination,” replied the girl. “I act as I feel that it is right for me to act. I believe that Mrs. Waverly is innocent of the crime charged against her; that great wrong has been done to her in this separation of her children; that she ought to have them; and, I am willing, in all ways that meet my approval, to aid her in the recovery of her natural rights. I would pick up the children in the street and run off with them—I would entice them from their nurse, if I could do so, and take them to their mother. But to steal into Mr. Waverly's house under false pretenses, is what I cannot do. There is something here that forbids it.” And she laid her hand upon her breast.

“He will trust me with his children,” she continued; “will confide in me; and shall I betray this confidence? No, Mrs. Grafton! I cannot do that. The more I think of it, the more impossible it seems. I wish, now, that I had not gone there; or, that I had not agreed to go back into the family. What ought I to do, Mrs. Grafton?”

“Won't you advise me?”

“You must do that which seems to you right,” was the answer to this appeal.

“And shun what I think to be wrong?”

“Undoubtedly. There is no other safe way in this life.”

“Mrs. Waverly will expect me to bring her children immediately. Already she has suggested our carrying them off to-morrow. But I am not prepared for this. How I ever could have thought, for a moment, of stealing into the family of Mr. Waverly for the purpose of getting possession of the children, I cannot imagine. I must have been carried away by my ardent desire to serve the poor, unhappy, almost heart-broken mother. And I will serve her; but not in this way.”

“You need not go into the family of Mr. Waverly,” said Mrs. Grafton.

“I do not see how I can help doing so now,” replied Alice. “What reason can I give to Mrs. Waverly for my conduct?”

“Tell her the whole truth.”

“She will not, I fear, comprehend me. And, besides, I have engaged to go.”

“A doubtful and perplexing business,” said Mrs. Grafton, speaking partly to herself. “One hardly knows whether any step is right. As for me, I shall remain passive. I will aid nothing and betray nothing—though my heart is with the mother.”

“So is mine,” spoke Alice, quickly. “My heart is with her and my hands shall work for her. But I must work in my own way. She shall have her children—but not now.”

“Alice!”

It was the voice of Mrs. Waverly, calling from the door of her room.

Alice slowly arose and obeyed the summons. "What do you think had best be done?" said Mrs. Waverly. She was entirely composed, and spoke in a calm voice. "I know that I am too impatient. But, I will endeavor to control myself."

Alice did not answer immediately. In fact, she was at a loss how or what to answer. At length, she said—

"We cannot tell now what it will be best to do. First let me go to Mr. Waverly's. In a few days we will be able to see more clearly."

"In a few days! How strangely you talk, Alice! What need is there of waiting a few days? The children will be in your possession to-morrow."

Alice made no answer. She was distressed and embarrassed.

"You are changed, Alice," said Mrs. Waverly, speaking in an altered tone. "What has come over you?"

"No, ma'am, not changed," was answered—"I am as true to you as ever. But, while true to you, I must be true to myself also."

"True to yourself, Alice? What am I to understand by this?"

The brows of Mrs. Waverly contracted, and she looked, with something of sternness, upon the perplexed and unhappy girl.

"I cannot," said Alice, "accept of Mr. Waverly's confidence, and then betray it."

"Alice!"

"Think, madam," said the girl, with an unusual dignity of manner—"think for yourself, and say if it would not be a sin for me to do so."

Mrs. Waverly did not answer.

"If," resumed Alice, "I accept the care of his children, I cannot pass them into your hands. I must be true to the faith reposed in me."

Still there was no reply from Mrs. Waverly. She sat almost motionless, with her head bent and her eyes cast down. So near the fruition of her hopes, and to have this unexpected barrier interposed! It had seemed as if she could not wait even until the afternoon of the next day; but now, all was again indefinite.—What a mockery of her passionate longing to embrace her children!

"If you say so, I will not go into the service of Mr. Waverly. I will not bind myself to him by any act."

Still Mrs. Waverly did not reply.

For a while longer, both sat silent. Then Alice said—

"I will be governed by your wishes, ma'am. If you think it best, I will go to Mr. Waverly in the morning, and tell him I cannot become nurse to his children."

"To his children!"

There was a strong emphasis and a tone of bitterness in the words of Mrs. Waverly.

"Say to your children, then," Alice spoke mildly, yet sorrowfully.

"No, his children," returned Mrs. Waverly, with the same bitterness as before. "Leave me and go to him. Desert me as all the rest of the world has done. Spurn me as unworthy and an outcast. It matters not. The story will soon be told. A few strokes more and my heart will break!"

"Oh ma'am! why will you talk so?" exclaimed Alice, in great distress. "You wrong me greatly. Indeed you do! I am not on his side; I am on yours, and will serve you if I can. Only wait patiently. It cannot be long before all will come out as you desire. If I were capable of acting falsely to Mr. Waverly, you could put no faith in me. If I would betray him, I would betray you. Just say the word, and I will not go to him. But, if I go, I cannot be false to him—I cannot give you possession of the children while I am pledged to him. Oh ma'am! if you would only think calmly, you would see that I am right. Still have faith in me. My heart is with you, and my best efforts shall be yours. But, you must let me work in my own way."

While Alice spoke, Mrs. Waverly's excitement gradually calmed down.

"Perhaps you are right," said she, at length, in a sad voice. "But, it is hard for me, just now, to think so."

"I will not go," returned Alice. "I will not bind myself to Mr. Waverly."

Mrs. Waverly did not reply, immediately, to this. Her mind, which had become almost paralyzed with disappointment, was now active again. At length she said:

"Go. But you must bring the children to see me."

"If you think it will be prudent to do so," returned the girl.

"I must see them, Alice! I must hold them in my arms again!" said the mother, eagerly, almost passionately.

"Will they not tell their father that they have seen you?" asked Alice.

"Not if I charge them to keep my presence here a secret."

"I don't know about that. Children are children. They will be almost sure to speak of it."

"I will tell them that their father will not let them come to see me if they do. I'm not afraid, Alice. I am willing to take the risk."

"All may be lost by your too great eagerness, Mrs. Waverly," urged the girl.

"Don't oppose me in this, Alice," returned Mrs. Waverly, with some coldness of manner. "I must see my children."

Alice made no further remark, and each sat for a long time in silent self-communion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MY TREASURES.

"OH yes, I have quite enough now. We shall be sure to find something suitable among these," exclaims a gay young voice, whose owner has been for the last hour busily turning over the engravings and sketches in my portfolio; "and now," she continues, "having served my own purpose, I must run away. I will take great care of those you have lent me, and I think I have arranged the others just as I found them—but, dear me, where did this old book come from, and what is it? Oh, some collection of the children's, I suppose;" this after a hasty glance.

"Well, that will do here," and so after placing the well-worn volume on the top of the other books, my light-hearted visitor departs, leaving me to spend the rest of the evening with my silent companions, my books and my work.

But, some way, I do not seem quite in the mood to settle down to any regular occupation. The sketches we have been turning over, copies of pictures seen, or places visited in days gone by, the endless questions and girlish comments of my visitor, have brought back to my memory so vividly the pains and pleasures of the time of which we learn vaguely to speak as "long ago," that I find it impossible to argue myself into the same calm, self-indulgent mood in which my girl-friend had found me.

There lies my book, a new work by a favorite author, to whose perusal I have looked forward as a pleasant ending to a busy day. There stands my desk and the open letters I really ought to answer, but I feel ready for neither one nor the other, and yet an hour ago I was interested in both,

Ah me! it is very difficult always to let the "dead past bury its dead," and the sight of the old book, for which, in the opinion of others, any odd corner will do, has banished the present, and my memory and I have gone back to old scenes and old friends.

Not quite willingly, for life is too rapid nowadays to leave us much time for retrospection—I yield to temptation; and, taking up the little volume with the worn binding and frayed edges, I begin softly turning over its pages. Yet there is little need to look, for I know its contents so thoroughly that I often find myself, in the winter evenings, half unconsciously repeating some lines, or smiling at the remembrance of some quaint drawing my book contains; but sometimes we may spare an hour for what "has been," or (saddest of all words that human lips can utter) "what might have been."

Slowly I turn over a few pages, each one bringing back in vivid colors the recollections of some pleasure or some sorrow that Time has long effaced or healed, as Time has power to do when

hearts are young; and then for a few moments I pause, for the book falls open as it has often done before, and my eyes rest on a bold but imperfectly drawn sketch of a wild-looking landscape, with a stunted tree and an old tumble-down hut in the foreground. That is a memento of one of my childish troubles, when, impatient of control, and with a firm belief in each other's knowledge of the locality, the young artist and myself started off to "make a picture" of that solitary hut concerning which we had many wild fancies. As our elders would have predicted, the expedition ended in a severe fright, some hours of hunger, and (though we never confessed to these) a good many tears; but sleepy and half-starved as I was brought home, I kept my little sketch, with the gift of which my companion had tried to console me. The boy artist has done good work since then, and every year I see his pictures "on the line" at the Academy, but never has pencil or brush of his produced anything that is more valued than is his little sketch in my book. Next in order comes a card on which are written a few words in imitation of print, whilst in the middle is something that no one could guess to be what it really is, a scrap of hair; real golden hair such as the old masters loved to paint. It was cut off and gummed on that card by the chubbiest fingers belonging to the rosiest, roundest little maiden that ever gladdened mortal sight. Well, that was many years ago, and now the same fingers, chubby no longer, write fierce diatribes concerning most things and most people, and the rosy lips are drawn into a frown, but the golden hair will be golden, and will curl in spite of the system of repression to which it is subjected, so perhaps the heart out of whose bitterness the mouth speaketh may be softened in time; at least, those who, like myself, know something of the trials that lie between childhood and womanhood, can afford to be pitiful and wait. Then covering the whole of the next page is a sheet of paper with an edge gilt once, almost black now, on which are written some verses in which years ago I and the dear ones who formed the "we" of my childish days, saw rare promise of great things to be done in the future. Well, that future has come, the young poet of the past is a man now, with cares and responsibilities like other men, but his great poem is unwritten, his fame unwon. Sometimes I wonder if the old ambition has quite died out, but I never ask. I am content to know that the poet's simple faith, the poet's unaltering love for all things good and true, still exist, though the rest be but a dream.

So with gentle fingers I turn over, one by one, the leaves of my old book, sometimes smiling a little as its pictured or written pages bring back to my mind some half-forgotten jest, though the next moment the smile may die out, as I look with dim eyes on some word or sketch my tears have



long ago marked. Thus I go on until I come to two or three pages, covered with cards, remarkable for the profusion of forget-me-nots and true lovers' knots with which they are adorned, and the extravagant verses written upon them—verses which even now I should not like any one else to read; they are so wild in their flattery, so faulty in their construction, so doubtful in rhyme and metre, though there was a time when I regarded them with respect akin to admiration.

Poor Charlie! and to think that all this boy-and-girl love ended in nothing. To think that we have been parted so long, we might pass each other as strangers, though I know wherever you are you will have a kindly thought for me, as I have for you.

Then there is a very different card. One with a delicate border, over which an artist might love to linger, but

"It speaks of a vanished friendship,  
That can never be mine again."

and as I look upon it some of the old pain comes back. Perhaps there were faults on both sides; I think there were. Perhaps had the one possessed more faith, the other more patience, it might have been different, but now it is too late to alter here. Elsewhere the wrong may one day be made right; I hope—I know it will.

Once more I turn over a few pages, each one speaking to me in a silent language that goes directly to my heart, though to any one else my poor old book might seem very unlikely to conjure up such visions of the past.

At last I pause, and a smile comes to my lips, as it always does at the thought of my careless, merry, danger-loving sailor brother, the boldest, blithest laddie that ever faced a storm or an enemy. No one but Dick could have bought that card. No one but Dick, having been deluded in to doing so, would have had the courage to send it. Of course the *idea* is good. "Quite in keeping with your poetical proclivities," as Dick triumphantly assured me, "hearts for fidelity, an anchor for hope." But then the hearts need not have been so large and so red, or the anchor so small and so intensely blue. Ah! my sailor laddie, if you live till your hair turns white and your step grows slow, you will never be anything but a great simple-minded child. And so your card finds a fitting place beside this one all bright with crimson and edged with gold, that was brought to me early one morning by a little white-robed figure, with bare feet, whose eagerness quite banished the carefully learnt little speech. So I know it was, what my card still tells me, "for dear mother with baby's love." I had to guess the rest. Years have gone by since then, so my baby is a baby no longer; but for her and for me the crimson and the gold, and the love they betoken, are as bright as they were in the days gone by.

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Then in its turn that vision fades away, and my eyes grow dim, as I look on a card that came to me "bent and broken," with its long, long journey from that far-off tropical land where the flowers boast such gorgeous colors, though to Europeans life amongst them is one long misery. The blossoms and the leaves pressed by careful fingers on that sheet of thick paper still keep some of their bright hues, but, even before my eyes rested on them, others like them were growing in their wild luxuriance over the grave where the brave heart and the busy hands were at rest for ever.

And so in my little book, with its record of pleasure and pain, the story of my life is written. Not to others, perhaps, would "My Treasures" speak. They are mine—mine only, and for me they bring back the memories, half-sorrowful, half-sweet that may come to others with the faint scent of the lime blossoms, the sight of an old picture, the sound of a half-forgotten song, or even the jingle of a nursery rhyme, and if "My Treasures" cannot in reality bring back to me the time when my hopes and my heart were young, I can at least live those days over again in my waking dreams,

"As I tenderly turn the pages  
Of the volume wherein they lie."

## MANNERS.

THERE are two extremes into which people are apt to fall with regard to the subject of manners. Some are utterly indifferent to them and deem them unworthy of attention. Look beneath the surface, they say, to the roots of character; pay no attention to outward appearance, to voice or gesture, tone or manners; they may be all deceptive, and they must be all superficial; it is what is said or done, not how it is said or done, that is alone deserving of notice. On the other hand, there are some to whom manner is everything. Each new acquaintance has to pass the ordeal of their criticism. Is he polished, courteous, graceful, dignified? Then they are ready to receive him with open arms. Is he rough, crude, awkward, or shy? Then they care not to examine the kernel that may be hidden under so unattractive a shell. Both these views are imperfect and mistaken, though each contains enough of truth to make it plausible. To depreciate or ignore fine manners is essentially absurd. Their charm is irresistible, even to those who fancy themselves proof against them. Yet it is not so much in themselves or for their own sake that they delight us as in the promise of something better and deeper. They are signs or symbols of character, feelings, affections, thoughts; and it is to this that they owe their value and their charm.

WHENEVER you can conscientiously encourage any one, do so.

## THE SOFT ANSWER.

"I'll give him law to his heart's content, the scoundrel!" said Singleton, walking backward and forward, in an angry state of excitement.

"Don't call harsh names, Mr. Singleton," said lawyer Trueman, looking up from the mass of papers before him, and smiling in a quiet, benevolent way, that was peculiar to him.

"Every man should be known by his true name. Williams is a scoundrel, and so he ought to be called!" responded the client with increasing warmth.

"Did you ever do a reasonable thing in your life when you were angry?" asked Mr. Trueman, whose age and respectability gave him the license to speak thus freely to his young friend, for whom he was endeavoring to arrange some business difficulty with his former partner.

"I can't say that I ever did, Mr. Trueman; but now I have good reason for being angry, and the language I use in reference to Williams, is but the expression of a sober and rational conviction," replied Singleton, a little more calmly.

"Did you pronounce him a scoundrel before you received this reply to your last letter?" asked Mr. Trueman.

"No, I did not; but that letter confirmed my previously formed impressions of his character."

"But I cannot find, in that letter, any evidence proving your late partner to be a dishonest man. He will not agree to your proposed mode of settlement, because he does not see it to be the most proper way."

"He won't agree to it, because it is an honest and equitable mode of settlement, that is all! He wants to overreach me, and is determined to do so, if he can!" responded Mr. Singleton, still excited.

"There you are decidedly wrong," said the lawyer. "You have both allowed yourselves to become angry, and unreasonable; and if I must speak plainly, I think you are the most unreasonable in the present case. Two angry men can never settle any business properly. You have unnecessarily increased the difficulties in the way of a speedy settlement, by writing Mr. Williams an angry letter, which he has responded to in the like unhappy temper. Now, if I am to settle this business for you, I must write all letters that pass to Mr. Williams in future."

"But how can you properly express my views and feelings?"

"That I do not wish to do, if your views and feelings are to remain as they now are; for anything like an adjustment of the difficulties under the circumstances, I should consider hopeless," replied Mr. Trueman.

"Well, let me answer this letter, and after that, I promise that you shall have your own way."

"No, I shall consent to no such thing. It is the reply to that letter which is to modify the negotiation for a settlement, in such a way as to bring success or failure; and I have no idea of allowing you, in the present state of your mind, to write such an one as will most assuredly defeat an amicable adjustment."

Singleton paused some time before making a reply. He had been forming in his mind a most cutting and bitter rejoinder to the letter just alluded to, and he was very desirous that Mr. Williams should have the benefit of knowing that he thought him a tricky and deliberate scoundrel, with other opinions of a similar character. He found it, therefore, impossible to make up his mind to let the unimpassioned Mr. Trueman write this most important epistle.

"Indeed, I must write this letter, Mr. Trueman," he said. "There are some things that I want to say to him, which I know you won't write. You don't seem to consider the position in which he has placed me by that letter, nor what is obligatory upon me as a man of honor. I never allow any man to reflect upon me, directly or indirectly, without a prompt response."

"There is in the Bible," said Mr. Trueman, "a passage that is peculiarly applicable in the present case. It is this—'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.' I have found this precept, in a life that has numbered more than double your years, to be one that may be safely and honorably adopted in all cases. You blame Mr. Williams for writing you an angry letter, and are indignant at certain expressions contained therein. Now, is it any more right for you to write an angry letter, with cutting epithets, than it is for him?"

"But, Mr. Trueman —"

"I do assure you, my young friend," said the lawyer, interrupting him, "that I am acting in this case for your benefit, and not for my own; and, as your legal adviser, you must submit to my judgment, or I cannot consent to go on."

"If I promise not to use any harsh language, will you not consent to let me write the letter?" urged the client.

"You and I, in the present state of your mind, could not possibly come at the same conclusion, in reference to what is harsh and what is mild," said Mr. Trueman: "therefore, I cannot consent that you shall write one word of the proposed reply—I must write it."

"Well, I suppose, then, I shall have to submit. When will it be ready?"

"Come this afternoon, and I will give you the draft, which you can copy and sign."

In the afternoon, Mr. Singleton came, and received the letter prepared by Mr. Trueman. It ran thus, after the date and formal address:—

"I regret that my proposition did not meet your

approbation. The mode of settlement which I suggested was the result of a careful consideration of our mutual interests. Be kind enough to suggest to Mr. Trueman, my lawyer, any plan which you think will lead to an early and amicable adjustment of our business. You may rely upon my consent to it, if it meets his approbation."

"Is it possible, Mr. Trueman, that you expect me to sign such a cringeing letter as that?" said Singleton, throwing it down, and walking backward and forward with great irritation of manner.

"Well, what is your objection to it?" replied Mr. Trueman, mildly, for he was prepared for such an exhibition of feeling.

"Objection! How can you ask such a question? Am I to go on my knees to him, and beg him to do me justice? No! I'll sacrifice every penny I've got in the world first—the scoundrel!"

"You wish to have your business settled, do you not?" asked Mr. Trueman, looking him steadily in the face.

"Of course I do—*honorably* settled!"

"Well, let me hear what you mean by an honorable settlement?"

"Why, I mean——"

The young man hesitated a moment, and Mr. Trueman said,—

"You mean, a settlement in which your interest shall be equally considered with that of Mr. Williams."

"Yes, certainly, and that——"

"And that," continued Mr. Trueman, "Mr. Williams in the settlement shall consider and treat you as a gentleman."

"Certainly I do, but that is more than he has done."

"Well, never mind. Let what is past go for as much as it is worth. The principal point of action is in the present."

"But I'll never send that mean, cringeing letter, though."

"You mistake its whole tenor, I do assure you, Mr. Singleton. You have allowed your angry feelings to blind you. You certainly carefully considered, before you adopted it, the proposed basis of settlement, did you not?"

"Of course I did."

"So the letter which I have prepared for you states. Now, as an honest and honorable man, you are, I am sure, willing to grant to him the same privilege which you asked for yourself, viz., that of proposing a plan of settlement. Your proposition does not seem to please him; now it is but fair that he should be invited to state how he wishes the settlement to be made, and in giving such an invitation, a gentleman should use gentlemanly language."

"But he don't deserve to be treated like a gentleman. In fact, he has no claim to the title," said the young man.

"If he has none, as you say, *you* profess to be a gentleman, and all gentlemen should prove by their actions and words that they are *gentle-men*."

"I can't say that I am convinced by what you say; but as you seem to be bent on having your own way, why, here, let me copy the thing and sign it," said the young man suddenly changing his manner.

"There, now," he added, passing across the table the brief letter he had copied, "I suppose he'll think me a low-spirited fellow, after he gets that; but he's mistaken. After it's all over, I'll take good care to tell him that it didn't contain my sentiments."

Mr. Trueman smiled, as he took the letter and went on to fold and direct it.

"Come to-morrow afternoon, and I think we'll have things in a pretty fair way," he said, looking up with his usual pleasant smile, as he finished the direction of the letter.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Singleton," he said, as that gentleman entered his office on the succeeding day.

"Good afternoon," responded the young man. "Well, have you had an answer to that milk-and-water letter of yours? I can't call it mine."

"Yes; here is the answer. Take a seat, and I will read it to you," said the old gentleman.

"Well, let's hear it."

"DEAR GEORGE:—I have your kind and gentlemanly note of yesterday, in reply to my harsh, unreasonable, and ungentlemanly one of the day before. We have both been playing the fool; but you are ahead of me in becoming sane. I have examined, since I got your note, more carefully the tenor of your proposition for a settlement, and it meets my views precisely. My foolish anger kept me from seeing it before. Let our mutual friend, Mr. Trueman, arrange the matter according to the plan mentioned, and I shall most heartily acquiesce. Yours, &c.,

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

"He never wrote that letter in the world!" exclaimed Singleton, starting to his feet.

"You know his writing, I presume," said Mr. Trueman, handing him the letter.

"It's Thomas Williams's own hand, as I live!" ejaculated Singleton, on glancing at the letter. "My old friend, Thomas Williams, the best-natured fellow in the world!" he continued, his feelings undergoing a sudden and entire revolution. "What a fool I have been!"

"And what a fool I have been!" said Thomas Williams, advancing from an adjoining room, at the same time extending his hand toward Singleton.

"God bless you, my dear friend!" exclaimed Singleton, grasping his hand. "Why, what has been the matter with us both?"

"My young friends," said old Mr. Trueman, one of the kindest-hearted men in the world, rising and advancing towards them, "I have known you long, and have always esteemed you both. This pleasant meeting and reconciliation, you perceive, is of my arrangement. Now, let me give you a precept that will make friends and keep friends. It has been my motto through life, and I don't know that I have any enemy in the world. It is, '*A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.*'"

T. S. A.

### RETROSPECTION.

**P**ATTSING to gaze down the vista of the past,  
How full of sad regret the vanished year!  
We did not think the hours would flee so fast,  
When first we viewed its dawning fair and clear.  
So much remains to do, and lo! the end is here.

We did not mean to waste those fleeting golden hours,  
In idle pleasure, or repinings vain;  
With earnest zeal, and well-directed powers,  
We thought to lift despairing doubt and pain.  
From burdened, care-worn souls and bid them hope again.

The sad, the weak and tempted ones within our reach,  
Whose feet from honor and from duty stray,  
With kindly judgment, gentle act and speech,  
And patient hand, we hoped to lead away  
From sins 'gainst which they vainly struggle, day by day.

We thought to make our lives sublime with deeds of love,  
To rise serene o'er earthly doubt and care  
To lift the steadfast eye of faith above,  
Strengthened by the crowning grace of prayer,  
Meet for the courts of God our waiting souls prepare.

But now, while looking backward through our tears to-night,  
To view the labors that our hands have wrought,  
Defeat and Failure meet the shrinking sight,  
Not the perfected good we, praying, sought—  
Has then, a year of high endeavor, come to naught?

Ah, no! for God who ever sees the right intent,  
Accepts the weakest off'ring, spurning none;  
The poor, imperfect service, which we meant  
To be so beautiful and fair when done,  
He sees with tender pity, only just begun.

Oh, help us still, dear Lord, the warfare to renew!  
Lend strength to weakness, make our vision clear  
To shun the wrong, discern the good and true;  
Our doubting heart with thy sweet presence cheer,  
So shall we greet, with joyful hope, the dawning year.

MRS. A. E. ROCKWELL.

### THE INVALID WIFE.

"MY POOR head! It seems as if it would burst!" murmured Mrs. Bain, as she arose from a stooping position, and clasped her temples with both hands. She was engaged in dressing a restless, fretful child, some two or three years old. Two children had been washed and dressed, and this was the last to be made ready for breakfast.

As Mrs. Bain stood, with pale face, closed eyes, and tightly compressed lips, still clasping her throbbing temples, the bell announcing the morning meal was rung. The sound caused her to start, and she said, in a low and fretful voice:

"There's the breakfast-bell, and Charley isn't ready yet; nor have I combed my hair. How my head does ache! I am almost blind with the pain."

Then she resumed her work of dressing Charley, who struggled, cried and resisted, until she was done.

Mr. Bain was already up and dressed. He was seated in the parlor, reading the morning paper, when the breakfast-bell rang. The moment he heard the sound, he threw down his newspaper, and leaving the parlor, went to the dining-room. His two oldest children were there, ready to take their places at the table.

"Where's your mother?" he inquired of one of them.

"She's dressing Charley," was answered.

"Never ready in time," said Mr. Bain to himself, impatiently. He spoke in an undertone.

For a few moments he stood with his hands on the back of his chair. Then he walked twice the length of the dining-room, and then he went to the door and called:

"Jane! Jane! Breakfast is on the table."

"I'll be there in a minute," was replied by Mrs. Bain.

"Oh, yes! I know something about your minutes," Mr. Bain said this to himself. "This never being in time annoys me terribly. I'm always ready. I'm always up to time. But, there's no regard to time in this house."

Mrs. Bain was still struggling with her cross and troublesome child, when the voice of her impatient husband reached her. The sound caused a throb of intenser pain to pass through her aching head.

"Jane, make haste! Breakfast is all getting cold, and I'm in a hurry to go away to business," was called once more.

"Do have a little patience. I'll be there in a moment," replied Mrs. Bain.

"A moment! This is always the way."

And Mr. Bain once more paced backwards and forwards.

Meantime the wife hurriedly completed her



own toilet, and then repaired to the dining-room. She was just five minutes too late.

One glance at her pale, suffering face, should have changed to sympathy and pity the ill-humor of her thoughtless, impatient husband. But it was not so. The moment she appeared he said :

"This is too bad, Jane! I've told you, over and over, that I don't like to wait after the bell rings. My mother was always promptly at her place, and I'd like my wife to imitate so good an example."

Perhaps nothing could have hurt Mrs. Bain more than such a cruel reference of her husband to his mother, coupled with so unfeeling a declaration of his will concerning her; as if she were to be the mere creature of his will.

A sharp reply was on the tongue of Mrs. Bain; but she kept it back. The pain in her head subsided all at once; but a weight and oppression in her breast followed, that was almost suffocating.

Mr. Bain drank his coffee, and ate his steak and toast, with a pretty fair relish; for he had a good appetite and a good digestion, and was in a state of robust health. But, Mrs. Bain ate nothing. How could she eat? And yet, it is but the truth to say, that her husband, who noticed the fact, attributed her abstinence from food more to temper than want of appetite. He was aware that he had spoken too freely, and attributed the consequent change in his wife's manner to anger rather than a wounded spirit.

"Do you want anything?" asked Mr. Bain, on rising from the table and turning to leave the room. He spoke with more kindness than previously.

"No," was the wife's brief answer, made without lifting her eyes to her husband's face.

"In the sulks!"

Mr. Bain did not say this aloud, but such was his thought, as he turned away and left the house. He did not feel altogether comfortable, of course. No man feels comfortable while there is a cloud upon the brow of his wife, whether it be occasioned by peevishness, ill-temper, bodily or mental suffering. No, Mr. Bain did not feel altogether comfortable, nor satisfied with himself, as he walked along to his store; for there came across his mind a dim recollection of having heard the baby fretting and crying during the night; and also of having seen the form of his wife moving to and fro in the chamber, while he lay sungly reposing in bed.

But, these were unpleasant images, and Mr. Bain thrust them from his mind.

While Mr. Bain took his morning walk to his store, his lungs freely and pleasantly expanding in the pure, invigorating air, his wife, to whose throbbing temples the anguish had returned, and whose relaxed muscles had scarcely enough tension to support the weight of her slender frame,

slowly and painfully began the work of getting her two oldest children ready for school. This done, the baby had to be washed and dressed. It screamed during the whole operation, and when, at last, it fell asleep upon her bosom, she was so completely exhausted that she had to lie down. Tears wet her pillow as she lay with her babe upon her arm. He, to whom alone she had a right to look for sympathy, for support, and for strength in her many trials, did not appear to sympathize with her in the least. If she looked sober from the pressure of pain, fatigue, or domestic trials, he became impatient and sometimes said, with cruel thoughtlessness, that he was tired of clouds and rain, and would give the world for a wife who could smile now and then. If, amid her many household cares and duties she happened to neglect some little matter that affected his comfort, he failed not to express his annoyance, and not always in cheerfully chosen words. No wonder that her woman's heart melted—no wonder that hot tears were on her cheeks.

Mr. Bain had, as we have said, an excellent appetite; and he took especial pleasure in its gratification. He liked his dinner particularly, and his dinners were always good dinners. He went to market himself. On his way to his store he passed through the market, and his butcher sent home what he purchased.

"The maketing has come home," said the cook to Mrs. Bain, about ten o'clock, arousing her from a brief slumber into which she had fallen—a slumber that exhausted nature demanded, and which would have done far more than medicine for the restoration of something like a healthy tone to her system.

"Very well. I will come down in a little while," returned Mrs. Bain, raising herself on her elbow, "and see about dinner. What has Mr. Bain sent home?"

"A calf's head!"

"What!"

"A calf's head."

"Very well. I will be down to see about it."

Mrs. Bain repressed any further remark.

Sick and exhausted as she felt, she must spend at least two hours in the kitchen in making soup and dressing the calf's head for her husband's dinner. Nothing of this could be trusted to the cook, for to trust any part of its preparation to her was to have it spoiled.

With a sigh, Mrs. Bain arose from the bed. At first she staggered across the room like one intoxicated, and the pain, which had subsided during her brief slumber, returned again with added violence. But, really sick as she felt, she went down to the kitchen and passed full two hours there in the preparation of delicacies for her husband's dinner. And what was her reward?

"This is the worst calf's head soup you ever

made. What have you done to it?" said Mr. Bain, pushing the plate of soup from before him, with an expression of disgust on his face.

There were tears in the eyes of the suffering wife, and she lifted them to her husband's countenance. Steadily she looked at him for a few moments; then her lips quivered, and the tears fell over her cheeks. Hastily rising, she left the dining room.

"It is rather hard that I can't speak without having a scene," muttered Mr. Bain, as he tried his soup once more. It did not suit his taste at all; so he pushed it from him, and made his dinner of something else.

As his wife had been pleased to go off up stairs in a huff, just at a word, Mr. Bain did not feel inclined to humor her. So, after finishing his dinner, he took his hat and left the house, without so much as seeking to offer a soothing word.

Does the reader wonder that, when Mr. Bain returned in the evening, he found his wife so seriously ill as to make it necessary to send for their family physician? No, the reader will not wonder at this. But Mr. Bain felt a little surprised. He had not anticipated anything of the kind.

Mrs. Bain was not only ill, but delirious. Her feeble frame, exhausted by maternal duties, and ever-beginning, never-ending household cares, had yielded under the accumulation of burdens too heavy to bear.

For awhile after Mr. Bain's return, his wife talked much, but incoherently; then she became quiet. But, her fever remained high, and inflammation tended strongly towards the brain. He was sitting by the bedside about ten o'clock, alone with her, when she began to talk in her wandering way again, but her words were distinct and coherent.

"I tried to do right," said she, sadly; "but my head ached so that I did not know what I was doing. Ah me! I never please him now in any thing. I wish I could always look pleasant—cheerful. But I can't. Well! well! it won't last forever. I never feel well—never—never—never! And I'm so faint and weak in the morning! But he has no patience with me. He doesn't know what it is to feel sick. Ah me!"

And her voice sighed itself away into silence.

With what a rebuking force did these words fall upon the ears of Mr. Bain! He saw himself in a new light. He was the domestic tyrant, and not the kind and thoughtful husband.

A few days, and Mrs. Bain was moving about her house and among her children once more, pale as a shadow, and with lines of pain upon her forehead. How differently was she now treated by her husband! With what considerate tenderness he regarded her! But, alas! he saw his error too late! The gentle, loving creature, who had

come to his side ten years before, was not much longer to remain with him. A few brief summers came and went, and then her frail body was laid amid the clods of the valley.

Alas! how many, like Mrs. Bain, have thus passed away, who, if truly loved and cared for, would have been the light of now darkened hearths, and the blessing and joy of now motherless children and bereaved husbands!

### "WAITIN' TO BE TAKED."

ONE month previous to joining her husband in Texas, Mrs. Rockby, for economy's sake, packed herself, her two children, and her few remaining household goods in one room in a large tenement house.

They entered their new quarters under cover of night, and next morning the weary, anxious mother was obliged to send seven-years-old Sylvia for the baby's milk.

The child was despatched with many kind, thoughtful warnings, every word of which fled from her young mind at sight of what appeared to be a very small girl, with the mite of an old, old face lying in a box outside of a door, on the second landing.

Some disturbance in a neighboring by-street had caused a general stampede of the building's occupants, leaving hall and stairway comparatively deserted. No person was in sight, save this odd creature peering out of her strange bed, from under a canopy of neglected ebon hair.

A prolonged exclamation escaped Sylvia's artless lips, then she inquired:

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

"I'm Tatters, an' I waitin' to be taked."

Sylvia Rockby's vocabulary containing no such word she could not but shake her auburn curls and repeat inquiringly: "Taked?"

Tatters nodded affirmatively, her large eyes meanwhile studying curiously the phenomena of a clean face and perfectly neat apparel at that hour of the day.

"Where is your mother?" was Sylvia's next question.

"In the 'Rection."

"'Rection?" Sylvia's thoughts ran along the line of her limited experience nor found place for this word either.

Tatters nodded.

Little pink-cheeks ventured another question:

"Where's your father?"

"Donno."

The pair so near the same age, under the self-same roof, yet so widely separated, gazed each at the other a full minute. The one neat as a daisy, peachy-cheeked, bright-eyed; the other untidy, sallow-skinned, wild-orbed.

"What did you say you were waiting for?"

"To be taked."

"What is taked?"

"Mammy was taked last week. She goed to the 'Rection. Biddy McGoon says the gardens 'll take me. I donno where, on'y I waitin' to be taked."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sylvia, "I know what you mean. You're to be taken, and it isn't gardens, it's—let me think. It's the guardians of the poor you're waiting for."

Just then Mrs. Rockby appeared at the head of the staircase with an anxious expression of countenance.

"Please excuse me, ma," called Sylvia. "I'll get the milk and come back right away. I've ever so much to tell you."

The "ever so much" being quickly told, Mrs. Rockby left Sylvia in charge of the baby, and went down to see Tatters.

Although the people among whom she had come to live were several degrees removed from the extreme lower classes, Mrs. Rockby's refined, sensitive nature suffered terribly during her sojourn there. Especially was she shocked on discovering that even poor Tatters failed to escape persecution at the hands of the mischievous boys and girls crowding the stairs or careering wildly through the passages.

"She's wastin' fast, ma'am," replied Bridget in answer to Mrs. Rockby's questions. "Yes, jist wastin' away. They'd a corner in with Tib. Fimp, but the mother was took up and Tib. throwed the young 'un in on me. She'd no business to, fur it's as much as I can do to give her her vittals. I've neither room nor bed fur her. When my man and the boys is in I have to set her out. Poor crittir! I'd keep her till the breath's gone if I knowed where the bread and the roof to kiver my own's to come from. But you see how it is. I've sent fur the gardeens, and expect them along this week. They'd ought to come day before yis-terday."

"Will she get well?" asked Sylvia, at the close of this interview.

"No," answered Mrs. Rockby solemnly. "She may be dying now."

Dying! Dying! The thought tolled like a bell through Sylvia's mind. She stepped softly to the side of Tatters' box. She gazed upon the child with new interest, new emotions.

A sunbeam from the outside world hovered about her head like some golden butterfly, as her pink-tipped fingers closed around Tatters' bony hand.

"Do you want to die, and go to live with Jesus?" she asked, tenderest colors deepening on her cheeks, her blue eyes luminous with feeling.

"I'm waitin' to be taked," replied Tatters, gazing at this lovely vision with wild, inquiring eyes.

"Jesus will take you," answered Sylvia, eagerly.

"I used to hear 'bout him up at the Mission. Tell me over agin, I forgit," said this poor waif.

Perched on the edge of Tatter's box, the little girl began the story so old, and yet so ever new—"The story without an end, that angels throng to hear."

Upon being told that Christ's cradle-bed was like her's, Tatter's sad face brightened.

"That's nice," she whispered. "I'm glad I know that. Tell me more."

Morning, noon, and evening found Sylvia repeating "The story o'er and o'er;" often to oddly mixed audiences, while not a few hearts found themselves strangely touched, and melting under those sweet, child-like teachings.

Bridget's appeal to the "gardeens" evidently went astray. Her application met with no response. That week rolled by; October's sun rose upon the next, and still Tatters remained in her box outside of the McGoon's door.

Every day the jet-black cloud of hair hung heavier over the little, old face, while, hour by hour, those large eyes grew darker, brighter, like deep pools mirroring the glory of far away stars.

"And I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving him that receiveth it." So read little Sylvia out of the wonderful Book of the Revelations. "We're to have other names, you see," she said, expounding the passage in her simple, earnest way.

"I won't be Tatters up there," replied the sick child, pushing her thin fingers through a rent in her faded dress. "I wish 's long 's the gardens don't come, *He* would. I'm waitin' to be taked."

She had not long to wait. The "gardens" came, but *He* was bfore them. They carried away a form of clay, a waxen image shrouded in ebony hair. *He* winged a glad child-spirit to that home where "their angels always behold the face of the Father."

Like poor Tatters, we are all "waitin' to be taked." The waiting-time is wearisome, but some day we who are Christ's shall go in to the marriage-supper, and come out "no more forever." Meanwhile,

"Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod,  
Of daily toil and woe;

"Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above."

MADGE CARROL.

## WHAT OCTOBER BROUGHT US.

No. 6.

**A** MONTH previous, the stage-coach on this road had been robbed. A like incident never happened before, and, in all probability, never will again. The driver told us the story, which interested us, and we repeat it, briefly:

In the evening, when the coach was returning to Cave City, from the Cave, with seven gentlemen and one lady, passengers, it was called to a halt in a dense woods, by two men, one mounted on a thin, black, thorough-bred, and the other on a fine, sorrel horse. The driver was ordered down, and the dismounted highwaymen gave him their bridle-reins to hold. They covered the passengers with revolvers, and then began the work of delivering the booty. None of the passengers were armed. It was no use to parley. A Kentucky marksman's eye, in a case like this, means "business."

The leader and spokesman was polite and smiling all the while. They were ordered out of the coach, except the lady, and as each gentleman stepped out he was covered with the muzzle of a revolver, and told to take his place in line and hold up his hands. After the passengers were all out, and in a row, one man covered the line with his revolver, while the leader proceeded to rifle their pockets, talking pleasantly as he proceeded. One man, a Georgian, lost \$670; another, \$55 in cash, and a watch worth \$200; another, \$50; another, \$33; another, \$5 and a handsome watch: the lady only her rings, one of them a fine diamond. One man, the last one in leaving the coach, had the forethought, in the bustle and tumult, to thrust his watch and money under the cushions. He was an Editor from Wisconsin. The young lady was assured that she need not fear, for they would not take anything from her; but, doubting the outlaw's promise, he detected her in the act of hiding her rings. His honor was doubted: he, like the Roman matron, was not "above suspicion," and, in retaliation, he ordered the lady to give up her rings. He said, they would please his wife, perhaps, if her hands were not so very white.

The leader of the marauders was a man about thirty years old, with pleasant blue eyes, sandy beard and moustache; rather small, smiled prettily, and distributed his attentions to the defenceless party of eight passengers with a *sang froid* and easy politeness which did much to alleviate their feelings. He explained that they were not highwaymen, but poor, persecuted moonshiners, who were so hotly pursued by the government officers that they were compelled to have money to get out of the country. He asked each passenger his name and place of residence, and in a flowing, graceful hand, noted them down, saying that some

day he would repay their losses. When he came to Mr. Craig, of Georgia, he remarked, that he had fought in a Georgia regiment during the war, and he really regretted this ungallant step, but the case was a desperate one, and he was compelled to do it.

After getting all the valuables in the party, they returned the pocket-books with railroad passes and tickets, and, giving the passengers orders to get back into the coach, they mounted and rode off down a narrow path through the low bushes. The persons robbed returned, then, to their respective hotels, in a state of moral paralysis, at such a *coup* being effected, at such a place. They said, if any one in the party had been armed, the story would not have flowed so monotonously tame, because the dark-whiskered man who covered the party seemed to be such a slow fellow, and not to pay such very close attention to them. No one of the passengers even had a penknife, and all they could do was to stand like a row of sardines, and submit.

The ending of the incident was, that the robbers were arrested, afterward, for a former offence, and sent to the penitentiary. But little of the stolen property was recovered. They laughed with the detectives, and told how easily they could have been frightened, and that the incipient motive, when the scheme was first proposed, was merely fun and adventure. As they dwelt on the project it grew into something tangible, and finally terminated in a robbery.

The highwayman said they were hidden in the roadside bushes when the coach passed the evening before, but the two coaches, going to and returning from the Cave, chanced to meet and pass at that place. He said one coach was loaded with joyous, city school-girls, sixteen in number, who were in the very height of enjoyment; singing, laughing, tooting the stage-horn, and one lovely girl, in soft-grey, with long, blonde tresses, was beside the driver, with whip and lines in her own little hands, while the horses were showing their mettle, and almost flying over the stony road. He said it would have been a harder-hearted man than he was, who would have turned their merriment into wails of crying.

When we reached the place of the transaction, the darky paused and, with the whip for a pointer, reproduced the scene as upon canvas. How plainly it all came up before us on that October day! What a fitting background! We will never forget it: The woods were dense and dark, only broken in two places. In one of those openings stood a lonely, old, log church—settling down with age and disuse—the door broken off its hinges and standing to one side; the path to the church grown over with weeds: once a "thriving Baptist church," the driver assured us. "Beffo' de wa-h," he said, "lots an' lots o' folks for miles



roun' cum thur to meetin'." The thought of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and the utter loneliness of his "where once a garden smiled," and with a sad heartache, the pitiful picture of the poor Past came up before us, and

"I saw a long procession pass,  
As shadows over bending grass;  
The young, the old, the grave, the gay,  
Whose feet had worn the narrow way:  
Young lovers straying, hand-in-hand,  
Within a fair, enchanted land;  
And many a bride, with lingering feet;  
And many a matron, calm and sweet;  
And many an old man, bent with pain;  
And many a solemn, funeral train;  
And sometimes, red against the sky,  
An army's banners, waving high."

Down through the other opening—a vista anear, but in an opposite direction, across the road—lay one of the most supremely desolate country grave-yards we ever looked upon. On some of the graves there was not a blade of grass; the bare, rocky soil lay naked as the day in which the mound was rounded and left alone. On others grew that straggling flower-weed with yellow blossoms—a hungry cannibal, that chokes and kills everything in the reach of its hateful greed. About others, at one time, had been rude palings, then they had fallen and lay aslant, reminding one of the ribs and carcass of a dead animal. A few of the graves were marked by low, thick, brownish-grey sandstones, with sprawling initials thereon. The spot was stricken with desolation, and the melancholy gloom of the picture follows us even yet. In those short minutes, it impressed itself upon the retina of the soul. And this was the back-ground of the scene of the stage-robbery; an incident that will furnish a theme for conversation among the poor families thereabouts for years to come. A stagnant neighborhood often needs something to stir, and thrill, and rouse its interest.

By the time the driver tooted a long, and loud, and hallooing blast from the musical horn, lying among the mail-bags at his feet, we all began to realize that we were nearing the place of our destination. We supposed that expectant brides, on their wedding-days, experienced the same undefinable sensation. We did not know whether to be glad or to draw back in fear. Before we had time to become reconciled to the situation, another flourish from the miniature bugle heralded our arrival at the Cave Hotel—a spacious building that had grown from a nucleus-cabin—where a smiling throng of servants, led by the polite proprietor, stood ready and willing to take out ourselves and our baggage. They were all smiling, as though they had been long expecting us, and were delighted to do us honor and service.

A snapping green-wood fire in a fire-place, easy chairs, and everything essential to one's comfort we found in the office of the proprietor, Mr.

Francis Klett, a civil engineer, the present manager and agent for the trustees of the Mammoth Cave estate. Mr. Klett is a young man of fine literary attainments, a graduate of one of the old German Universities, and our little party is indebted to him for much of the pleasure of that memorable day.

The hotel, surrounded by a deep shady lawn and native trees, is a spacious building, and with its wing of cottages attached furnishes comfortable and ample accommodations to visitors to the Cave. Six hundred feet of portico forms one of the most delightful promenades imaginable for summer weather.

Aside from the attractions of the Cave as a natural wonder, this spot is a charming resort for those seeking quiet and recreation during the summer months. Attached to the hotel is a spacious ball-room, croquet, lawn tennis, and archery grounds. The surrounding woods with deep ravines furnish delightful resting places, while Green River, only a short distance away, affords excellent boating and fishing. The hotel register shows an aggregate of over 2,000 visitors every year.

After we had rested and registered our names, and arranged the points on the long route which we wished to visit, we prepared to start. At the end of the long colonnade stood a stack of canes from which we selected those suiting our height. The old guide, Mat, was equipped with our lamps, well-filled, and a haversack of fire-works. We decided to take the special route, which includes the short route and the best points of the long one.

The winding path of a few rods, brings one to the vestibule of Mammoth Cave, which opens amid maples, grape-vines, butter-nut trees, branching ferns, and green mosses. From a ledge a stream comes trickling down over the beaming brow of the Cave vanishing into dew ere it reaches the ground.

We began to descend the flight of seventy stone steps. We looked around above at the bending branches, and the tender ferns that fringed the edge of the opening chasm, and followed the guide, and the poem by Amelia B. Wilby which had so thrilled our heart in impulsive girlhood, but had been forgotten in the years intervening, came back again, and we whispered in awe:—

Hush! for my heart-blood curdles as we enter,  
To glide in gloom these shadowy realms about;  
Oh, what a scene! the round globe to its centre  
To form this awful cave seems hollowed out!  
Yet pause—no mystic word hath yet been spoken  
To win us entrance to this awful sphere—  
A whispered prayer must be our watch-word token,  
And peace—like that around us—peace unbroken,  
The passport here.

And now farewell ye birds and blossoms tender,  
Ye glistening leaves by morning dews impeached,

And you, ye beams that light with softened splendor  
 The glimmering glories of yon outer world!  
 For while we pass these silent arches under,  
 To you and yours, a wild farewell we wave,  
 For oh! perhaps this awful spot may sunder  
 Our hearts from all we love—this world of wonder  
 May prove our grave!

The temperature of the Cave is uniformly fifty-nine degrees, summer and winter, which, in connection with the remarkable purity of its atmosphere, will account for the fact that persons are enabled to undergo such an unusual amount of physical exertion in it. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a person of delicate health to accomplish a journey of twenty miles in the Cave without suffering from fatigue, who could not be prevailed upon to walk a distance of three miles on the surface of the earth.

The Rotunda is entered first. The ceiling is about one hundred feet high and its greatest diameter is one hundred and seventy-five feet. The relics of the saltpetre works are here. In 1812, during the war, a Mr. Archibald Miller took nitre to Philadelphia by wagon, to be used in making gunpowder. The floor is strewn with the remains of old vats, timbers, wooden pipes, and other material used by the miners and workmen. The prints of cart-wheels and the hoofs of oxen are all to be seen there in the indurated clay. The wood used in lining the vats, and the wooden pipes show no signs of decay. Log benches are to be seen there where once sat swarthy miners before a rocky pulpit which was occupied by an itinerant preacher at one time, perhaps for notoriety.

Audubon's Avenue to the right of the Rotunda, leads off for about half-a-mile to a collection of stalactites. During the winter millions of bats hibernate in here. When we entered, they began flitting and making squeaking noises like young mice. The swinging lamps which we carried disturbed them. The darkness was dense. Not a ray of light penetrated the Cave after leaving the mouth of it. The beautiful stalactites had been chipped and broken by despoiling hands, and the place had not its pristine charm. No one is permitted to break or carry off specimens now, but we are sure that a half-dollar slipped into the hand of the guide will secure a fine one.

Not far from here a sad spectacle presents itself—two or three small cottages erected for some poor consumptives, who, catching at a straw acted upon the advice of a quack physician and came here to live, under the impression that they would be benefited by the uniform temperature. Some of them walked to the Cave Hotel for their meals daily as long as they could stand it, while others remained there continually for three or four months. Poor things! Their faces became bloodless, their eyes sunken, the pupils enlarged to such a degree that the iris ceased to be visible,

so that, no matter what the original color of the eye might have been, it became black. They all died within a few days after leaving the Cave. It is well-known that the absence of light will develop the scrofulous diathesis and cause a deposit of tubercles in the lungs.

No doubt incipient insanity would be benefited by a Cave residence, for absolute silence, the great desideratum, could be found in perfection here.

The grand arch leads to the Giant's Coffin, a huge, black rock-coffin 40 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 8 feet deep. It is a striking resemblance to a coffin. It has been detached from the side to the avenue against which it rests. In the Deserted Chamber, to the left of the Coffin, on the ceiling above, is the figure of an ant-eater. The semblance is complete. It is composed of the efflorescence of black gypsum and rests upon a back-ground of snow-white limestone. A group of figures is nearly in the Main Cave, on the ceiling likewise, the Giant Wife and Child. They are sitting down—the "old parients"—and the father is tossing the young child in a very unfatherly fashion over to the mamma. Anybody would understand the great picture without a word of explanation. They, too, are of black gypsum on a white ground.

One place where we all stood resting, we heard the monotonous ticking of the Cave Clock, a slow measured tick-tock, tick-tock, as solemn as the grandfather's clock on the stairs. L. said it must be modernized to suit the day and age, and henceforth called "Grandfather's Clock," to which good old Mat—the blessed darkey who has alternated between the above and the beneath—the daylight and the darkness—lo! these forty-one years, heartily assented. He said the ticking was caused by water dripping into a basin in the rock, away back out of sight—a clock that no one had ever seen, or wound up, though it had run perhaps hundreds of years, ticking truly in measured monotone the march of time by moments, months, years, scores, and centuries.

"For like the skeleton at the feast  
 That warning time-piece never ceased:  
 Even as a miser counts his gold,  
 Those hours the ancient time-piece told."  
 Over, and over, only this:  
 Tick-tock, tick-tock."

PIPSEY POTTS.

ONLY a sympathetic and sensitive nature can tell just where intrusiveness begins, so as to avoid its very first approach. We can all, however, improve in this respect by cultivating our perceptions and sympathies so as to enter somewhat into the consciousness of other people. No one deliberately intends to become an intruder, or a bore, but many actually do so from selfish and careless disregard of the feelings of others and an utter ignorance of the way in which their conduct affects those who view it from an outside stand-point.

## Lay Sermons.

### FROM MARAH TO ELIM.

A CLERGYMAN'S STORY, IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

"WILL you be at home this evening?"

I had just passed from the chancel, and was moving down the aisle, when Mr. Grant Levering, one of the richest and most liberal men in my congregation, laid his hand on my arm and addressed to me this question, speaking in a low voice, and with a gravity of manner so marked that I noticed it as something unusual. I replied in the affirmative.

"And disengaged?"

"To all but yourself, if you so desire it," was my answer.

"Thank you. I'll drop in about eight o'clock." Then, after a slight pause, "You said some things in your sermon this morning which have set me to thinking—have disturbed my mind, in fact, and I would like to talk with you about them."

"If I can help you in any way, I will do so gladly," I returned, wondering, as I replied, what I could have said to produce so serious an impression on my parishioner. He came around to the parsonage in the evening, and I retired with him to my study in order to be free from interruption.

"What you said in your sermon was this"—we had seated ourselves at my library-table facing each other—"It is not through faith, nor the works of charity, nor by means of the sacraments of the Church, that a man is saved. Salvation is not an external thing; nor is it a legal change of relations between God and man. It is not what we do, but what we are as to our inner lives, that gives us divine acceptance. The characters we are forming, not the professions we make, or the external things we do, determine our final condition."

"Do you not believe this to be true?" I asked.

His eyes rested in mine for a little while, and then fell slowly to the table. I noticed in them a wistful, troubled expression. He sat silent for almost a minute; then answered, slowly, and it seemed almost despondently, not raising his eyes from the table,

"I cannot help myself. You have made it a conviction."

"Not I; but the Holy Spirit. I have no power beyond that of utterance. It is the Spirit of God that quickens the truths which his servants speak in his name," I replied.

"What we are!" There was a startling emphasis in his sudden utterance of this sentence, and a quick lifting and setting of his eyes in mine as he spoke. "What we are!" he repeated. "Who is good, save God? Are we not all, as the Bible tells us, full of evil, and sick with sin! *What we are!* If that be the law of salvation, who can be saved?"

"Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost. What was lost? God's image and likeness in the soul of man. When that is found again, man is saved."

"Can He not restore that likeness and image?" Mr. Levering asked. A little glimmer of light coming slowly into his face.

"Yes; He alone can restore it."

"In answer to sincere and earnest prayer?"

"No."

The light went out of his face.

"There must be the right measure of faith," he said.

"More than that."

"What?"

"Obedience. The keeping of His divine Words. There can be no salvation without life—the life of Charity, I mean."

"But life is external," he said, catching at my words. "Not what a man does, but what he is, you said."

"It is the end or purpose from which a man acts that determines the quality of his actions," I replied. "If the end be good, the act is good; if the end be evil and selfish, the act is evil and selfish—that is, so far as the man himself is concerned."

"Then a man may do evil that good may come. Yet does not the Apostle say to this, 'God forbid?'"

"To do anything that we know to be evil, is to sin against God. Nothing can be clearer than this. But there is such a thing as doing good to the neighbor in a spirit that makes the act evil to ourselves."

Mr. Levering looked at me with a half-doubt in his face; not replying.

"A man may do good to his neighbor," I continued, "for the sake of being thought generous and charitable; or to make favor with a view to some ultimate gain. Self-love hides itself in a hundred different nooks and corners of the heart, and rules not the less surely because the hand which holds the sceptre is so often unseen for lack of the requisite introspection. Our Lord admonishes us to look well to the motives from which we act when He says: 'Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.' The alms, you see, are taken for nothing in the account, if done from a selfish motive. It is plain, from this Divine precept, that our actions in themselves go for nothing with God."

"For nothing!" Mr. Levering was troubled by the closeness of the precept.

"If we do good from selfish considerations, is our self-love—by which God's image and likeness in our hearts is overlaid, or blotted out—weakened? Nay, is it not strengthened by indulgence? And how can we expect God's image and likeness to become manifest if we do not remove that by which the Divine reflection is hidden? Charity is love for the neighbor. Not good deeds; but the love from which they spring. Paul gives no uncertain utterance when treating of this subject: 'Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'"

As I spoke, Mr. Levering bent forward, resting his elbows on my study-table, and clasping his temples with both hands. He was silent for a long time, and I waited for him to speak. Until I knew just the drift his thoughts were taking, I could not adequately meet his state of mind; and I did not care to waste my opportunity.

"Climbing up some other way," He said it in a low, serious voice, speaking as if to himself, and in a tone of mingled disquietude and conviction. I waited for some more definite indications. Raising himself, after several moments, with a quick, disturbed movement, and looking at me intently, he put the question:

"What, and where, is heaven?"

I did not answer immediately. While I was hesitating, he said:

"You may think the question a strange one. But a new thought has come to me suddenly."

"What?" I asked.

"That heaven is not a place into which a man may be admitted through the mercy and favor of God. That nothing one may do, or suffer, or sacrifice will give him the right of entrance, after he leaves this world."

"So I understand it," was my quiet answer.

"What, then, will give him the right of entrance?"

"Love is life," I remarked.

Mr. Levering shook his head, as one who does not see the meaning of a proposition.

"An evil love makes the life's quality evil. A good love makes it good. The supreme love of self and the world makes a devil; the supreme love of God and the neighbor, an angel. A devil is in hell; an angel in heaven, and neither could live anywhere else. The very atmosphere of heaven would as surely suffocate a devil, as that of hell an angel. It is, then, the quality of a man's life, and not any special mercy of God, that gives him the right of entrance into heaven. Think of a man—a professing Christian man if you will—who has lived in the world after the manner of the world; caring only for himself. Getting gains in the marts of trade, or among the money-changers, fairly and honestly if that may be; but getting it at all events. Think of such a man in heaven, where each one loves another better than himself!"

Mr. Levering almost started from his seat, so rapid was the movement with which he arose. He took two or three turns across the floor of my study, and then, with a short "Good-night," went out, hurrying from the house before I could make an effort to detain him. I had but a single glance at his countenance. It was strongly agitated.

On the following Sunday I missed Mr. Levering from his usual place in church. It was again vacant on the succeeding Lord's day. I was concerned for my parishoner, and felt it to be my duty to visit him. During the week I called at his residence, but did not find him at home. He was still absent on the next Sunday. On a subsequent attempt to see him, I was more successful; but he studiously avoided all my efforts to lead him back to the topic we had discussed. He was courteous, but distant; and when I spoke of having missed him from his pew for the past two or three Sundays, he avoided a direct response.

Occasionally, after that, Mr. Levering made his

appearance in church; but it was very apparent that he felt himself out of place.

The death of a beautiful daughter, who had just made her entrance into fashionable life, and for whom pride and affection were strong in the father's heart, brought me once more into pastoral relations with Mr. Levering. He was deeply depressed in mind by this sad affliction, which, I discovered, was regarded as an indication of the Divine displeasure.

"God has smitten me," he said, as the tears fell over his face. "Smitten me in anger, because I turned my feet away from his sanctuary, and my heart from his precepts; and my punishment is more than I can bear."

"There is no anger in love," I replied. "The love that lifted your dear child into heaven, ere there was time for the stain of this world to be upon her beautiful garments, was very, very tender. Could love do more for its beloved?"

There came into his widely opening eyes a softer expression, and a look that was half-surprise.

"The gain is hers, but oh, the loss to me! How shall I bear it?" The tears, which had been checked, flowed again.

"Should not love rejoice in the blessing that comes to the one it loves?"

He did not reply.

"Not in anger. No, no, my dear sorrowing brother; not in anger, but in love! Divine Love cannot do else than love; for that would be to act against itself. The discipline of sorrow, or pain, or misfortune that Love sends to draw us heavenward, may seem to us like the smittings of wrath; but this is only an appearance. We see the frowning Providence, but not the 'smiling face' it hides. We are erring and disobedient children, who will not hear the Father's voice, though it call in tones of beseeching tenderness; and shall love turn away and let us perish in our blindness and folly, or scourge us back from the desert places in which our souls must starve? or from the fens and mephitic marshes of self-love where all that is left of spiritual, heavenly life must die of asphyxia? Anger and offended pride, such as men feel who have lost the image and likeness of God in their souls, might so turn away and leave the erring and disobedient to perish; but not the infinitely loving and compassionate Father of us all. His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts. We have no human standard by which to weigh and measure the Divine love. We only know that it is infinite; and that any attempt on our part to set for it metes and bounds is vain and foolish."

"And yet," Mr. Levering drew himself up with a weary and oppressed air; "And yet, am I the less fiercely smitten? Was my case so desperate that no lighter discipline would answer? Could not the admonition have come in some milder way? Was the disease so close to the centre of life that the wound for my healing must go so deep?"

There came into his voice, as he uttered the last sentence, an almost angry thrill.

"Love knew," I said gently; "and love is always love."

"Was it love," he asked bitterly, "that for my neglect of service cut off this child in the freshness and beauty of her pure young life, and almost



broke her mother's heart? The chastening, if it had to come, should have been mine alone, I might have seen the hand of Love in that; but I cannot see it in this."

I waited until the momentary blindness of feeling could pass, and then said:

"There cannot possibly be anything limited or partial in the operations of Divine Providence. Its prescience is never for the individual alone, as if he were disconnected from all others; but includes every one, near or remote, who stands in any relation to him. The best that can be gained for each and all who may be affected thereby—the best spiritually, I mean—is in every dispensation of Providence. In the death of your child, your spiritual state and needs—your good alone—have not been regarded by Him, without whom a sparrow cannot fall. She has been removed from this to a higher life just at the time when that removal is best for those she leaves behind her in this world, best for herself, and best for the angels into whose society she will be admitted. If you gain from this, to you, sorrowful event, what God is seeking to have you gain, happy will it be. Beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, will be yours in the days to come."

I have often had occasion to notice the wonderful power that lies in the simple words of Holy Scripture. Mr. Levering's brows were drawn closely together, and there was a stern, almost defiant, expression in his eyes up to the moment when the Divine symbolic language of the old prophet began falling from my lips. But ere I had finished the sentence, I saw his face begin to soften. In a few moments its whole aspect was subdued and tender. He was passing through changing states of mind.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "He knoweth our frame: he remembereth that we are dust." "The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion, slow to anger: and great in mercy. The Lord is good to all, and His mercies are over all his works."

As I repeated these Divine sentences, the changes went on until he came into a new state wherein submission and humiliation before the Lord could be born.

"It is very hard to bear," he said, speaking in a low, broken voice. "But I will try to be patient and resigned. God knows best. I am in His hands."

"And He always does what is best. It is by wisdom that His love acts," I returned.

"Yes, yes; it must be so—it must be so." He spoke as one with whom new and better convictions were growing clearer and clearer. And now there fell upon me an almost oppressive sense of responsibility. In God's Providence, I had come to be the spiritual guide and counsellor of this man at a time when, under the discipline of sorrow, states of submission and humiliation were being formed, and into which, if genuine, angelic life might flow, and give them a reality of existence that nothing could ever destroy. They might seem to perish when the tide of worldliness rolled back, as his old natural life went on again in the old channels; but as was the child Jesus when Herod sought his life, these states would be hidden away and protected by the Lord, and kept for the fullness of time.

"What infinite care, and tenderness, and love," I said in my heart, as this perception grew clearer and stronger.

"God is nearer to us in sorrow, and suffering, and pain, than at any other time," I spoke with the assurance that I felt. He looked up at me, almost in wonder. "Nearer, because then we are more conscious than at any other time of our own weakness and helplessness; and to that state the Divine love of helping and serving draws very close. It is then that the world recedes from us, and in the silence that falls into our souls we can hear the voice of our Lord calling to us and saying, 'Son, give me thy heart,' 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light.'"

"I know," answered Mr. Levering, "that my Lord is loving and merciful; and I pray for strength to bear this heavy affliction."

"And strength will surely come if you go to Him in humble submission. Nay, my brother, it has come already. Into this night of sorrow, light is already breaking, and it shines from the face of our blessed Lord, who is full of compassion and gracious, long suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth. To get nearer to Him, and to feel a sense of His divine presence and love; to hear His voice calling to us as He stands at the door of our hearts, urgent to come in that He may bless us; and then to open the door through obedience to His words—what higher good is possible?"

It was as I had hoped. A new state of mind was born—a spiritual babe, so feeble, and helpless, that, in the first shock and chill of Mr. Levering's worldly life as he went back into it again, it must have quickly perished. But in God's mercy it was drawn back into the inner regions of his soul, and kept safely there, out of the range of his consciousness and untouched by any evil affection which he might suffer for a time to hold dominion over him.

For months after this sad bereavement, Mr. Levering was faithful in his attendance at church, and to all appearance a devout worshipper. But, as I had feared, the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches began choking the Word again. The pressure of the current in which his natural life was set was too strong for him; and it bore him slowly away. I saw, with sorrow, a growing indifference to the things of heaven, and an increasing absorption in the things of this world. My heart went out towards him with a feeling of compassion. There was good in him; good states established under favoring influences, a feeble spiritual life, guarded by angels in the very inner sanctuary of his soul, which could never die, because it was born of God.

There was nothing for me to do but to wait; for Mr. Levering had drifted so far away from me as to be almost out of the reach of my influence. That sorrow, or misfortune, or some great and heart-searching trouble was before him, I felt sure; because I did not believe that his love of the world, which seemed to be growing stronger and stronger, could be broken by any other means. And that God's love for him would manifest itself in the severest discipline, if that were needed I felt very certain.

So I waited, meantime remembering him often in my prayers; for an unusual concern for this man was laid upon my soul.

One, two, three, four years; and there came nothing to break the steadily strengthening worldly life of Mr. Levering. His business had grown largely; he had entered into great and successful enterprises; was connected with banks and railroads; had become a man of note in trade and money-centres. If he had lost interest in the spiritual things of the church, he had not grown narrow and illiberal, but more generous toward her; giving always with an open hand when called upon.

## CHAPTER II.

I had taken my text one Sunday morning, and after reading it over twice, had let my eyes go down upon the congregation, when, with a little emotion of surprise, I saw Mr. Levering in his pew. It was several weeks since I had seen him there. What was the matter now? Something had gone wrong with him. I knew it the instant my eye rested on his face.

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" This was the text I had chosen.

During the entire discourse, the eyes of Mr. Levering were off of me for scarcely a moment. It was not a long and labored discourse, but very direct and emphatic; and I had a strange impression, as I uttered sentence after sentence, that I was speaking to Mr. Levering alone.

Through all the afternoon of that Sunday, the thought of this man was with me continually; while the feeling of concern which had come over my mind in the morning grew stronger and stronger. I felt little, if any, surprise when, quite early in the evening, I was told that he had called, and had gone to my library, where he wished to see me alone, for I had perceived his coming by an inner sense.

A face, strongly marked by repressed feeling, turned itself toward me as I entered the library. Mr. Levering was sitting, but arose and grasped my hand tightly, looking at me very earnestly for a moment, and then dropping his eyes to the floor. We sat down together at my library-table, each facing the other, as once before in the bygone years. A long silence followed, in which I waited for him.

"Something that I could not resist drew me to church this morning," He said it with much constraint of manner.

"Do you think it was an evil influence?" I asked.

The question seemed to take him by surprise. I saw it in the thrill that quivered for an instant in his face.

"No," He uttered the word with a kind of half reluctance.

"Not evil, but good," I said. "It was by the drawings of the Holy Spirit that you were impelled this morning."

Mr. Levering bent over the table and laid his head down upon it, showing considerable agitation of manner.

"If I had known what you were going to preach about," he said, raising himself after a few mo-

ments, "I hardly think that I would have ventured to church. You make the way to Heaven very straight and narrow."

"I cannot make the way to Heaven. All that lies in my power is to point it out. Christ is the Way, and if by Him—that is, in the keeping of his Divine sayings—we walk onward, we shall surely reach the kingdom of eternal blessedness. It is by keeping his words in our hearts, and making them felt in our actions—not by turning from them and living according to the maxims and and selfish customs of this world, and trusting to be saved by some special grace and mercy—that we gain an entrance into Heaven."

"Yes, yes, I know of this straight and narrow doctrine that you preach. I have heard it before. And—and—in spite of all my efforts to turn away from it and hide it out of sight, it comes back upon me every now and then with the force of an overwhelming conviction!"

He spoke with deep feeling—almost with agitation—and with what seemed an involuntary reaching out of his hands toward me, as if he felt that he was drifting helplessly out upon dangerous waters from which I had the power to save him.

"Is not an entrance into Heaven more to be desired than anything this world can offer?" I asked this question in a low, serious voice. He gazed at me earnestly, but without replying.

"Is it wise to set time against eternity? Forty, fifty, or even a hundred years, against forever! the poor, perishing riches of this earth, which moth and rust are continually corrupting, against the wealth and magnificence of Heaven?"

"God help me!" fell in a half-despairing cry from his lips, as he dropped his face upon the table again. He was struggling hard to repress his feelings. I did not speak until his brief agitation had subsided; nor until he had lifted his head, so that I could see the expression of his face. If had become pale, and I saw from its fixed and suffering lines that the conflict into which he had entered was far from being over.

"This world is so near, so real, so full of excitement and solicitation! The good it offers is so close to our hands, so sweet to the taste! And Heaven is so far off, so unreal, so uncertain of attainment; the way so narrow, and dreary, and full of the bitterness of self-denial!"

"Were the flesh-pots of Egypt better than the clusters of Eschol? The leeks and lentils, and bondage of Egypt, better than the grapes, and olives, the wine and the milk, and the free citizenship of Canaan? What were forty years in the Wilderness, to a perpetual habitation in the goodly land that lay beyond the waters of Jordan?"

"If there were no Red Sea to cross—no waters of Marah to drink—no plague of serpents—no wasting hunger nor parching thirst." He spoke with great despondency of manner.

"There is no Red Sea that will not part, as we stand on its brink, and let us pass over dry shod," I answered. "No Marah of temptation so bitter that it will not be sweetened by the branch of obedience we cast into its waters; and we shall surely find rest and comfort amid the Palm Groves of Elim that lie just beyond. Out of the rock, smitten by prayer and humiliation, will flow living waters, of which we shall drink and be sat-

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ished. For the flesh-pots of Egypt, God will give us manna and quail."

The dreary, almost helpless expression, was dying out of Mr. Levering's face, and I saw breaking into it a life which came from truer and more interior perceptions.

"I am here with a purpose," he said, drawing himself up in a firm and resolute way. "I did not wish to come; but the inner propulsion was so great that I could not resist it. And now I feel that the force which has brought me here is one against which I cannot set myself without incurring greater risks than any man is safe in daring."

"What is the purpose?" I asked. "Speak freely and confidentially; and I will answer as if you were my own brother."

"I have little doubt as to the tenor of your answer." His voice lost something of its firmness. "If I had been as sure of it before I came as I am now, it is more than probable that you would not have seen me here to-night. But I am here; and come of it what may, I shall speak freely of my state, and—and—well, yes; of the great peril in which I stand of losing my soul. 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul!'"

There was a kind of stern desperation in his manner.

"To-morrow!"—he had taken a little while to compose himself, and now spoke in a steady voice. "To-morrow I must move forward in the way I have been going swiftly for—well, no matter for how long—or, make a sudden, and it may be, nay, it will be, a disastrous halt."

Deep lines were cutting themselves into his forehead.

"I have become involved in a series of speculative transactions, which have assumed large and perilous proportions. If ultimately successful my share in the profit will hardly be less than sixty or seventy thousand dollars, if unsuccessful, my loss will be double that sum." He passed his hand across his forehead with a nervous movement, and I saw the moisture gathering among the sharply drawn lines.

"A man in danger will grasp at almost anything for safety."

There came into Mr. Levering's eyes a look of appeal—a plea for justification; and I understood its significance.

"Is a drowning man responsible for the life that is lost through his desperate efforts to save himself? Is not self-preservation the first law of nature?" he asked.

"So reasons the natural man, with whom self is all in all; not so the spiritual man, who regards his neighbor as himself. He will not wrong another, though he suffer even to the loss of his life through forbearance."

My answer seemed to push him away from me. His countenance changed, and he moved himself back a little from the table over which he had been leaning. For some moments neither of us spoke.

"A hard saying. Who shall bear it?" Mr. Levering said this in a depressed and reluctant voice, speaking as if to himself. Hope revived; for I knew from this constrained utterance that, in his hour of sore temptation, the Lord was near to help him; and I also knew, that as a Divine Helper, all things were possible to Him and to those who trusted in His Word.

"He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it," I said, speaking slowly and with an impressive manner. Then, after a pause: "What is the drowning life you would save at the cost of another life?" I put the question with a directness of look and tone that seemed to startle him.

"Love is life," I went on. "What is the love or life, so sorely imperilled now? The life you would save at so desperate a cost as that of another life, if that must be? Is it the life that will be lost in the finding; or the life that will be found in the losing? Natural life, or spiritual life? The life of self-love, or the life of neighborly love? 'He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it,—shall find the heavenly life that will grow richer, and deeper and more blessed as the ages endure.'"

The countenance of Mr. Levering grew softer in tone. He made no reply, and as I saw that his mind was getting more and more open to right impressions. I felt that in the very words of our Lord lay a surer power and influence than in any form of speech in which it was possible for me to clothe a precept or an admonition. Lo! I called up from my memory passage after passage of the Divine Word, and uttered them slowly and reverently. "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily shalt thou be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desire of thy heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." "The Lord knoweth the days of the upright; and their inheritance shall be forever." "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

I paused. He had leaned over, resting his elbows on the table. His face was half-hidden by his hands, but I could see that it had grown calm and thoughtful. I waited for his response. It came after a little while. Drawing himself slowly back from the table, and taking hold of the arms of his chair as if to brace himself up, he said in a voice so changed that my ear scarcely recognized it—

"To-morrow! Ah, my good and true, and faithful friend, how shall I meet to-morrow, and stand in the fiery trial it will surely bring? God and mammon! Which shall it be? Let me tell you all about it. It is best you should know."

He began speaking more hurriedly. "As I have already told you, I am involved in a series of speculative business operations which have assumed large and perilous proportions. In their prosecution, I am sorry to say that I have not regarded my neighbor's goods; but have looked solely to my own. If successful in the end, every dollar of gain will count against others on the losing side. But, to ensure success, a bolder scheme than any to which I have yet consented to become a party is proposed; and I must accept or reject it to-morrow. If I accept, I will not only come safely out of the affair, but make a clear

gain of sixty or seventy thousand dollars. If I reject, twice that sum will scarcely cover my losses. More than half my fortune will be swept from existence in a single moment; and all I have left in the world be placed in serious jeopardy. I stand to-night looking ruin in the face; but with a way of escape before me, which I may take if I will."

Beads of sweat were lying all over his forehead. He had become terribly agitated.

"But a way that leads to a deeper and more fearful ruin," I replied. "What is the loss of money to the loss of the soul?"

I saw him shiver. He grew almost deathly pale. His lips fell apart. He seemed like one standing face to face with an awful terror.

"Let us pray," I said. He knelt with me. I laid, in a few, fitting words, the case before God, asking that this sorely tempted brother might be given strength for the hour, and then the peace and rest of victory. That the bitter waters of this, his Marah of temptation, might become sweet through obedience to the Divine command, so that he might enter into the delights of Elim, and find rest after his sore conflict beneath the cooling and refreshing palms.

He was deeply affected; "all broken up," as we say. But he had taken his resolve, and that was to stand fast by the Commandment of God, if strength were given him.

"I pray for Divine help," he said. "For I know that if I trust in myself, I shall surely fall." He spoke with signs of weakness and self-distrust.

"Your prayers will amount to nothing at all," I answered, "unless there be the watchful mind and the resolute will into which the Divine vigilance and the Divine resistance to evil can flow. God does not protect and save us to-morrow because of our prayers to-day; but when to-morrow, the time when we must enter into conflict, becomes to-day, He will protect and save us by the Divine power which we then take and use as if it were our own. It is not by prayer that we conquer in temptation, but by the resistance to evil which God will surely enable us to make, if we lift out of their dead forms in our memories the Divine precepts of His word, and make them living and potent in our actions; and we do this when we refuse to act against his precepts; for not to do evil, is to do good—good always flowing in where evil is shunned and being renewed as air flows in upon a vacuum. If we refuse to do evil because it is contrary to the Divine command, and therefore a sin, its power is broken, and the Divine love of saving and helping can act in and with us, and surround and keep us from the power of the adversary of our souls."

"Not by prayer!" Mr. Levering looked at me with a dazed and doubtful expression.

"Prayer turns us to God, and opens our minds, if we are humble and sincere, to the inflowing of his Divine strength, which is given freely to all who will take and use it. But God does not save us because of our prayers. If that were possible, so great is His love for us that Salvation would come swiftly though we never uttered a word of supplication. It is from our evil affections—the loves that rule us and bear us far away from him—that He would save us. These loves make our very life—our free life, without which we could not be human. To destroy our love of evil, before any love of good had been found through repent-

ance and an effort to obey His Divine laws, would not be to save us, but to destroy us. In a certain sense, we must save ourselves—"work out," as the Apostle has it, 'our own salvation, with fear and trembling.' In our own strength, this cannot be done; but in the strength that God will give us, if we ask for and accept it, we shall become invincible, though all the powers of hell should stand in array against us."

"If I am to save myself in this great peril, then the case is hopeless. Oh, my good friend and counsellor! If you but knew how weak and helpless I feel. To-morrow I shall come face to face with the loss, it may be, of nearly everything I possess in this world. I have but to take a single step forward, and all will be safe."

"A step in the way to heaven?" I asked.

There was a perceptible start and shiver.

"How am I to save myself in this great temptation? How take and use the Divine strength? If it will not come through prayer, what then? How am I to obtain it?"

His voice had grown husky, and the words seemed to choke him in their struggle for utterance. All the lines of his face, which had again become pale, were drawn and rigid. He was looking at me with the pitiful eagerness of one in a deadly strait.

"Clear seeing," I replied, "is the first requisite to safe walking." I spoke gravely and calmly, as one who was making an appeal to the reason and not to the sentiments. "If we are in danger, and there is a way of escape, our safety depends on our seeing this way. If we are about entering upon an encounter with a deadly foe, our hope of conquest must lie in our knowledge of his weak points, and in our possession of a weapon against the force of which he has no armor that can offer a sure resistance. Now, for any human soul that is in danger, there is a sure way of escape. For every human soul that is set upon by the powers of hell—though their name be legion—there is a weapon of defense and assault which, if used, will make the victory sure."

I paused. Mr. Levering was still looking at me eagerly; but with a gathering confidence in his manner.

"That way—that weapon—is, the Word of God."

I did not expect to see the light flash into his face; and I did not see it. Rather the expression grew drearier.

"Have you ever thought much about the Divine Word; of its holiness and its power?" I asked.

He did not reply.

"In the Gospel of John, we find this remarkable declaration: 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.'"

I laid a meaning emphasis on the closing words of the Divine sentence. He lifted his eyes to my face with a quick glance, and I saw that a new thought had dawned upon him.

"And the Word was God!" God actually in the Word; and its very life and power divine! Well may we call it holy."

I remained silent, that he might have time to think. Then I repeated such passages of scripture bearing upon this subject as came to my mind.

"B made, his m Word: name i Word have I against feet, an of thy destroy As I and str He wai "If t deed, v natural very lif think o of this sault no says the the destr Mr. I was a q in his e "It is conquer A shiel tower o And no I have a lattle, v with yo of the V you to u this aru memory very ho surly c ment, a themse pose yo will of passage from H cast out.

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"By the Word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the hosts of them by the breath of his mouth." 'He cast out the spirits with his Word.' 'Ye are clean through the Word.' 'His name is called the Word of God.' 'Is not my Word as a fire, saith the Lord?' 'Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee.' 'Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' 'By the Word of thy lips, I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.'"

As I repeated passage after passage, I saw light and strength come slowly into his countenance. He waited for me still.

"If there be such a power in the Word; if, indeed, veiling and covering its inner holiness with natural form and symbols, the Lord, who is its very life, comes near to us when we read it and think of it reverently; will He not, by the power of this Word, save us in temptation, be the assaunt never so fierce? 'By the Word of thy life,' says the Psalmist, 'I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.'"

Mr. Levering drew a deep inspiration. There was a quicker play in all his features; a new light in his eye.

"It is by the sword of the Spirit that you must conquer," I went on, "and that is the Divine Word. A shield and a buckler is this Word. A strong tower of defense. A great rock in a weary land. And now, my tried and sorely tempted brother, I have only this to say: If, when you go into the battle, which you must fight to-morrow, you take with you the sword of the Spirit, and the armor of the Word, you will surely conquer. How are you to use this sword? How encase yourself in this armor? Simply by bringing it out of your memory, and holding it in your thoughts in the very hour of trial and temptation, and then it will surely deliver you from evil. To every enticement, and argument, and consideration that set themselves in array, and seek to break the purpose you have now formed to do right, come what will of natural loss and suffering, oppose some passage from the Holy Word. All temptation is from Hell, and it is by the Word that devils are cast out. This is the power against which they

cannot stand; for God is present in his Word and fights for all who use it against the enemies of their souls."

Mr. Levering was leaning across the table and listening with a deep and eager attention. I could see that he was taking in the meaning of what I said.

"To-morrow, when the temptation through which you will have to pass is sore upon you, and the desire of your heart goes out toward the riches that, if you will not peril your soul, must take to themselves wings and flee away, let this Divine precept come out of your memory even to your lips in silent utterance: 'A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.' Or this: 'Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.' Or this: 'The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.' Other passages will be as potent as these; for it is the Divine presence in the Word by which conquest in temptation is secured. Call up out of your memory any Divine saying, when the attack is fierce and the danger great; hold it in your thought and rest in it, and He who is in His Word will give you the power to overcome. This Word will smite your spiritual enemies as with a sharp sword; it will cover them with darkness, and cause them to flee away in terror."

"Remember," I said, in a tone of impressive admonition, as I held Mr. Levering's hand tightly in mine at parting, "that, to be permitted to fall into temptation is of the Divine mercy, that a man may overcome his spiritual enemies and put them under his feet, as the Lord in His incarnation overcame all hell and put it forever under His feet. To fall into temptation is not, therefore, to fall into evil; but if a man fall in temptation, then is his case sad indeed, for he is weaker and more in the power of his enemies than before, and in greater danger of losing his soul."

"God helping me, I will gain this victory!" Mr. Levering answered with solemn earnestness, as he wrung my hand at parting.

T. S. ARTHUR.

## The Home Circle.

### MOTHERS AND HOUSEKEEPERS.

[F there be one class of persons who need wise counsel and practical suggestions it is those women who occupy the double position of mothers and housekeepers, and who assumed their responsibility without realizing in any degree the overpowering trials and difficulties that awaited them. There is a large number of such women who have to depend wholly on their labor to preserve the domestic machinery in smooth running order, and unless there be skillful management and systematic planning in performing their work, they will not be able to meet the demand on their strength that their duties entail.

We see so many women who commence their married life, buoyant with hope and health, who, in a few years are reduced almost to invalids by

the various indispositions from which they suffer. And they are not the only sufferers. Children and husbands suffer where mothers and wives are unable to perform their duties to them and to their homes. But what has brought this physical change to these women? When they first entered upon their new duties, they were strong and ambitious, and there was no planning to systematize the work, that it might be performed with greater ease and comfort. There was no thought given to economizing their precious strength that would prove their best friend as their care and duties increased. No study and care given to preserve their general health as time passed on, and so by degrees the failure came, until health, hope, and happiness were things of the past.

There is no time when a mother so needs the full strength of body and mind as when her chil-

dren are small. It is then, in their helplessness, that they look to her to supply their every want, and then that her wisest judgment should be employed in moulding the character of their future lives. For such work it requires bodily strength and quiet, steady nerves, which simply means good health. And we know whereof we speak, when we say that, unless there be an incurable hereditary complaint or a deformity which prevents a healthy condition of the body, that every woman who employs common sense, intelligence and care, can enjoy this precious gift.

But in order to be able to care for her health intelligently, she must know something of the physiological laws that govern her being. There is a large class of women who are ordinarily intelligent on other subjects, but who know absolutely nothing of the laws by which their physical life is governed. They can tell how much they suffer from sick-headache, of the nervous affection of their backs, and of the various disorders of their system. That the doctor says one particular organ is strangely affected, and the difficulty with another organ is likely to cause her death at any time. But she can give no cause for these afflictions, and knows of no intelligent manner of treating them. They do not understand that the body is like any piece of fine delicate machinery and must be understood and preserved as such, if expected to do good work.

In nine cases out of ten, where women suffer from the various female weaknesses, it is but a natural result of an unnatural suicidal way of living. The torturing mode of dress, the inattention to wholesome food, imperfect ventilation, insufficient bathing, and many other causes too numerous to mention, are the evils that slowly but surely bring disease and death. If the prevalent manner of dressing was studied for the sole purpose of producing unhealthy, delicate females it could not succeed better in its work than now.

There has been so much written on the subject of women's dress by eminent physicians and able lady writers, that anything I could say would be but a faint echo of their thoughts, so I will only give my own experience on this subject:

After reading much on this subject and suffering from my manner of dressing, four years ago I decided to give the change a test. My first act was to abandon my corset and substitute in its place a well-made, good-fitting underwaist. My next thought was how to rid my waist of its burden of skirts. I tried several patent skirt-supporters, but found the most satisfactory article in a pair of common suspenders. I sewed one large strong button on each end in the back and a corresponding two in front at a suitable place for fastening the skirts. Made buttonholes the same distance apart in my underskirts, and dress-skirts fastening all the skirts I wore to the suspenders. Suspended my drawers and stockings from the shoulders leaving my waist entirely free from pressure and weight. Wore shoes sufficiently large that the circulation in my feet was not impeded, and was able thereby to walk a greater distance and with more ease than formerly. Adopted a simple walking-dress style for street wear so that I could walk with ease and comfort without the holding up of skirts. And in regard to my winter clothing, I have been very careful to protect the body with soft, warm flannels. Have worn all-wool hand-

knit stockings, and never allowed my feet to get cold and damp. On the inside of the neck of my undershirt I put an additional piece of flannel that extended six inches downward so as to protect the chest and the back of the neck.

As simple as this change may seem, it has been the means of adding great comfort and joy to my life. This style of dress, combined with the practice of other hygienic rules of living, have wrought a great change in my physical condition. No headache, no backache, but a free, light, healthy feeling prevades the system that would be impossible under the old way.

Let me beg those women who read this, whose bodies are fettered by corsets, and who daily carry pounds of skirt-weight hanging from their waists, to try the experiment of a change. To give those organs that try so hard to be faithful in performing their work, a chance to act with freedom, and allow the poor, pressed up body to resume the comfortable, healthful feeling that was intended by nature. A short time since, while trying to persuade a pale, weary-looking mother to adopt a different mode of dress, she surprised me with the remark that it would be impossible for her to give up her corset for it *just held her back together*. She was deceiving herself with the thought that it acted as a support for her weak back, when it had in reality, been the source of that weakness.

The necessity of providing pure, wholesome food for the body, of keeping the skin in a healthy condition by frequent bathing, of supplying our living and sleeping apartments with fresh air, are important subjects, which every woman should thoroughly understand. It is knowledge whose value can never be estimated, for by preventing sickness we not only save ourselves and others much suffering, care, and inconvenience, but in many instances life itself may be preserved by so doing. Women are often ignorant on such subjects because they do not provide themselves with the means of obtaining information. To all such we would suggest the plan of subscribing for a good magazine devoted to health. We have tried the plan in our family for several years and while we do not agree with all they say, they contain much that is excellent and suggestive. The subscription price of such a magazine amounts to no more than one or two visits from a physician and by acting on the valuable advice they often contain the physician's visit may be avoided altogether. Specimen copies of such magazines can be had free, or by sending a few cents in applying to the publishers. We have tried several, but the one we are taking this year and which we consider very good is, *Good Health*, published at Battle Creek, Michigan.

NELLIE BURNS.

## BEAUTY.

The lesson which the many-colored skies,  
The flowers and leaves and painted butterflies,  
The deer's branched antlers, the gay bird that flings

The tropic sunshine from its golden wings,  
The brightness of the human countenance,  
Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance.

For evermore repeat,

In varied tones and sweet—

That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

J. G. WHITTIER.

## THE LITTLE ONES.

"If we knew the little fingers,  
 Pressed against the window pane,  
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,  
 Never trouble us again,  
 Would the bright eyes of our darlings  
 Catch the frown upon our brow?  
 Would the print of rosy fingers  
 Vex us, then, as they do now?"

"Ah, those little, ice-cold fingers!  
 How they point our memory back  
 To the hasty words and actions  
 Strewn along our wayward track.  
 How those little hands remind us,  
 As in snowy grace they lie,  
 Not to scatter thorns, but roses,  
 For our reaping by-and-by."

I WAS thinking of it to-day, seeing the "print of rosy fingers upon the windows" so lately washed, and the thought of how short the time would be ere the wee hands would be baby hands no longer; of how rapidly baby was growing; and that, though rosy and well to-day, to-morrow might take him from us, kept back the hasty words I might otherwise have said. The precious baby-fingers! The innocent, mischievous fingers! What untold work they make us, and yet, as mothers, let us be patient! They are so cunning, with all their mischief, and what is more comforting than the "silk-soft touch of a baby's hand" as it pats over your face and neck in happy love and admiration? "Mamma" is always "so booful" to baby eyes!

What would the world be without the children? Do you remember what Longfellow says of them?

"What the leaves are to the forest,  
 With the light and air for food,  
 Ere their sweet and tender juices  
 Have been hardened into wood,  
 That to the world are children;  
 Through them to feel the glow  
 Of a brighter and sunnier atmosphere  
 Than comes to the trunks below."

They are the very poetry and flowers of life, the link between Heaven and Earth; for did not Christ teach "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven?" How the memory of that old, old story, when He took the little ones in His arms and blessed them, hallowed and glorifies childhood forever! The very thought of it thrills me with strange awe and wonder when I take little Paul into my lap at the bed-time hour, in answer to his pleading "I want to love you, mamma." Children are alike, the world over, and the little Galileian children were very like those around us; as full of life and fun, bubbling over with mischief and spirits, seeming one moment to be sure types of angels, and too good for us to keep, and, even while we clasp them tremblingly lest they be taken to Heaven, proving their human nature with some sudden naughtiness; and yet He took them into His arms—His loving, compassionate arms, and into the God-heart as well—and blessed them! What child, hearing the wondrous story, has not felt the wish arising, that he had been there, that he had heard the gentle voice, and felt the pressure of the strong, tender arms! It seems "so easy to be good" just then, and yet it is a child-mind as well as body, and he forgets so soon. Can we not make them understand that, in taking the little ones so long ago, He took all children, and took them forever? Though seeing nothing with

the outward sight, may they not know that the Christ-arms are around them to-day, and hear the soft tones of the Christ-voice coming down through all the ages with sweet pleading: "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not"? Ah, mothers, sisters, how often we do forbid their coming! How often, as would the disciples of old, we keep them back! Not willingly, not knowingly, but through our ignorance, and the unbelief which chills the warm, child-like faith; through the many creeds and doctrines which make the way long and arduous, when He made it so easy and simple for the little feet that fain would follow Him. They cannot go to Him too young; cannot too soon realize that they are His, and may work for Him in their little every-day lives and play. Many a child-hand has sown seed which afterwards grew a great tree, and bore leaves "for the healing of the nations." Many a child-question has awakened thought and emotions which would not be stilled till the troubled soul found the light and bathed in the river of peace. Many a little act, which seemed but a trifle at the moment, has since become the corner-stone in His temple. We shall never know how much of the inspiration and truth which makes

"The world to higher level move,"

come from the children. The love of a little child is the cause of many a noble life. They are Heaven's richest gift to us. They bring to us a freshness and warmth—a depth of life, before unknown. Our best loves, our best thoughts and feelings, are awakened by them. Very few hearts are so locked that baby-hands cannot find the key. Our loving care of them brings us daily nearer God and makes the barren places of life to blossom with fragrant flowers. Through them we hear the sweet songs of peace, and catch echoes of angel-voices. "A little hand shall lead us up the shining way of right."

"A woman's crown of glory  
 Is a sinless little child."

Let us be thankful for them; let us be patient and gentle. It may be only for a little time we may keep them. Only a little time ere the "rosy fingers" may lie in "snowy grace" beneath the coffin-lid, and how the "thorns," scattered unheedingly, will pierce us then! Or if they be spared to us, childhood is but brief, and soon flits away. Soon the tender feet are torn toiling up life's steep ascent, and the young shoulders stoop beneath heavy burdens. Let them be happy while they may. Bear with them patiently, and do not expect of them what you cannot expect of grown people—perfection. Do not expect them always to do right: Do you do it yourself? Does any one do it? Ah, no; "to err is human," and the best and the wisest have their faults.

Try to fit them for the real work of life. Train in them a spirit which will enable them to meet its duties bravely, and go onward in the glad faith that One infinite in love and wisdom sees all—directs all. Let them meet life with a manly front, not with a cringing, cowardly spirit. Teach them that, in so far as they are worthy of honor and respect, it will come to them. Let them feel from the very first that they are God's, and need not wait for some mysterious process to take them back to Him. Let them keep life's sparkle and

joyousness, and not think that they must be long-faced and doleful to be Christians. "God loveth a cheerful giver," and the sunny heart has more power than the gloomy one. Let us so deal with them in every way that when they are "grown up" "the yesterdays look backward with a smile, for them and for us alike, and the "roses" be a rich and abundant harvest. EARNEST.

### LOVING FACES.

COMMON to all races,  
Common to us all,  
Are the loving faces,  
Faces great and small.

Faces of our mothers,  
Lighting up our home;  
Faces of our brothers,  
As the world we roam.

Faces, loving faces,  
Lifting up their light,  
With a thousand graces,  
Shining in the night;

Lighting up with glory  
All this darkened earth,  
Telling us the story  
Of our heavenly birth.

For, in holy faces,  
Faces full of love,  
We may find the traces  
Of our God above.

### LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

#### No. 1.

FAR from my little corner, I give my greeting for the New Year, to those I love. Before the Autumn leaves had all turned brown, and the beauty of that season changed into the deadness and coldness of winter, a great change came to me—a turning point in my life. A far greater amount of health than I had known these many years, was granted suddenly in answer to earnest, believing prayer, and I soon felt like a new being in some respects. The preceding spring and early summer had brought bitter disappointment. In spite of the past winter's improvement, my strength failed so completely, that suffering and discouragement were daily companions. Now, the rapid change was astonishing and delightful.

Occasional days of weakness and weariness were felt yet, but there was a bright hope and trust that all disease was gone, and that real health was soon to be mine; and though thus far it has not come entirely, because sometimes faith wavers, and I slip backwards a little, yet the advance toward it is full of promise.

What happiness it is to use hands and feet in active work which they had not attempted for years. With what thankfulness I go once more into the courts of the Lord, to sit with the rest, and join in praise and worship, feeling, it seems to me, a deeper, fuller joy, than they who are always wont to be there, can be conscious of, in receiving this great privilege, so newly granted.

New tides of thought and feeling flow through heart and brain. New resolves and desires for

a life of greater devotion to His service who has bestowed this good, so long waited and hoped for. The desire above all to work for those who are afflicted and suffering in body or mind, perhaps without hope.

When the first cool weather set in, a friend, whom I had known in her girlhood, and who had long been urging me to visit her in her new home, wrote another urgent request for my presence, and feeling now the ability to travel a distance of eighty miles by rail, I joyfully made my preparations, and in the early dawn of a warm October morning, took my seat in the cars, beside the friends who were to accompany me, with a happy, thankful heart, feeling as if a new era of existence was dawning for me. I shall never forget that journey, begun in the dim, grey light, which gradually advanced into day, and revealed, indistinctly at first, then more clearly, the objects past which we flew. Travelling eastward, I could watch, without turning my head, the first brightening of the day with faint rosy flushes, where the sun was slowly ascending. Soon, broad bars of red cloud stretched across the horizon, the great, golden disc moved up and peeped out for a moment between them, then was lost in a mass of solid grey, to be seen no more.

A soft, hazy light pervaded the atmosphere, making it pleasant to the eye. It was not long until the scenery became unfamiliar and greatly diversified. For awhile, field after field of cotton stretched away on either side of the road; then we would rush into the woods among the beautiful upland-growth oaks and hickories turning brown and yellow, crimson sumachs and wild plums, and here and there rich, dark pines.

At intervals, through gaps in the foliage, rugged hillsides would appear, with their great, brown rocks standing out among the scraggy, stunted trees, or a deep cut in the road would hem us in with a solid wall of rock on each side, so close to us that it would make one dizzy to try to look at it in passing.

But most beautiful of all was the view, when emerging suddenly from the timber, we would move alongside of the broad, majestic river, now full from bank to bank, its swift current freighted with foam and driftwood, and far beyond the blue mountains raising their summits against the grey sky.

Every half hour we stopped at some station, where a flourishing village had been built up around the depot within a few years, and occasionally passed through larger towns which I had heard of for many years, but never seen, and where I hoped some familiar face might chance to meet my gaze.

At eleven o'clock we reached the place where our railroad journey ended, and stepping into a carriage which was waiting for us, were soon driving across the country behind a beautiful pair of greys, whose graceful spirited motions were a pleasure to watch. The remaining four miles were rapidly traversed, the broad river crossed, and twelve o'clock found me set down at my friend's door, receiving a warm welcome. I found Mollie in a cozy little home, surrounded by her good husband and two lovely little children. Rich in blessings which it made me thankful to see apportioned to her, for hers had been rather a lonely life, with no one of her own kindred to



cherish, when this good man removed her from it into a bright and happy one. Here, also, are the good old father and mother, who, having spent the morning and noon of their lives in useful, honored work and service for the Master, are now waiting in the sunset for the glorious morning of the hereafter. It is beautiful to see them with the little grandchild who clings so lovingly to them. Old age and innocent babyhood, so happy in each other. The baby is the light of the house—so sweet and merry, and engaging in her ways, that I have learned to love her so dearly. I shall hardly know how to part with her when the time for it comes. I am so happy and contented and can find so much that is useful to do here, that I am in no hurry to go. Friends are so kind and attentive, doing so much to give me pleasure or comfort, that it makes my heart glow with warmth.

Since the first week of my arrival, I have improved still more in strength, can take longer walks without fatigue, and move about the house early in the morning as I never could before. During a session of the Annual Conference of the Methodist Church, held soon after my arrival, I attended service and meetings three times one day, going from the house of a friend close by the church, and felt no bad consequences from the little fatigue experienced. I have made new acquaintances, some of whom I feel will be valued ones, and have met a few old friends not seen for years before. Among them is one I knew as a little child, and our meeting here was an unexpected and glad surprise. It looked strange to see her a grown woman with a little family around her, and she could tell me of many friends of the old days, in the home of my early girlhood.

So the weeks glide swiftly by, with visiting and busy work, and pleasant recreation to employ the time. When evening comes, and the children are put to sleep an hour or two is devoted to music and singing, or Mollie and I have long talks to ourselves when her husband is away, of many things that have affected our lives since we saw each other before. Some pleasant plans are also made for the future, and there are dear home letters to read and talk over.

Thus, in happy contentment I move on to meet the New Year, which is coming so rapidly towards us. I wonder what changes it will bring me. It is so delightful to go about once more and see old friends and new scenes, after such long imprisonment, that I suspect I shall frequently be tempted to leave my old nook. I trust never again to be a "Lichen" which has to cling to a wall or "Corner" but hope often from some wayside rock to give my greeting, and some word which may interest, comfort or cheer. My "Corner" will always have precious, hallowed memories for me, mingled with the painful ones. I shall often miss its sheltering, and shielding from some of the cares and trials that beset an active life, out among others. But surely, with all the facilities fitted for use, one should be able to do more and better work, and truer service for the great Giver; so I must be thankful for this change, and for the consciousness of being no longer a burden or care to others, which is an unspeakable blessing. I shall still prize the love and interest of the dear friends of our "Home Circle," just as much as I did when

first their sympathy for my helplessness called it forth, and hope that years of pleasant intercourse may yet continue between us. I pray that the New Year may bring blessings to them all, health to some who are now bound captive by suffering, and to each one, earnest work for the Master, which shall be well and lovingly done.

LICHEN.

### GREETING.

DEAR "HOME" FAMILY: And by this I mean each one, for I have really become attached to all whose kind thoughts and pleasant words come to me every month. Yes, I mean all of you: Thank you, with an earnest heart, for your words of encouragement, and plain words of counsel—thank you more than I can tell. And now we are again at the close of the old and the beginning of the new year, let us hope that there will be no falling off in the quality of the "Home," but that we will have new attractions and a higher interest. Wishing our worthy Editor success and happiness, and the many patrons a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I remain yours,

LENNA HAINES.

### HINTS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: In looking over an old paper, I came across the following, with the head of "Hints for the Home Circle." They are so admirable and well expressed that I send them to you, and hope to see them in our "Home Circle," into which so many come, every month, for something pleasant, and pure, and good:

"ORDER AND CHEERFULNESS.—It is not essential to the happy home that there should be the luxury of the carpeted floor, the cushioned sofa, the soft shade of the astral lamp. These gild the apartments, but reach not the heart. A neatness, order, and a cheerful heart, make home the sweet paradise it is often found to be. There is joy as real by the cottage fireside as in the splendid saloons of wealth and refinement. The elegances of life are not to be despised. They are to be received with gratitude; but their possession does not insure happiness. The sources of true joy are not so shallow. The cheerful heart, like the kaleidoscope, causes most discordant materials to arrange themselves in harmony and beauty.

"WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—Woman is ever moulding the future man. However undesignedly she may exert it, her influence is around him and upon him. He comes in contact with it on all hands: Nature renders its withdrawal impossible. The expression of the mother's countenance, the tones of her voice, whether addressing her child or those around—her feelings and ideas have given a stamp, before infancy is passed, to his character, which after-years may deepen, but seldom, if ever, obliterate. This influence does not lose its power; the boy and the youth are moulded by it. The mother, the sister, and even the servant-maid will sympathize with the sorrows of boyhood, and listen to the day-dreams of

youth, when man would disdain to lend an ear. Nor is her influence less potent when youth is past. She is with man in the hour of man's weakness; to her he flies for assistance and sympathy in the season of suffering, and her sentiments become a part of his nature.

"BRING YOUR HEART INTO YOUR FAMILY CIRCLE.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extin-

guish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in Nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness: God is love. Love God, everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose—the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts—ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love: Love to God, love to man."

## Mother's' Department.

### A PLEA FOR THE DAUGHTERS.

I WANT to write a few words to the mothers; those who rock the cradles of your baby-girls, or whose daughters are growing up to womanhood around you. In the last number of the HOME MAGAZINE, I noticed and read carefully the article entitled "Filial Love and Duty;" and while believing with "Earnest" that new ties or new loves should never be allowed to come before our affection for father and mother, and that all the loving care we can give them is, at its best, but an unequal return for that bestowed upon us, yet I do believe that there is another side to the question. Among the golden threads of my girlhood are woven many dark ones. With the bright memories are mingled bitter ones. And am I wrong in thinking that my experience is similar to that of many others? That more than one mother could re-echo the words a sad-faced woman said to me but yesterday: "My life has been spent in toiling for my children, and now my daughters are like strangers to me. They do not confide in me or seem to care for me. It is very hard."

The old law, as unchanging and immovable as the everlasting hills, came to my mind, but I would not wound more deeply the already sore heart by uttering it. "As ye have sown, so shall ye also reap." But you, mother, whose girls are babies yet, who are followed about the house by mother-calls and pattering feet, surely you can steer clear of the rocks where her bark of happiness went down. I remember a house whose mother was always first; not because she sought the first place, but because it was cheerfully, gladly given to her. Where no plan for enjoyment was complete unless "mother" would take part, and by sons and daughters alike she was eagerly sought for as confidante. It seems to me that such a woman fills the place God meant she should fill, by right of her motherhood. She is a queen, ruling over her little kingdom with wise and gentle sway; and as such her children give her most willing and faithful homage. She is counsellor, and many a tangled skein is brought to her to unravel; for, from childish quarrels to love affairs, her children come to her for advice. She

is teacher; giving here a gentle reproof, here a kindly criticism, and here a word of praise. She is a friend to her sons and daughters, and to her is first brought the story of every failure and success. Her hold upon their hearts only deepens with the years. And above all, she is "Mother," a word that should be to us a symbol of all that is lovely, and grand, and sweet.

I know another home, where "My word is law," was laid down by the mother as soon as her children could understand anything. Her daughters are grown women now, but the rule has never been relaxed, and between ruler and subjects there is constant friction. Mutiny in the camp is of almost daily occurrence. One of the daughters, a bonny, sweet-faced lassie, of whom any mother should be proud, said to me, not long ago:

"Mother never praises me, but finds fault with me all the time, no matter how hard I try to please her. I cannot give away a piece of bread, or alter the position of a table or chair, without asking her. I shall marry the first man who asks me, for the sake of having a home of my own."

"All wrong," you say; but whose fault is it? Why do the lassies in the other household say—as I have often heard them say, laughingly—

"We do not care to marry; for we could never have another home as pleasant as this one."

O, my sisters, could I only make you see as plainly as I do, that you are working out for yourselves the happiness or misery of your future—the brightness or bitterness of your middle life. It is for you to say whether your children shall honor, and reverence, and love you. It is for you to say whether the little hands which cling to you now shall retain their clasp as the years slip by. Just as surely as you guide the baby's tottering steps, do you mould the mind and heart, which are like clay in your hands. Don't "turn off" the little ones. Don't say, as I have heard mothers say, often: "I have no time to pet my children, and play with them, and answer their endless questions. It is all I can do to keep the little stockings mended, and the aprons clean and whole." Don't think that the little daughter can do without the caresses you gave her when she lay a helpless little thing in your arms. She needs them more now. Even if you are tired, too

tired to breathe almost, go to her bed with a good-night kiss before she falls asleep. Don't think it is too much trouble to check, very kindly and carefully, the little faults, as they first spring up. Never be too busy to speak the word of praise, that makes a child wonderfully happy. Leave unspoken the harsh word, which might never be wholly forgotten. Above all, never be scornful or sarcastic, for there is no surer way to lose a child's respect; the scornful words may leave a sting you little dream of: for childish mortifications cut very deep. Keep the confidence of your daughters, for, once lost, it may never be recovered. This can be done only by infinite patience with their follies and mistakes. Endeavor to keep your own youth fresh before you. Encourage their little plans. Be interested in their school-life, and, when maidenhood is upon them, in their society-life. Be friend and sister, as well as mother, and you will never mourn lost confidence. Teach them, early, to be helpful, and if the dishes slip from the little hands, if the towels are scorched and the cake is burned, be patient. Remember that your skill was acquired only after years of experience, and do not expect too much from the children. Don't say, with one clear, good soul: "It takes so much longer to teach the girls, that I prefer to do the work myself."

Of course, your skillful hands could do the work in half the time it takes to guide the little awkward ones, but the helpful ways they are trained to now will smooth your path down the hill. Give them early some special charge, if it be only the care of the plants or the dusting of the parlors; let it be entirely their own care, with which no one else is allowed to interfere. Don't sneer at their plans, but as much as possible consult with them. Be sure that if you confer with them, they will with you. I had almost said, above all, give the girls an allowance. Perhaps your purse is scanty, but you can, at least, give them something they can call their own. Never fear their being wasteful; it will teach them self-reliance and economy, and they will be spared the humiliation I know about from bitter experience. Set before them constantly an example of noble womanhood. Guide them so gently that they hardly know they are being guided, and their feet will walk side-by-side with yours; you will not find yourself in your middle age a sour, embittered woman, shoved aside by the children you have given the best years of your life for, but revered, waited upon by willing hands, given loving service. "And your children shall rise up and call you blessed." "For as you have sown, so shall you also reap." LESLIE.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

SOME miners were sinking a shaft in wales  
(I know not where; but the facts have filled  
A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as, when pearls are spilled,  
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor)—  
Somewhere, then, where God's light is killed,

And men tear, in the dark, at the earth's heart-  
core.

These men were at work, when their axes  
knocked

A hole in a passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had blocked

This gallery suddenly up with a heap  
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is locked,

Till these men picked it and 'gan to creep

In on all fours; then a loud shout ran  
Round the black roof, "Here is a man asleep!"

They all pushed forward, and scarce a span

From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the  
lamp

Fell on the upturned face of a man!

No taint of death, no decaying damp

Had touched that fair young brow whereon  
Courage had set its glorious stamp;

Calm as a monarch on his throne,

Lips hard clenched—no shadow of fear—  
He sat there taking his rest alone.

He must have been there for many a year.

The spirit had fled; but there was its shrine,  
In clothes of a century old, or near.

The dry and embalming air of the mine

Had arrested the natural hand of decay;  
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimmed a line.

Who was he then? No man might say

When the passage had suddenly fallen in;  
Its memory, even, was past away.

In their great, rough arms, begrimed with coal,

They took him up (as a tender lass  
Will carry a babe) from that darksome hole

To the outer world of the short warm grass.

Then up spake one: "Let us send for Bess,  
She is seventy-nine come Martinmas."

So they brought old Bess, with her silver hair,

To the side of the hill where the dead man lay,  
Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

Then suddenly rang a sharp, low cry!

Bess sank on her knees, and wildly tossed  
Her withered arms in the summer sky:

"O Willie, Willie! my lad, my lost!

The Lord be praised! After sixty years  
I see ye again! The tears ye cost,

"O Willie, darlin', were bitter tears.

They never looked for ye under ground;  
They told me a tale to mock my fears;

"They said ye were over the sea—ye'd found

A lass ye loved better nor me—to explain  
How ye'd vanished fro' sight and sound!

"O darlin', a long, long night o' pain  
I ha' lived since then, and now I'm old!  
Seems a'most as if youth was come back again,

"Seeing ye there wi' your locks o' gold,  
And limbs so straight as ashen beams—  
I a'most forget how the years ha' rolled

"Between us! O Willie, how strange it seems  
To see ye here, as I've seen ye oft,  
Over and over again in dreams!"

In broken words like these, with soft,  
Low wails, she rocked herself. And none  
Of the rough men around her scoffed.

For surely, a sight like this the sun  
Had hardly looked upon: face to face  
The old dead love and the living one!

The dead, with its undimmed, fleshly grace  
At the end of threescore years! the quick  
Puckered and withered, without a trace

Of its warm, girl-beauty—a wizard's trick,  
Bringing the love and the youth that were,  
Back to the eyes of the old and sick.

Those bodies were just of one age; yet there  
Death, clad in Youth, had been standing  
still,  
While Life had been fretting itself threadbare.

But a moment was come—as a moment will  
To all who have loved and been parted here,  
And have toiled alone up the thorny hill—

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear  
Over the mists in this vale below,  
Mere specks their trials and toils appear

Beside the eternal rest they know.  
Death came to old Bess that night, and gave  
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may rave,  
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide  
The miners, that evening, dug one grave;

So, at last, while the summers and winters glide,  
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side.

—*All the Year Round.*

### THE MAIDEN AND THE YEAR.

A FUNNY little maiden, who had heard her  
mother say  
That in the night, at twelve o'clock, the Old  
Year went away,  
Concluded not to go to sleep, and she perhaps  
might be  
The very first in all the world the baby year to  
see!

She laid a plan out in her mind what would be  
best to do,  
And thought she'd try to count the stars that lined  
the whole sky through;  
And that would keep her broad awake, for fear of  
skipping some,  
And then, when she had finished quite, the little  
year might come.

She watched them twinkling as they shone  
through window near her bed,  
And wondered how God's arms could reach to  
light them all o'erhead,  
And if the moon their mother was, and, when she  
went away,  
If some of them (the tiniest) were not afraid to  
stay.

It tired her head to count and count, and see so  
many there,  
The while she listened breathlessly for voices in  
the air;  
But not a sound disturbed the night, no pinions  
floated by,  
And yet (how strange it was so still!) the glad  
New Year was nigh.

"Good night, dear Year!" the darling said; "oh  
happy Year, good night;  
I think I'll close my eyes just once, to rest them  
for the light."  
And then—if some one breathed a sigh, so softly  
sleeping here,  
Perhaps it was the little maid—perhaps it was the  
Year!

### MAXIMUS.

MANY, if God should make them Kings,  
Might not disgrace the throne He  
gave;

How few who could as well fulfil  
The holier office of a slave!

I hold him great who, for love's sake,  
Can give with generous, earnest will;  
Yet he who takes, for love's sweet sake,  
I think I hold more generous still.

I prize the instinct that can turn  
From vain pretence with proud disdain;  
Yet more I prize a simple heart  
Paying credulity with pain.

I bow before the noble mind,  
That freely some great wrong forgives;  
Yet nobler is the one forgiven,  
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still  
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;  
Yet he who loses has to fill  
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown!  
Of a deserved and pure success;  
He who knows how to fail, has won  
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may he be who can command,  
And rule with just and tender sway;  
Yet is diviner wisdom taught  
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are those who die for God,  
And earn the Martyr's crown of light;  
Yet he who lives for God may be  
A greater conquerer in His sight.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### POLLY'S BRAVE DEED AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

A BRIGHT but stormy-looking sunset was illumining earth and sea; the west was aglow with ruddy, lurid light, while dark, jagged clouds, towering and crowding up from the horizon the while, seemed like sorrow closing round a great joy. Here and there the sea was

The inmates, too, of the cottage on the cliffs could hear the bell, but could not see the church or the village, because of the projecting cliff which formed one side of the cove. On stormy nights how the wind raved and the tempest roared around the little dwelling! And not far out at sea lay some treacherous rocks, just below the surface of the water, upon which many an unwary vessel had drifted and gone down in dark nights, when its living freight thought they were safe.



"THE TWO CHILDREN PEERED OUT."—p. 63.

streaked with crimson and gold; the few boats drifting homeward were ablaze with the glow, their occupants wrapped about with the same; while the sea lay shadowy, save for those streaks of light, still and motionless.

High up 'among the cliffs, so wildly beautiful to-night, was perched a cottage, a small nest of a place, a good ten minutes' walk along the coast away from the fishing village, nestling in a little cove. Any one at sea could discern the spire of the tiny church of this village, and, it was said, the tones of its one bell could be heard by the fishermen as they plied their calling, and they loved to hearken to it as a dear voice from home.

But to-night all was calm, and lovely, and restful; seemingly so, for the sea is treacherous, its beauty not always to be trusted. Still, who would have thought of storms or raging waves? Ah! who?

Polly Grey watched them from the kitchen of the little house on the cliff, and thought of her father out on the waters, pursuing his calling as a fisherman. Yes, Polly watched them, and with the wisdom of her eleven years foresaw a storm.

Her father, John Grey, was not expected home that night; but would he and his companions also foresee the storm? Polly could not tell; and just a little sinking feeling of fear stole into her brave, womanly heart as she pondered, nursing baby,

and stilling its cries, as she stood by the window.

Her mother was ill, sick unto death it was feared. A neighbor came round from the village and mounted up to them once in the day, that poor little bevy of small children, with a sick mother moaning out her weariness and unrest in the bed-room adjoining the kitchen, but taking note of nought and nobody. But the neighbor had been and gone, the doctor had called and shaken his wise head, and little Polly was left to her long evening and night of watching without father. And she was equal to it.

Polly, too, was a good sister to the five young things, Jack, Suie, Willie, Fred, and the wee Nellie she held in her arms, a mite of a month or two. The elder ones had come crowding home from school, and had their tea; it would soon be bedtime for them, and that long, long night for Polly, of watching, nursing and soothing both baby and mother.

Poor mother! the little one's cries must have reached her in part, wandering, as her soul seemed to be, in darkness and distance from those who loved her so. Jack was with her now, while Polly hushed baby to sleep, and the others were playing on the shore below.

But presently the children came mounting up among the sunset glories which were about their home, for they were tired, and would fain go to bed. And Polly tended them through the process of undressing, baby still in her arms; then she relieved Jack from his watch, and he too lay down, while she herself lighted a candle and took her seat by her mother.

By this time the rosy sunset had vanished, every streak of coloring fading from the sea; the cliffs and the waters were a dull grey in the gathering twilight, the latter motionless, the wind asleep. Would it awake? The little girl hoped not, watching those lurking clouds through the curtainless window of her mother's room. How silent it was!

But hark! the wind was rising; gust after gust came rushing by: it shrieked, and went wandering on, like a herald of what was coming. Now the waves felt it, and began to leap and rise, as if glad to join their wild playfellow in a midnight revel.

Polly hoped her father was safe, that he had seen the storm coming—he and his companions—and run into shelter higher up the coast: he sometimes did. She tried to trust in God, and not to fear nor be afraid, either for them at home or father at sea. It was midnight—the little clock in the kitchen chimed the hour; and then—oh, then! what was that? The firing of a signal-gun out away near the Witches' Kettle, as the swirling waters were called around those murderous rocks where a lighthouse was so much needed.

The little girl stole out across to the window. Yes; there a huge black something stood out in the darkness and the storm, where the white foam leaped and curled, as if boiling and seething around the rocks. Yes, the child knew the direction of the rocks too well to be mistaken. Ah! yes, there she lay; and again that boom came across the waters.

Polly hoped they in the village would hear, and, if possible, put out in a boat to the rescue.

But no; boom—boom! went the signal-gun at

shorter intervals: their need was greater, their peril nearer. Still, no dark forms were to be seen hurrying along the solitary shore to put off to the rescue—and still the gun pleaded for aid.

Now mother moaned in her bed and grew restless. Polly went to her and soothed her like one in a dream—a dazed, bewildering dream, full of terror, heroic daring, and doubt and misgiving, because of the loving, womanly yearning strong upon her. They in the village ought to be warned; strong men were there, sleeping through the night, knowing nought of that ship in peril. The wind bore the sound from them in their sturdy might, and brought it to her—a small, helpless girl, whose heart was rent and tossed about with childish questioning. Should she go and give the alarm?

Not from going half a mile among the cliffs did she shrink, but from leaving her mother—so sick, so unconscious—in the dead of night with only the slumbering children. She might wake Jack, but he was a timid boy, he would not go. Ought she to go? Oh! ought she? and the gun boomed out its pitiful call.

"Oh, God, tell me what to do, for Jesus' sake, who was once out in a storm Himself!" she cried to herself, clasping her hands, and straining her eyes to catch another glimpse of the distressed ship; there it was, still rocking and swaying. The thought came to her like an inspiration: If her father were out there, he would like some little girl to be strong and brave enough to trust all at home to God's hands for a short time and to run to wake strong men to the rescue; and, somehow, it came to her that it would be a holy work, this turning from what was so dear to her for a little time. Her hands trembled, her cheeks grew pale.

She approached the bed; her mother muttered and was unrestful still; she bent over baby—she slept; she stole to the children's room, the sound of whose breathing met her at the door. Now for the brave effort! It wrung her heart to do it, yet she must; that gun, telling of lives going down to death, seemed like a living tongue bidding her go.

And she went out through the blinding rain, the wind, the loneliness of midnight; and anon she was at the village, rapping at Peter Wells' door—Peter, so strong, so ready to save life.

"A ship is going down in the Witches' Kettle! Quick, quick, Peter! They've been firing a gun this long while." So she told her story.

"Aye, is it John Grey's little maid?" cried honest Peter. "A ship going down, d'ye say? Then we'll try to rob the fishes of the poor souls on her;" and hasty was the toilet he made, while Polly scudded back home, the sound of the church bell wakening the villagers stealing up to her as she ran.

Mother still muttering and unrestful; baby still sleeping. Now that the deed was done, the reaction came. How she wept and sobbed by the side of her mother, who never heeded her! She went once more to the window. Dark forms were there now on the shore—they were shoving off a boat to the rescue. Then she stole away and called Jack.

"Jack," she whispered in his ear, "Jack, a ship is on the rocks, and I've been down to the village and told them, and now Peter Wells and a

lot of them are gone out in a boat to save her. Come and peep into mother's room and see.

Tip-toeing their way to the window, the two children peered out. Still the storm, still the fury of waves and wind, but the signal-gun had ceased its firing; and oh! by-and-by the boat returned, and landed a freight of trembling human beings. To and fro it went and came, and, with God's blessing, they were saved, every one—seventy-five souls; and as the last boatful was landed the ship sank.

"Little maid," said Peter, who, when his work was done, mounted up to the solitary cottage of his neighbor to speak a word to his brave little daughter, "you ought to be called after the name of that other brave lass we read about, Grace Darling," laying his hand on the child's head, just as a shaft of rosy light darted in through the kitchen window, and fell upon her fair hair like a crown.

"No, Peter, no; I didn't go out on the sea, you know; I only—only"—faltered Polly, ready to cry with weariness, excitement and joy.

"You only saved seventy-five human breathin' souls by doin' what not one girl in a hundred would have done—left a sick mother, and went a half-mile's tramp in the rain, at dead of night, to save people you'd never seen."

"I thought of father, and of Him who once thought so much of other folks," whispered the child through her tears, "and I did what I could."

"Yes, like her we read about in the Blessed Book. Maybe you'll not be forgotten by-and-by up yonder, no more than she," was the honest seaman's reply. "All the good we do for our Lord's people, if kind o' laid at His feet, will be gathered up by Him with the blessed words, 'Unto Me,' to make us glad through eternity."

The storm had passed now like a dream of the night, and sunshine was upon the heaving waters. And before the day was past there were sunshine and happiness in the cottage on the cliff, for father was home again, mother just a trifle better, and Polly's heart thrilling with thankfulness and solemn joy. "Seventy-five souls! seventy-five souls!" she kept whispering to herself, and knew that God had put it into her head and given her courage to be His little ministering servant, to send help to his people in dire need, at dead of night.

It very seldom happens to a man that his business is his pleasure. What is done from necessity is so often to be done when against the present inclination, and so often fills the mind with anxiety, that a habitual dislike steals upon us, and we shrink, involuntarily, from the remembrance of our task. This is the reason why almost every one wishes to quit his employment; he does not like another state, but is disgusted with his own.



**M**Y precious little darling!—  
From care and sorrow free—  
With smiling face and generous hand  
The New Year comes to thee.

My precious little darling!  
May every New Year bring,  
With hapd as free and smiles as bright,  
Some gracious offering.

#### FIRESIDE AMUSEMENTS.

**THE WONDERFUL HAT.**—Place three pieces of bread, or other eatable, at a little distance from each other on the table, and cover each with a hat; you then take up the first hat, and remove the bread, put it into your mouth, and let the company see that you swallow it; then raise the second hat, and eat the bread that was under that, and do the same with the third. Having eaten the three pieces, give any person in the company liberty to choose under which hat he would wish these three pieces of bread to be. When he has made choice of one of the hats, put it on your head, and ask if he does not think that they are under it.

**THE APPARENT IMPROBABILITY.**—You profess yourself able to show any one what he never saw, what you never saw, and which, after you two have seen, nobody else ever shall see.

After requesting the company to guess this riddle, and they have professed themselves unable to

do so, produce a nut, and having cracked it, take out the kernel, and ask them if they have ever seen that before; they will of course answer, No. You reply, Neither have I, and I think you will confess that no one else has ever seen it, and now no one else shall ever see it again, saying which you put the kernel into your mouth and eat it.

**GO IF YOU CAN.**—You tell a person that you will clasp his hands together in such a manner, that he shall not be able to leave the room without unclasping them, although you will not confine his feet, or bind his body, or in any way oppose his exit.

The trick is performed by clasping the party's hands round the centre of a large circular table or other bulky article of furniture, too large for him to drag through the doorway.

**THE VISIBLE INVISIBLE.**—You tell the company that you will place a candle in such a manner that every person in the room, except one, shall see it, yet you will not blindfold him nor in any way restrain his person, or offer the least impediment to his examining or going to any point of the room he pleases. The trick is accomplished by placing the candle on the party's head; but it cannot be performed if a looking-glass is in the room, as that will enable him to turn the laugh against you.

**THE DOUBLE MEANING.**—Place a glass of any liquor upon a table, put a hat over it and say, "I will engage to drink the liquor under that hat, and yet I'll not touch the hat." You then get under the table, and after giving three knocks, you make a noise with your mouth as if you were swallowing the liquor. Then, getting from under the table, you say: "Now, gentlemen, be pleased to look." Some one, eager to see if you have drunk the liquor, will raise up the hat, when you instantly take the glass and drink the contents, saying, "Gentlemen, I have fulfilled my promise. You are all witnesses that I did not touch the hat."

**QUITE TIRED OUT.**—You undertake to make a person so tired by attempting to take a small

stick out of the room, as to be unable to accomplish it, although you will add nothing to his burden then, nor lay any restraint on his personal liberty. To perform this manoeuvre, you take up the stick, and cutting off a very small sliver, you direct him to carry it out of the room, and return for more; concluding by telling him that you mean him to perform as many similar journeys as you can cut pieces off the stick. As this may be made to amount to many thousands, he will of course gladly give up the undertaking.

**TO RUB ONE SIXPENCE INTO TWO.**—Previously wet a sixpence slightly, and stick it to the under edge of a table (without a corner) at the place where you are sitting. You then borrow a sixpence from one of the company, and tucking up your sleeves very high, and opening your fingers to show that you have not another concealed, rub it quickly backwards and forwards on the table, with your right hand, holding your left under the table to catch it. After two or three feigned unsuccessful attempts to accomplish your object, you lower the concealed sixpence with the tips of the fingers of the left hand, at the same time you are sweeping the borrowed sixpence into it; and rubbing them a little while together in your hands, you throw them both on the table.

**MAGIC CIRCLE.**—Tell a person you will place him in the centre of a room, and draw a circle of chalk around him, which shall not exceed three feet in diameter, yet out of which he shall not be able to leap, though his legs shall be perfectly free. When the party has exhausted his ingenuity in trying to discover by what means you can prevent his accomplishing so seemingly easy a task, you ask him if he will try, and on his assenting, you bring him into the middle of the room, and having requested him to button his coat tightly, you draw with a piece of chalk a circle round his waist, outside his coat, and tell him to jump out of it!—[It will greatly improve this trick if the person be blindfolded, as he will not be aware of the mode of performing it till the bandage is removed, provided his attention be diverted while you are drawing the line around him.]

## Humors of the Household.

### RECEIPT FOR POTATO PUDDING.

**T**HE author of the "Widow Bedott" papers is responsible for the following mirth-provoking recipe for potato pudding. Mrs. Mudlaw, we will premise, is the cook of Mrs. Philpot, wife of the candidate for Congress, and Mrs. Darling is the wife of a worthy mechanic, whose vote Col. Philpot is ambitious to obtain. Mrs. Darling calls upon Mrs. Philpot, and the latter introduces her to Mrs. Mudlaw, her cook, when the following conversation takes place.

"Miss Philpot says you want to get my receipt for potato pudding."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Darling. "I would be obliged to you for the directions," and she took out of her pocket a pencil and paper to write it down.

"Well, 'tis an excellent pudden," said Mrs. Mud-

law, complacently; "for my part, I like it about as well as any pudden' I make, and that's sayin' a good deal, I can tell you, for I understand makin' a great variety. 'Taint so awful rich as some, to be sure. 'Now there's the Cardinelle pudden', and the Washington pudden', and the Lay Fayette pudden' and the—"

"Yes, Mr. Darling liked it very much—how do you make it?"

"Wal, I peel my potatoes and bile 'em in fair water. I always let the water bile before I put 'em in. Some folks let their potatoes lie and sog in the water ever so long, before it biles; but I think it spiles 'em. I always make it a pint to have the water bile—"

"How many potatoes?"

"Wal, I always take about as many potatoes as I think I shall want. I'm generally governed by the size of the pudden' I want to make. If it's a



large pudden', why I take quite a number, but if it's a small one, why, then I don't take as many. As quick as they're done, I take 'em up and mash 'em as fine as I can get 'em. I'm always very partic'lar about *that*—some folks ain't, they'll let their potatoes be full o' lumps. I never do; if there's anything I hate, it's lumps in potatoes. I won't have 'em. Whether I'm mashin' potatoes for puddens' or for vegetable use, I mash it till there ain't the size of a lump in it. If I can't get it fine without sifting, why I *sift* it. Once in a while, when I'm otherwise engaged, I set the girl to mashin' on't. Wal, she'll give it three or four jams, and come along. 'Miss Mudlaw, is the potater fine enough?' Jubiter Rammin! that's the time I come as near gittin' mad as I ever allow myself to come, for I make it a pint never to have lumps—"

"Yes, I know it is very important. What next?"

"Wal, then I put in my butter, in winter time I melt it a little, not enough to make it ily, but just so's to soften it."

"How much butter does it require?"

"Wal, I always take butter accordin' to the size of the pudden'; a large pudden' needs a good-sized lump o' butter, but not *too* much. And I'm always partic'lar to have my butter fresh and sweet. Some folks think it's no matter what sort o' butter they use for cookin' but I don't. Of all things I do despise strong, frowy, rancid butter. For pity's sake have your butter fresh."

"How much butter did you say?"

"Wal, that depends, as I said before, on what sized pudden' you want to make. And another thing that regulates the quantity of butter I use is the 'mount o' cream I take. I always put in more or less cream; when I have abundance o' cream I put in considerable, and when it's scarce, why, I use more butter than I otherwise should. But you must be partic'lar not to get in too much cream. There's a great deal in havin' jest the right quantity; and so 'tis with all the ingreijences. There ain't a better pudden' in the world than a potater pudden' when it's made *right*, but hint everybody that makes 'em right. I remember when I lived in Tuckertown, I was a visitin' to 'Squire Humphrey's one time; I went in the first company in Tuckertown—dear me! this is a changeable world. Wal, they had what they called a potater pudden' for dinner. Good land! Of all the puddens! I've often occurred to that pudden' since, and wondered what the 'Squire's wife was a thinkin' of when she made it. I wa'n't obleeged to do such things in them days, and didn't know how to do anything as well as I do now. Necessity's the mother of invention—Experience is the best teacher after all—"

"Do you sweeten it?"

"O, yes, to be sure it needs sugar, the best o' sugar, too, not this wet soggy, brown sugar. Some folks never think o' usin' good sugar to cook with, but for my part I won't have no other—"

"How much sugar do you take?"

"Wal, that depends altogether on whether you calculate to have saas for it—some like saas, you know, and then some agin don't. So, when I calculate for saas, I don't take so much sugar; and when I don't calculate for saas, I make it sweet enough to eat without saas. Poor Mr. Mudlaw was a great hand for pudden' saas. I always made

it for him—good,, rich saas, too. I could afford to have things rich before he was unfortunate in bizness." (Mudlaw went to State's prison for horse-stealing.) "I like saas myself, too; and the Curnel and the children are all great saas hands; and so I generally calculate for saas, though Miss Philpot prefers the pudden without saas, and perhaps *you'd* prefer it without. If so, you must put in sugar accordingly. I always make it a pint to have 'em sweet enough when they're to be eat without saas."

"And don't you use eggs?"

"Certainly, eggs is one o' the principal ingreijences"

"How many does it require?"

"Wal, when eggs is plenty, I always use plenty; and when they're scarce, why I can do with less, though I'd ruther have enough; and be sure to beat 'em well. It does distress me the way some folks beat eggs. I always want to have 'em thoroughly beat for everything I use 'em in. It tries my patience most awfully to have anybody round me that won't beat eggs enough. A spell ago we had a darkey to help in the kitchen. One day I was a makin' sponge-cake, and havin' occasion to go up-stairs after something, I sot her to beatin' the eggs. Wal, what do you think the critter done! Why, she whisked 'em round a few times, and turned 'em right onto the other ingreijences that I'd got weighed out. When I come back and saw what she'd done, my gracious! I came as nigh to losin' my temper as ever I allow myself to come. 'Twas awful provokin'! I always want the kitchen help to do things as I want to have 'em done. But I never saw a darkey yet that ever done anything right. They're a lazy, slaughterin' set. To think o' her spilin' that cake so, when I'd told her over and over agin that I always made it a pint to have my eggs thoroughly beat!"

"Yes, it was too bad. Do you use fruit in the pudding?"

"Wal, that's jest as you please. You'd better be governed by your own judgment as to *that*. Some like currants, and some like raisins, and then agin some don't like nary one. If you use raisins, for pity's sake pick out the stuns. It's awful to have a body's teeth come grindin' onto a raisin-stun. I'd ruther have my ears boxt any time."

"How many raisins must I take?"

"Wal, not *too* many. It's apt to make the pudden' heavy, you know; and when it's heavy it ain't so light and good. I'm a great hand—"

"Yes. What do you use for flavoring?"

"There agin you'll have to exercise your own judgment. Some likes one thing, and some another, you know. If you go the hull figger on temperance, why some other kind o' flavorin' 'll do as well as wine or brandy, I s'pose. But whatever you make up your mind to use, be partic'lar to git in a sufficiency, or else your pudden' 'll be flat. I always make it a pint—"

"How long must it bake?"

"There's the great thing, after all. The bakin's the main pint. A potater pudden', of all pudden's, has got to be baked jest right. For if it bakes a leetle too much, it's apt to dry it up—and then, agin, if it don't bake quite enough, it's sure to taste potatery—and that spoils it, you know."

"How long, should you think?"

"Wal, that depends a good deal on the heat o'

your oven. If you have a very hot oven, won't do to leave it in too long, and if your oven ain't so very hot, why you'll be necessitated to leave it in longer."

"Well, how can I tell anything about it?"

"Why, I always let 'em bake till I think they're done—that's the safest way. I make it a pint to have 'em baked exactly right. It's very important in all kinds o' bakin'—cake, pies, bread, pudden's and everything—to have 'em baked precisely long enough, and jest right. Some folks don't seem to have no system at all about their bakin'. One time they'll burn their bread to a crisp, and then agin it'll be so slack taint fit to eat. Nothing hurts my feelin's so much as to see things overdone or slack-baked. Here only t'other day, Lorry, the girl that Miss Philpot dismissed yesterday, come within an ace o' lettin' my bread burn up. My back was turned a minnit, and what should she do but go to stufin' wood into the stove at the awfulest rate. If I hadn't a found it out jest when I did, my bread would a been sp'ilt as sure as I'm a live woman! Jubiter Rammin! I was about as much decomposed as I ever allow myself to git! I told Miss Philpot I wouldn't stan' it no longer—one of us must quit—either Lorry or me must walk."

"So you've no rule about baking this pudding?"  
"No rule!" said Mudlaw, with a look of intense surprise.

"Yes," said Mrs. Darling, "you seem to have no rule for anything about it."

"No rule!" screamed the indignant cook, starting up, while her red face grew ten times redder, and her little black eyes snapped with rage. "No rules?" and she planted herself in front of Mrs. Darling, erecting her fleshy figure to its full height of majestic dumpiness, and extending the forefinger of her right hand till it reached an alarming propinquity to that lady's nose. "No rules! do you tell me I've no rules? Me! that's cooked in the first fam'lies for fifteen years, and always gin satisfaction, to be told by such as you that I hain't no rules!"

Thus far had Mudlaw proceeded, and I know not to what length she would have "allowed herself" to go, had not the sudden entrance of Colonel Philpot interrupted her. He being a person of whom she stood somewhat in awe, particularly "just at this time," she broke off in the midst of her tirade, and, casting a look of ineffable disgust at Mrs. Darling, retreated to her own dominions, to vent her fury upon poor Peggy, who had done everything wrong during her absence.

## Young Ladies' Department.

### THE SECRET OF STRENGTH.

"STRENGTH!" says Lucy, in a little thin querulous voice, the very accents of weakness, "Yes, tell me the secret of being strong."

"And me," says Ellen.

"And me," says Ruth.

That I shall, to all of you, only be quiet and do not expect a patent prescription for building up a constitution of iron, or for making you as strong as the girl in the story whom no one could bind, even with chains.

"Is it more wonderful strength than that?"

Yes, much more wonderful. The strength even of the mermaid who could sink ships, and of the magician who could control the moon, is nothing to it.

To be weak is miserable," says Milton, "doing or suffering," but it did not need a poet to find that out. Who ever knew the weak to enjoy life, and who ever heard of them excelling in anything? The best of things has always been on the side of the strong. They are not upset by trifles, and you never hear of them going to the wall. And it is not only to themselves that the strong are useful; they cannot be done without by other people. If you want to find a centre of influence, or to secure assistance in any cause whatever, go to them. There is no consolation or support to be got from the weak. The strong, too, are not miserable, and never have gloomy fits, for theirs is a cheerful philosophy. They have faith in God, in themselves, and in humanity.

"No doubt," says Marian: "vigorous health has a wonderful effect on the mind, but to be physically strong is not in our power."

Why, Marian, I do not speak of that. Do you

really suppose I want you to be like the strong man of Islington, who could lift three hundred-weight with his teeth, and bend a poker by striking it against his forearm? Spirit is superior to matter any day, and spiritual strength is far more to be sought after than bodily. I would have you strong in services and attentions, and in the power of blessing others. It does not even follow that you must be clever; you girls are all to be greater in heart than in brain.

"You may say what you like," says Lucy; "it is impossible that I can ever be strong, spiritually or in any other way."

Now, Lucy, you take a wrong estimate both of yourself and of what is possible. There was a man once in a country town who took it into his head that he was made of glass, and he used to walk about very slowly and cautiously for fear he should break all to pieces. You are almost as far wrong in judging of yourself as was that crazy man. We may think ourselves very brittle ware, but there is strength lying dormant in all of us, and were I you, I would not call myself weak, even though I were less than the least little woman ever seen in a penny show.

"What is the real source of weakness?"

Wrong-doing. There is no mistake about that. Everyone is weak when she acts against conscience, and there never was a truer proverb than "A guilty heart makes a feeble hand." Only do as you ought not, and, even though the bravest of the brave, you will become very, very timorous.

Agnes cannot settle to read: "I am incessantly troubled," she says, "by the recollection of broken promises." Rosa cannot sleep: "I have feverish anxieties," she says, "for I have shut my ears to the calls of duty." Elizabeth cannot face her friends: "I have been playing the hypocrite,"

she confesses, "and am afraid of being found out."

"And what is the source of strength?"

"Why, my friends, that is none other than God Himself. He had the whole secret of the matter, who turned himself heavenward, and said—

"All helplessness and weakness, I  
On Thee alone for strength depend."

Of ourselves we are weak—indeed, we are next to nothing; but the moment consciousness of Divine aid springs up, we can do and dare everything. God is certainly the fountain of strength, and without Him we are in feeble condition.

Maggie long ago found that out. She, more than anyone I know, has a habitual sense of the Divine presence, and a firm belief that her help is on high. This earth, to her, she says, seems but a realm of shadows, whilst the unseen world is the only reality. In consequence, she has all the virtues of the strong. She is sincere—she can afford to be. She knows no mean passions, neither envy nor jealousy. She is everything she should be, and everything, girls, I would have you become. Only the other day I heard Maggie account for it all. "How good and powerful a friend," she said, "you will find in God, if you will but form a sincere, steadfast friendship with Him!"

Strength, no doubt, brings its own temptations. The strong find it difficult to keep from being overbearing; and we have all met some strong people who were either cold and hard, or exceedingly rude and disagreeable. But that is the misuse of strength, not its use. It should always go

hand-in-hand with patience and gentleness, for it was never meant to be the privilege of the strong that they should trample on the weak.

Those who have power are bound to make good use of it, and really there is plenty for them to do. The struggles of life, however, are often much exaggerated, and a great many of the difficulties against which we think we shall have to exert our strength are hardly worth speaking about. They remind one of the trolls we read of in northern stories. These trolls seemed very substantial, and sometimes very ferocious folk when looked at in front, but they were hollow behind; and the way to get the better of them was simply to keep them talking till the sun rose. When the first ray of the sun shone on them they burst. So with these difficulties. Turn on them the sunshine of goodness and common sense, and they burst like the trolls.

But even suppose them to be real difficulties, we are all the better of battling with them. Every victory, as everyone knows, makes the next one easier. Conquer pride, we are stronger; overcome anger, we are stronger; vanquish sloth, we are still stronger, just as the giant was who added to his strength the strength of every man he slew. The service may be hard, but we must not think about that, and after all, there is a pleasure in fighting when one is getting the best of it.

Let us go on, then, courageously. Rest will come in time, for, to quote the words of an old writer, "God sends his servants to bed when they have done their work."

JAMES MASON.

## Health Department.

### CHAPPED HANDS.

**C**HAPPED hands are sometimes really quite an affliction, and always an annoyance. The tendency to them is caused by a deficiency in the oil, which is constantly being poured out on the surface, for the purpose of keeping the skin soft and supple.

This lubricating oil must not be confounded with perspiration, which is waste matter eliminated from the blood. The former is secreted by minute glands imbedded in the true skin (*cutis vera*) which is situated beneath the scarf-skin, or epidermis.

This scarf-skin is very thin and transparent, and has very little vitality, having neither blood-vessels nor nerves. It needs constant oiling to keep it from cracking. When sound, it protects, not only the nerves and vessels of the true skin, but, to some extent, the whole body. For, thin as it is, it prevents the absorption of harmful substances.

It is for this reason that, in vaccination, the vaccine matter must be inserted beneath it, where it is readily taken up and diffused through the system. When the scarf-skin is chafed, or scratched, or otherwise broken, various kinds of poison, often resulting fatally, may be readily absorbed, as in the case of physicians opening abscesses, or conducting a post-mortem examination.

Now this is a point we wish to emphasize, viz. when one's hands are chapped, he is always more

or less liable to absorb poisonous matter into his system—in the handling, say, of putrid meat, or in the washing of clothes from a sick room, or dressing some foul sore.

Where the surface oil is deficient, it is apt to be washed off, especially with warm water, faster than it is secreted. But the difficulty is greatly increased by the alkali (soda or potash) of the soap, which not only takes up the oil, but actually eats through the epidermis.

The best help for chapped hands, is, having washed them thoroughly before retiring, to rub them over with mutton tallow and wear through the night a pair of easy-setting leather gloves. Persons in whom the tendency to chaps is not so strong, may keep their hands in condition by an occasional resort to this treatment.

### ONIONS IN CONSUMPTION.

Dr. W. H. Pearce, physician to the Plymouth (Eng.) Public Dispensary, recommends the free use of onions for consumptive patients. He says:

"I have in a former paper mentioned the frequent desire of phthisical patients for onions, salted and smoked fish, etc. Of those asked, forty had a great desire for onions against eight without such desire. Twenty-six desired pickles and vinegar against four who did not. I cannot avoid again remarking on the frequency with which onions are debarred young delicate people and

phthical patients. It is a continually recurring experience with me to hear young people say how great is their desire for onions, which are often preferred raw, eaten with a little salt; and it is rarely that I have heard that onions disagree. I conceive that it is of the greatest importance to follow Nature's lead in the matter of appetite.

I conceive, further, that a marked passion for a special food, such as that of the phthical for onions, puts us all on a right path toward further knowledge."

### A SAND-BAG.

**A** SAND-BAG is one of the most serviceable articles to use in the sick-room.

Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove, make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth.

This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven, or even on the top of the stove.

The sand holds the heat a long time; and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them ready for use.

### A POSSIBLE CAUSE OF SORE-THROAT.

A subscriber in Portland, Me., writes as follows: "I believe that sore-throat can often be attributed to neglect of the protection of the throat during the night. It is customary to remove the warm covering from the neck on retiring (and in a large majority of cases the sleeping-room is cold, or of

much lower temperature than our sitting-rooms), and remain all night with the neck and throat bare, when one would not dare to sit for a single hour with the neck-wear removed. Under such treatment, is it a wonder that so many complain of a sore-throat in the morning? I speak from experience, having made it a practice to put on a night handkerchief for the past twenty years, during which I have not had a sore throat; whereas, before I took that precaution, sore-throat was one of my common ailments.

### SMOKER'S CATARRH.

Habitual smokers are notoriously liable to colds in the head, and to bronchitis and other congestive affections of the air-passages.

On this subject, Dr. J. F. Rumbold, in the *British Medical Journal*, says — "The congestion occasioned by the action of tobacco on the mucous membrane of the superior portion of the respiratory tract resembles in many respects the congestion resulting from the effects of a cold, and, like the effects of a cold, some of its effects are transitory and some are permanent. The local effect on the mucous membrane of the nose, throat, and ears is as predisposing to catarrhal diseases as is inefficient and insufficient clothing in the case of females. The local effect of tobacco on the mucous membrane of the superior portion of the respiratory tract causes a more permanent relaxation and congestion than any known agent. As tobacco depresses the system while it is producing its pleasurable sensation, and as it prepares the mucous membrane—by causing a more permanent relaxation and congestion than any known agent—to take on catarrhal inflammation from even slight exposure to cold, it should require no further evidence to show that its use ought to be discontinued by every catarrhal patient."

## Housekeepers' Department.

### DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

**COLD MEAT AND HAM CROQUETTES**.—Take cold fowl or cold meat of any kind, with a few slices of cold ham fat and lean, chop together until very fine, add half as much stale bread grated, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of made mustard, one tablespoonful of ketchup, a small lump of butter. Knead all well together, make into small flat cakes (the yolk of an egg can be used to bind the ingredients, but it is not necessary.) Brush with the yolk of a beaten egg on both sides, cover thickly with grated bread-crums, fry in a little lard or butter to a light brown. It is surprising how many of these croquettes can be made from a very little cold meat and ham, and they are excellent.

**FISH CROQUETTES**.—The remains of any cold fish. Remove all skin and bones most carefully, then mash the fish free from all lumps; add a piece of butter, pepper, salt, and mace (and if you have any cold crab, or lobster sauce, so much the better). Form the fish into portions the size and shape of an egg; if too soft, a few bread-crums

may be added. Dip each portion into an egg well beaten up, and then into fine bread-crums. Fry a golden-brown in boiling lard, and serve on a napkin garnished with fried parsley, or on a dish with tartare sauce.

**FISH FRITTERS**.—Take the remains of any fish which has been served the previous day, remove all the bones, and pound it in a mortar, add bread-crums and mashed potatoes in equal quantities. Mix together half a teacupful of cream with two well-beaten eggs, some cayenne pepper and anchovy sauce. Beat it all up to a proper consistency, cut it into small cakes, and fry them in boiling lard.

**ECONOMICAL FAMILY PUDDING**.—Bruise with a wooden spoon, through a colander, six large or twelve middle-sized boiled potatoes; beat four eggs, mix with a pint of good milk, stir in the potatoes; sugar and seasoning to taste; butter a dish; bake half an hour. This receipt is simple and economical, as cold potatoes, which may have been kept two or three days, till a sufficient quantity is collected, will answer quite well. A teacupful of marmalade is nice for the flavoring.



## The Temperance Cause.

### THE FIELD FOR TEMPERANCE WORK.

**T**HERE has been so much said and written in regard to lifting the drunkard from the gutter and making a sober man of him, that I am afraid some temperance organizations, as well as temperance men and women, are led to regard the principal part of the temperance work as lying in that direction.

This is a great mistake; for there are other fields of action where the work is much more encouraging, and where the same amount of labor yields far richer results for the temperance cause.

Any effort to alleviate suffering or to elevate humanity is praiseworthy and noble. No matter how low the object of our labor has fallen, or what has been the cause of his degradation, it is a worthy and commendable act to extend a helping hand, and, if possible, raise him up. But when a man has lost all self-respect and manhood, and has formed such a strong appetite for liquor as to be found drunk daily on the streets, it is discouraging for morality to attempt to lend the needed aid, and the rescuing of such men from a drunkard's grave is more the work of a Christian than of a temperance man. Pure temperance work is measured by the result it accomplishes for the temperance cause. Reclaiming one from the lowest class of drunkards is not aiding the temperance cause so much as is commonly believed; from the fact that he usually aids the cause no more by joining it than he would by remaining as he was. A low inebriate reeling through the streets, engaging in his drunken revelries, brawls and crimes, is a greater aid to temperance than we may imagine. To a sober man, such a sight as this speaks in plainer language, and is a more forcible warning for him to beware of the intoxicating cup than he usually hears from the lips of any lecturer.

As temperance men and women, our special work lies with two classes, the moderate drinker and those who have not yet commenced to drink. On the battle-field, it accomplishes no more for an army to kill two of the enemy than it does for them to win one to their side. When a politician gets a voter from the opposing party, he gains as much as when he gets two from outside their ranks.

The worst enemies that the temperance cause has, are found among moderate drinkers, and whenever we can win one of them to our side, we have not only added a new worker to our list and saved him from the prospect of becoming a habitual drunkard, but have weakened the enemy by getting one of his best men. The lowest class of drunkards cannot be counted as being in the enemy's ranks at all. Better count them as prisoners within his power. Many of them would be glad to see the temperance cause triumph until every rum-shop was forever closed. They loathe their manner of living, but have become its slave. Their injury to the temperance cause lies all in the past. The more they drink now, and the lower they sink, the more they aid the cause by the very disgust for the cup that their degradation causes.

But the moderate drinker stands foremost in the enemy's ranks. Society does not shut him out of her circles but permits him to stand on her list of respected and honored members. He is educated and talented, perhaps has been placed among the legislators of our land. He has a large circle of friends among whom his influence is very powerful. The young man who can get the privilege of taking a social glass with him, thinks it an honor so great that he hasn't the courage to refuse. And thus, through his influence, he starts many an associate on the road to a drunkard's grave, even if he should never reach it himself. And those who take an occasional glass during life without becoming drunkards, are the very ones who do the most harm. If occasional drinkers always became drunkards, no young man would dare to touch the first glass.

Truly, it is the moderate drinker that throws the greatest obstacles in the way of temperance workers. It is from their ranks that all the drunkards come. It is in their ranks that the rum-seller belongs. It is through their influence that we are prevented from getting sound temperance laws. And it is through their influence that we are thwarted in the attempt to enforce what temperance laws we do get enacted. In the great day of reckoning, when all the crimes of drunkenness shall be thrown at the feet of the really guilty, I fear that the moderate drinker's share will make him tremble as he sees the ruinous results of the life he has led. He will then learn that he is to some extent his brother's keeper.

If we had the signature of every moderate drinker on our pledge, and their co-operation in our work, we could soon disband all our temperance organizations and consider our work accomplished. Drunkards and rum-sellers would not bother us then. For the one would soon find his occupation gone, and the other would of necessity become a sober man.

But the most encouraging place to work is among the young men who have not yet created an appetite for strong drink. "A stitch in time saves nine." And "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The drunkard staggering through our streets to-day was a moderate drinker twenty years ago. Twenty-five years ago he was an occasional drinker; and thirty years ago, he stood in the strength and pride of his young manhood, free from the contaminating influences of even the first glass.

Now, at which stage of such a man's life is it best to attempt to save him? Where will we be the most likely to succeed? And, if successful, at which stage will the most good be accomplished for the individual, for humanity and for the cause of temperance?

In getting young men interested in this cause, you know not how great may be the results of the good seed you have sown, nor how many you have saved from disgrace and wretchedness.

Let me appeal to the young man who reads this article to place himself at once on the safe side. Do it by signing the pledge, and by publicly let-

ting it be known that you have determined to be a staunch and true temperance man.

Do not with open eyes enter the path that leads to a drunkard's doom. Do not act under the delusion, which has ruined so many, that you are able to drink an occasional glass and leave off when you choose. Do not trifle or dally with this matter, nor be content to occupy any uncertain position.

I know there are many young men who are opposed to intemperance but think it weakness to sign the pledge, who think the most manly position is a neutral one. Let me say to these that there is no such position for them to occupy. The vital principles involved here admit of no neutral ground. Unless for temperance, you are *against* it in your influence.

But suppose you could take this position, is it a manly one? Like the cipher in mathematics, are you willing to be neither a positive nor a negative quantity, simply occupying a space that would otherwise be vacant? If a child were struggling for life in the water, and a man should stand on the bank, calm and unmoved without making the

least effort to rescue her, would he be your ideal of manhood? In the great struggles that have secured for us our free Republic, do the pages of history honor the names of any who stood with folded arms and took no part on either side?

In the language of that great prophet to the multitude before him as he stood on Mount Carmel, let me ask, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" And as he continues with the words, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. If the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, follow him," so would I say to you, "Choose ye this day" which course you will take.

If nought but the drunkard's career and fearful doom have charms for you and be your choice, plunge in at once and make your journey to that miserable end as short as possible. But if you think it better, more manly and honorable to lead sober lives, do not attempt to stand alone, but join hands at once with those who have already chosen that course, and help each other in becoming stronger and better, and give your united strength to the great temperance reform.

C. L. HILL.

## Fancy Needlework.

### DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

**No. 1.—TRICOT: DESIGN FOR SHAWLS, COMFORTERS, ETC.**—This design, being rather open, is suitable for shawls. For this purpose it should be worked with single Berlin wool and a hook, No. 9. Make a chain the length required.

**1st Row:** Work up a loop, turn the wool over the hook from the front to the back, work up another loop through the next stitch, draw through all three loops together, drawing the wool through from the back to the front; work off the loops in the usual way, with this exception, that a chain-stitch must be worked between each loop.

**2d Row:** Work up a loop through the two slanting loops at the top of cluster, turn the wool in front of the hook, work up a loop through the next chain of last row, draw through all the loops together, close the cluster with one chain, repeat from beginning of the row; work off as described for first row. The second row is repeated throughout.

**No. 2.—STRIPE; CROCHET. FOR COUVREPIEDS, TIDIES, ETC.**—This stripe is suitable to be used with other stripes for tidies. For this purpose it should be worked with double Berlin wool and a tricot-hook, No. 9.

Make a chain of sixteen stitches.

**1st Row:** One double into each stitch.

**2d Row:** One double into each of four stitches, \*one double treble into the second stitch of first row, keep the top loop on the hook, one double treble into the sixth stitch of same row, draw through two loops on the hook (see design), then draw through the last loop on the hook, one double into each of four next stitches; repeat from \*, working the double trebles into the sixth-tenth, and fourteenth stitches. These two rows are repeated throughout.

**For the edge:** One double into the edge of

stripe, three chain, one treble into the top of double, pass over one row of stripe, and repeat from the beginning of edging row.

**Nos. 3 AND 10.—CAP: CROCHET.**—Materials required: Scarlet crochet-cotton, gold-colored ice-silk, and a steel crochet-hook.

The design shown in Illustration 10 is used for the crown of the cap; it is worked in rows, always commencing at one side, to keep the raised pattern upwards. Cut a circle of paper the size required, and work the crown to the pattern. The design is in two parts: the network for the foundation, and the clusters of trebles for the right side.

Commence with the foundation, which is worked in crimson crochett-cotton.

Make a chain the length required.

**1st Row:** One treble, separated by one chain, into each alternate stitch of last row.

**2d Row:** One treble under chain of last row, one chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

For the outside, which is worked in gold-colored silk, work five trebles under the chain, one treble of last row was worked into, one double into the chain of next row of foundation (see design). Repeat from the beginning of the row.

**3d Row:** Five trebles into the double of last row, one double into the second row above of foundation. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

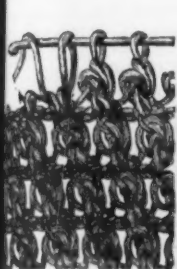
The border is worked with scarlet silk.

**No. 4.—EDGING: CROCHET AND EMBROIDERY.**—The embroidery is worked in buttonhole and sewing-over stitches upon embroidery muslin.

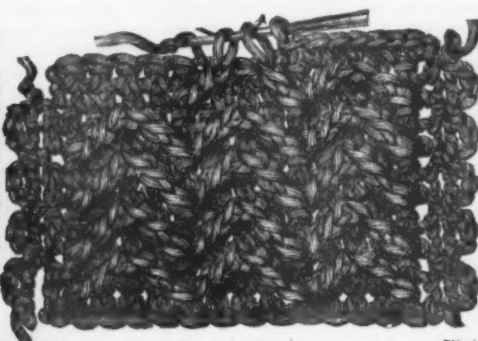
For the crochet edge:

**1st Row:** One treble into a buttonhole-stitch at the edge of the scallop, keep the top loop on the hook, one treble into the side of next scallop, three chain, one double into top of scallop, three chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

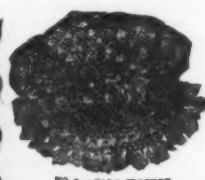
**2d Row:** One single into the double of last



NO. 1. - TRICOT DESIGN.



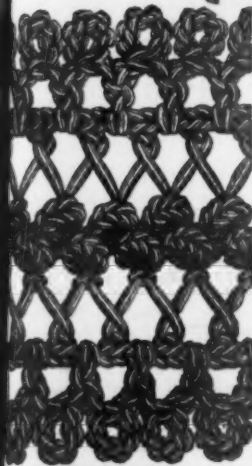
NO. 2. - CROCHET STRIPE.



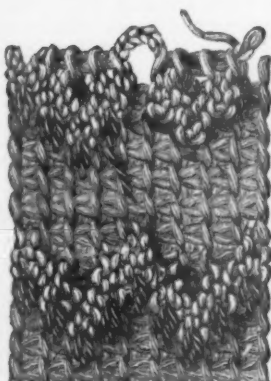
NO. 3. - CAP: CROCHET.



NO. 4. - BELTING: CROCHET AND EMBROIDERY.



NO. 5. - YORK-WORK STRIPE.



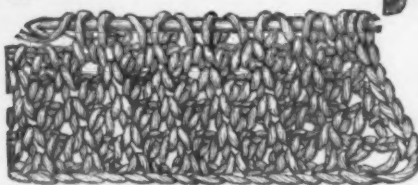
NO. 6. - TRICOT DESIGN.



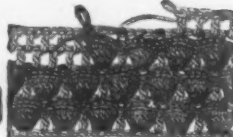
NO. 7. - YORK-WORK STRIPE.



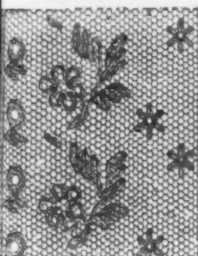
NO. 8. - TARTAN-PATTERN: CROCHET.



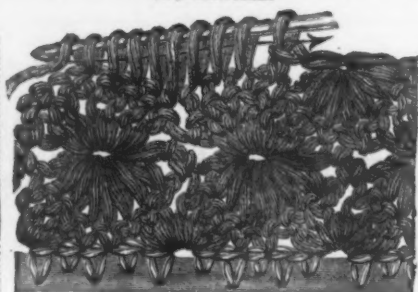
NO. 9. - TRICOT DESIGN.



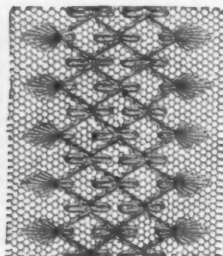
NO. 10. - DETAIL OF NO. 2.



NO. 11. - GAGE: BARRED NET.



NO. 12. - DIAMOND PATTERN: CROCHET.



NO. 13. - GAGE: BARRED NET.

FANCY NEEDLEWORK.—SEE DESCRIPTION.

row, one chain, four trebles, each separated by three chain, into the trebles of last row, one chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

**No. 5.—STRIPE: FORK-WORK AND CROCHET.**—Materials required: Double Berlin wool, a fork  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch across, and a bone tricôt-hook, No. 11.

This stripe is suitable to be used with stripes of crochét or tricôt for tidies.

For the fork-work: Make a loop in the wool, pass it over one side of the fork, turn the fork; you will then have a loop over each side, work two doubles under first loop, \* turn the fork, two doubles into left-hand loop. Repeat from \* for the length required, and slip off the fork.

For the edge, which is worked on each side of the stripe:

1st Row: Twist the loop of fork-work (see design), one double into the loop, two chain. Repeat from beginning of the row.

2d Row: One treble under two chain, seven chain, one double into the first. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

For the row of picots in the centre of stripe: Work one single into a left-hand double of fork-work, five chain, one single into same stitch, one single into double on the other side of fork-work, five chain, one single into the same stitch. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

This row may be worked in a contrasting color if preferred.

**No. 6.—TRICÔT DESIGN FOR TIDIES, COUVRE-PIEDS, ETC.**—This design is suitable for couvre-pieds, tidies, counterpanes, &c.; it may be worked with one or two colors, with single Berlin wool and a bone hook, No. 9.

If for a counterpane, coarse crochét-cotton and a hook, No. 11, should be used. If for a large piece of work, it will be found more convenient to work it in stripes, and join the stripes together afterwards. Work three rows in ordinary tricôt. By a row we mean working up and off the stitches.

4th Row: Work up all the loops, work off four loops in the ordinary way, \* seven chain, work off the four next loops. Repeat from \* to end of row.

5th Row: Work up all the loops, work off three loops, \* seven chain, work off two loops. Repeat from \* to the end of row.

6th Row: Work up all the loops, work off two loops, \* seven chain, work off four loops. Repeat to end of row.

7th to 11th Rows: Plain tricôt. The loops of chain are caught down, as shown in illustration, by single chain-stitches, worked with pompadour wool of a contrasting color.

**No. 7.—FORK-WORK: STRIPE.**—This stripe is worked with chenille or arrasene; the fork-work for the centre is worked as described for centre of No. 5.

For the edge:

1st Row (worked with purse-silk of a contrasting color): Twist two loops of fork-work, one double through both together, three chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

2d Row (with chenille or arrasene): One double under three chain, five chain, one double into the first. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

**No. 8.—BASKET-PATTERN: CROCHET.**—This design is suitable to be worked in silk for purses, or in coarse crochét or knitting-cotton for counterpanes. The cotton must be broken off at the end of every row, as each row is commenced at the

same end to keep the pattern of the right side of the work. For counterpanes it may be worked in stripes or squares.

Make a chain the length required.

1st Row: One double into every stitch.

2d and 3d Rows: One double through the centre of the two perpendicular loops of each of five successive stitches, one double through the back horizontal loop of next five successive stitches. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

4th Row: One double between each of the perpendicular loops of five successive stitches, one double through the back loop of each of two next stitches, draw up a loop through the next loop of second row of square (see design), one double through the back loop of next two stitches. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

5th Row: One double through the perpendicular loops of each of five successive stitches, one double through the back loop of next stitch, draw up a loop through next loop of third row of square (see design), one double into the back loop of next stitch of last row, draw up a loop through next stitch of third row, one double into the back loop of next stitch of last row. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

6th Row: One double between the perpendicular loops of each of five successive stitches, one double through the back loop of two next stitches, draw up a loop through the next stitch of fourth row, one double through the back loop of each of two next stitches of last row.

7th Row: Like second row.

In the next seven rows the pattern is reversed by commencing the row with the five stitches worked into the horizontal loops of five successive stitches.

**No. 9.—TRICÔT: DESIGN FOR COUVRE-PIEDS, ETC.**—This design is suitable for couvre-pieds, tidies, petticoats, etc.; either single or double Berlin wool may be used, and a bone tricôt-hook.

Make a chain the length required.

1st Row: Put the wool over the hook, put the hook under the chain, pull up a loop, repeat, keeping all the stitches on the hook; coming back, pull through two loops together, one chain between.

2nd Row: Pull up a loop through two loops together, pull up a loop under the chain, one chain. Repeat. In working off the loops, \* draw through two loops together, one chain. Repeat from \*.

The second row is repeated throughout.

No. 10.—See No. 3.

**Nos. 11 and 13.—LACE AND INSERTION: DARNED NET.**—This lace is very much used for trimming evening-dresses, fichus, caps, cravats, etc. It may be worked upon white net with linen flossette, or upon black net with black or colored fillosette.

**No. 12.—DIAMOND PATTERN: CROCHET.**—Materials required: Double Berlin wool, and a bone hook, No. 9.—This stripe is worked lengthwise in shades of any colors; the wool must be broken off at the end of each stripe, and the work commenced always at the same end. With the darkest shade make a chain the length of the stripe.

1st Row: One double into a stitch, pass over two stitches, nine trebles into the next, pass over two stitches, and repeat from the beginning of the row.

2nd Row: One double into the centre treble of



cluster, draw up a loop through each of eight next successive stitches, draw through all the loops on the hook together, close with one chain (see illustration). Repeat from the beginning of the row.  
3d Row: One double under the first loop of

cluster, eight trebles under the chain at the close of cluster of last row. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

The second and third rows are repeated.  
No. 13.—See No. 11.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

THE most stylish hats are the pokes, of velvet, plush or beaver, with tapering peaked crowns, and flaring fronts. Many of these are trimmed with loops of double-faced satin ribbon, massed around the brim, showing the shape of the crown, or with bunches of nodding ostrich plumes. Other hats are large, rough beavers, with broad brims similar to shade hats. These are half concealed with forests of plumes, which wave with every motion of the wearer. Sometimes a dark beaver is lined with bright velvet of a color becoming to the lady, or to match her costume. Sometimes, also, a border of fur takes the place of outside trimming of ribbons or feathers. Other hats are round turbans with fur borders; Derbys, now trimmed with velvet or feathers, like more pretentious hats; and small bonnets. The question of the shape and size of a chapeau must be regulated entirely by the wearer's own taste and sense of what is becoming—there is variety enough for all. Large hats, however, seem best suited for ladies with small faces.

When a poke is worn, the hair should be frizzed and fluffed a great deal in front, to fill up the large space under the brim. No veil is worn, but an invisible or "bang" net should be used to keep the hair in place, though care should be taken that it may not show. Veils of dotted net are still worn with small hats and bonnets.

Plush is still the favorite material for trimming hats, wraps and dresses. Sash and bonnet ribbons, and flounces for skirts now come with woven plush borders, of the same shade as the foundation material or a contrasting one. A stylish costume is of seal-brown or dark garnet cloth, simply made with pleated skirt, a short, plain overskirt draped high on the hips, and a half-fitting jacket, finished with broad collar, cuffs and pockets of seal-brown or garnet plush and oxi-

dized silver buttons. Cloth suits, generally, follow much the same model and are almost severe in their plainness.

Combination suits retain their deserved popularity, but differ from those of past years in being less patchy. The favorite plan is to make the basque entirely of one material, say bright velvet, or brocade, and the skirt of another, perhaps a dark silk, with or without a band of material similar to the basque, bordering the overskirt or flounces. New all-wool dresses of cashmere, camel's-hair and so forth, are usually made all of one material, the combination style being mainly employed in remodelling old.

Hoopskirts, it seems, have not "taken." Narrow skirts, made upon a single foundation lining, still hold sway. Some of these consist of breadths of material, laid in pleats from belt to foot, and broken into two pieces by rows of shirring above the knees, causing the lower part to fall like a deep flounce. Over the shirred part is tied a broad sash, knotted in the back. Some of these sashes, of the material, are still drawn into a point at each end and finished with a silk pompon.

A three-cornered kerchief of the dress material, finished like a sash with pompons at the two outer corners, is often thrown over a plain basque and knotted in front, so that the pompons fall over the breast.

Wraps are mostly long, of black materials, more or less rich, bordered with passamenterie or fur. Plain cloth jackets are also worn with every-day costumes.

Among the new combinations of color are, olive with plum-color or old gold; dark green with drab; golden brown with myrtle-green; and garnet with pearl gray.

Neckwear—white scarfs and kerchiefs of fine embroidery, muslin and lace. Gloves—long, tan-colored kid, dressed or undressed. Also, new dark shades.

## Notes and Comments.

### Fiftieth Volume of the Home Magazine.

WITH the last number we completed the forty-ninth volume of the HOME MAGAZINE, and now greet our readers in the opening number of the fiftieth volume, which will be found equal, if not superior, in all of its departments, to any of its predecessors. Our arrangements for increasing the interest and excellence of our magazine, are, as we said in the closing number of the last volume, more complete,

and our artistic and literary resources wider and more varied than they have ever been; and it is our purpose to use all of these resources with a liberal hand.

Increasing social culture (repeating what we said in the December number), improvement in taste, and, what is more essential, the steady advancement towards a purer and nobler humanity based on genuine Christian principles, are making new demands and laying new responsibilities upon those who write and those who publish. A maga-

zine that is not in harmony with the spirit of the age—that does not comprehend its needs, nor keep step with its advancements—can have no permanent hold upon the people. It may flourish for a time, but must sooner or later die for want of adequate support. It is because the editors and publishers of this magazine have not only sought to keep step with the advancing spirit of the age, and to be in harmony with its progress, but to do all in their power to promote the social well-being and moral and intellectual culture of its readers, that it has for over thirty years held so warm a place in the affections of the people.

While doing this, we have always endeavored to make the HOME MAGAZINE a pleasant and cheerful magazine; a visitor in the home circle with a smiling face even while it gave counsel or admonition. The Christianity it teaches is neither sour, narrow, bigoted nor sectarian. It does not call innocent amusements sinful, nor the orderly enjoyment of any of the natural good things of this life evil; but it condemns the violation of either natural, spiritual or divine laws, by which injury is done to body or mind. It condemns excesses of all kinds that injure the health, and the indulgence of all selfish, impure and impious thoughts and purposes that hurt the soul. Its aim is to help men and women in all their social relations and in all the degrees of their lives, and so to make them better and happier.

This is the mission of the HOME MAGAZINE, and it would be unworthy of the name it has assumed if it sought to do a lower and a meaner work. But the ways by which it endeavors to accomplish its mission are its own. It seeks to win the attention, delight the imagination, warm the heart and quicken the thoughts of its readers by the grace, charm and intrinsic interest of its pages, and by means of story, poem and a wide and varied range of literary attractions, to lift them above what is narrow and selfish, into a region of purer thought and feeling. It aims to draw people into a common brotherhood and to enlarge their sympathies and make them generous and helpful in all their public and private relations; not to teach a gospel of selfishness.

Such it has been, and such it will continue to be.

As such we offer it to all who desire to receive into their homes a safe and pure magazine.

### Girls' Evening Classes.

THE ladies connected with the New Century Club, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, now include classes for girls who are employed during the day, or who, for any other reason are unable to attend school. These classes are also open to older women, married or single, whose early education has been neglected. The terms are 50 cents for a course of twenty-four lessons. No one is admitted who can afford to pay a larger sum for instruction, or who is not in earnest in

her desire to improve her mind and form good associations.

A long list of subjects is given, from which every pupil may make her choice. Among these are plain English branches, Mathematics, Literature, French, German, Latin, Vocal Music, Needle-work, and Cooking. Special provision will also be made for any study not enumerated in the list.

The classes occupy the ample rooms of the New Century Club, in one of the pleasantest neighborhoods in the city. They are under the supervision of some of the brightest, most intelligent, most honored ladies among us. So, in outward respects, if in no others, the enterprise is already an assured success. Of its future, however, everything desirable may be safely predicted, for it is under the fostering care of the same noble band of workers who inaugurated the Childrens' Country Week, the New Century Cooking School, and the Association for the Legal Protection of Working Women; whose well-earned fame has spread far and wide, all over our land and beyond its borders.

By this time, the classes in Philadelphia are filled. But why should not the scheme be imitated everywhere? Surely, in every village in the country, to say nothing of every large town, there ought to be some leading, benevolent spirits who could successfully organize and carry out something of the kind.

Books, rooms, and teachers, ought to be had almost for the asking, or if not, some large-hearted men or women, with corresponding purses, might become responsible for expenses, including rents and salaries. The small fee charged each pupil will effectually take away the idea of charity. Besides, an association of the kind can scarce fail to keep many a young person out of mischief, to give to all connected with it better and higher views of life, as well as improve the whole moral and intellectual tone of the community.

The experiment is worth trying everywhere. There have long been in many places similar institutes for young men, but now—"Give the girls a chance."

### "Brushwood."

THIS is the title of a poem by T. Buchanan Read, which will be remembered by those who are familiar with the literary works of the poet-painter. It is the simply told, pathetic story of a poor old woman, who had seen eighty years, bearing along one of the weary slopes of the Apennines her burden of brushwood, and sinking, at last, exhausted, at the foot of a wayside cross, from whence her spirit passes to its eternal home.

The "Mountain child," whom "no toil could tame," bearing his lighter load, spoke to her kindly as he passed. The peasant maiden in her glowing dress,

"The wild-eyed witch of the wilderness,"

singing as she went by, waved her a "good night,"

"And round the mountain passed from sight."

Laborers wending their way homeward, monk and priest telling their beads, or chanting an "Ave Maria," all passed along, none offering a helping hand.

"How far, how very far it seemed,  
To where the starry taper gleamed,  
Placed by her grandchild on the sill  
Of the cottage window on the hill.

Steeper and rougher grew the road,  
Harder and heavier grew the load;  
Her heart beat like a weight of stone  
Against her breast. A sigh and moan  
Mingled with prayer, escaped her lips  
Of sorrow, o'er sorrowing night's eclipse.  
'Of all who passed me by,' she said,  
'There is never one to lend me aid;  
Could I but gain yon wayside shrine,  
There would I rest this load of mine,  
And tell my sacred rosary through,  
And try what patient prayer would do.' "

Then she heard the tread of one toiling up the steep behind her. He came to her side, listened to her story, and straightway took her load and bore it for her to the wayside cross, at the foot of which she bowed herself, and then unburdened her heart to the stranger:

"Then spoke her traveller-friend: 'Dear soul,  
Thy perfect faith hath made thee whole!  
I am the Burthen-Bearer—I  
Will never pass the o'erladen by.  
My feet are on the mountain-steep;  
They wind through valleys dark and deep;  
They print the hot dust of the plain,  
And walk the billows of the main.  
Wherever is a load to bear,  
My willing shoulder still is there!  
Thy toil is done!' He took her hand  
And led her through a May-time land,  
Where round her pathway seemed to wave  
Each votive flower she ever gave  
To make her favorite altar bright,  
As if the angels, at their blight,  
Had borne them to the fields of blue,  
Where planted 'mid eternal dew,  
They bloomed, as witnesses arrayed  
Of one on earth who toiled and prayed."

Messrs J. B. Lippincott & Co. have published this poem in a dainty volume, with some sixteen illustrations from original designs by Frederick Dielman. It makes a choice holiday book, and will be a favorite with many.

### The Philadelphia Exchange for Woman's Art-Work.

LAST year we called attention to this most deserving institution in our midst, then only a few months' old. We would like to say now that its first year of existence has been one of unexampled prosperity: it not only continues to hold its own, but also to make steady progress.

A visit to the elegant rooms of the Exchange, No. 1123 Arch street, is as thoroughly enjoyable to-day as ever. The artistic eye still continues to feast on the myriads of beautiful objects displayed there. The only difference observable, perhaps, is a higher degree of excellence in the character of the lovely things exhibited.

And this is as it should be. Mr. Holmes tells us that a place like this, still the only one of its kind, should continue to maintain its high standard. It has a reputation, now—people recognize it. Hence, every effort must be made to exclude from its shelves every article, not in all respects worthy of a place thereon.

This fact especially needs to be impressed on would-be depositors remote from large towns. It will not do to send to a great city, like Philadelphia, anything that cannot command a good price anywhere. "You would be surprised," said

Mr. Holmes, "to see how many unsaleable articles women from the far-away country districts send, expecting to receive enormous sums for them." To all such we would kindly say, be sure of your work before you seek to place it on exhibition. Otherwise you force a courteous gentleman to do something very distasteful to him, and that is, plainly tell you that you have been indulging false hopes. On the other hand, don't be afraid to offer any thing really pretty, through any feelings of undue timidity. The Exchange has brought many a buried talent to light.

To show how some people misunderstand the real object of the Exchange, Mr. Holmes tells of a lady who offered to send a *soiled* lace afghan. It had taken the prize at several fairs, and now that its first beauty was gone, she hoped to dispose of it in this way. The Exchange is not a repository for cast-off, worn-out articles of any kind, no matter what they were originally. There are professional lace-cleaners in every large city, who restore lace to a condition as good as new. Why could not this lady have her afghan renewed, and *then* send it to the Exchange, where, if worthy, it would receive all the attention it merited? No, ladies—do yourbest first; write to Mr. Holmes afterwards.

A word as to zephyr-work, knitting, crocheting, and the like. Only the finest and daintiest can be considered for a moment, for only that brings extra prices. Ordinary grades can be bought cheaply at any fancy store. People who purchase goods at the Exchange, expect the best, and usually for special reasons—their ordinary shopping is done elsewhere.

Alas! that it should be so. Beautiful things, it seems, do not always exert a refining, elevating influence. Recently, persons have come into the rooms of the Exchange, admired the artistic objects, and *stolen them!* Everything good has its enemies.

Among the many interesting sights, in the halls and parlors, are: Elegant mirrors, their frames adorned with garlands of painted roses; clay statuettes, modelled by the gifted Miss Pollock, the youngest designer in the country; decorated china and terra-cotta ware; exquisite embroideries, in floss, zephyr, and crewel; delicate bits of wood-carving, plaques, panels, shells, and cunning pictures, painted in oils; dainty cards and illuminated poems in water-colors; spirited sketches and drawings; and many pretty knock-knacks and novelties, such as painted satin scent-bags, wreaths and bouquets of ferns, mosses, and autumn leaves; and lamp-mats of colored paper. Anything really beautiful, especially if original in materials and method employed, is sure of a welcome.

Again we ask, for the Philadelphia Exchange for Woman's Art-Work, the support and sympathies of our many readers. Again we urge upon all who are able to do so, the desirability of paying it a visit.

### Ayer & Son's Newspaper Annual.

Without doubt this is the most comprehensive, valuable and reliable reference book for advertisers yet offered to the public. The amount of pains-taking, thorough and conscientious work required for its preparation becomes more and more apparent as it is examined closely. The statistics

of populations, industries, manufacturing and agricultural products, furnished for most of the countries in the several states, not only give it the value of a gazetteer, but supply advertisers with the means of knowing in what sections of the country there is likely to be the best demand for the goods they wish to sell. It is published by N. W. Ayer & Son, of this city.

### New Books Received.

**FIFE AND DRUM.** No. 1, Fife and Drum Series. Mary Dwinell Chellis, author of "The Brewery at Taylorville," etc. New York: National Temperance Society & Publication House, pp. 79.

**A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.** No. 2, Fife and Drum Series. By Julia McNair Wright, author of "Firebrands," etc. New York: National Temperance Society & Publication House, pp. 100.

**LIKE A GENTLEMAN.** Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 212. Price \$1.00.

**BALLADS IN BLACK.** A series of Original Shadow Pantomimes with forty-eight full-page silhouette illustrations, and full directions for producing shadow-pictures with novel effects. Ballads by T. E. Chase. Illustrations by I. F. Goodridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 154. Price \$1.00.

**THE YOUNG FOLKS' ROBINSON CRUSOE,** or the adventures of an Englishman who lived alone for five years on an island of the Pacific Ocean. By a lady; edited by Wm. T. Adams. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 266. Price \$1.25.

**THE FOUR-FOOTED LOVERS.** By Frank Albertsen. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 33. Price \$1.00.

**TUTTI-FRUTTI.** A book of Child's Songs. By Laura Ledyard and W. T. Peters. Designs by D. Clinton Peters. New York: Geo. W. Harlan, pp. 34.

**THE DOUBLE-RUNNER CLUB,** or the lively boys of Rivertown. By B. P. Shillaber, author of *Ike Partington and his Friends*. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 314. Price \$1.25.

**RALEIGH, HIS EXPLOITS AND VOYAGES,** By George Makepeace Towle, author of "Vasco De Gama," "Pizarre," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 273. Price \$1.25.

**REX RINGOLD'S SCHOOL, OR THE IMPERIAL CLUB.** By Pliny Steele Boyd, author of "Up and Down the Merrimac." New York: National Temperance Society & Publication House, pp. 399. Price \$1.25.

**CRAQUE-O'-DOOM.** A story by M. H. Catherwood. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., pp. 238. Price \$1.25.

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS ABROAD.**—The adventures of four American boys and girls in a journey through Europe to Constantinople. By James D. McCabe author of the "Pictorial History of the World," "Paris by Sunlight and Gaslight," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., pp. 344. Price \$1.75.

**JULIAN KARSLAKE'S SECRET.** A novel by Mrs. Joan Hodder Needell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., pp. 331. Price \$1.25.

**WHAT EVERY MOTHER OUGHT TO KNOW.** By Edward Ellis, M. D. Philadelphia: Presley Blakiston.

**BRUSHWOOD.** A poem, by T. Buchanan Read. Illustrated from designs by Frederick Dielman (Uniform with "Drifting") small 4to, cloth, extra gilt, \$1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

**THE MOTHER'S GUIDE IN THE MANAGEMENT AND FEEDING OF INFANTS.** By John M. Keating, M. B. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea's Son & Co.

## Publishers' Department.

### DESPERATE CASES.

AS a rule, Compound Oxygen patients belong to that large class of invalids who have failed to get relief from skilled physicians, or from the use of drugs or patent remedies. Their diseases are chronic; frequently of many years' standing, and often so deeply intrenched in some vital organ that cure becomes almost a miracle. In despair of help from any other source, they catch at the Compound Oxygen Treatment as a drowning man catches at a straw.

More than half the cases submitted to Drs. Starkey and Palen are of so desperate or complicated a character that no physician, who clearly understood the action and capabilities of the remedies at his command, and who had any regard for his reputation, would undertake them, and at the same time give the patient any assurance of an ultimate cure.

The marvel is, that, of these apparently hopeless cases, so many are ameliorated, greatly helped, or radically cured by the subtle agent they administer. Cases which they have hesitated to undertake, and which in spite of their discouraging answers when an opinion was asked, were placed in their care, have rapidly improved, almost from the beginning, and steadily progressed to a cure—as much to their surprise and gratification often as to that of the patients and their friends.

So rapid a return to health is not possible in all cases. Slow convalescence is oftener the rule; but, where Compound Oxygen is used according to directions, and the ordinary laws of health observed by the patient, restoration is almost always sure, though it may be a gradual work.

"Our ten or twelve years' experience in the administration of Compound Oxygen," say Drs. Starkey and Palen, "during which time we have treated many thousands of patients, satisfies us that, in eight out of ten of the cases where physicians fail utterly to cure, we can so arrest the progress of disease and break its force, as to greatly ameliorate the patient's condition, if not restore him to comparatively good health.

"In proof of this, we refer to the thousands of testimonials from grateful patients contained in our various pamphlets and treatises, and especially in *Health and Life*, our Quarterly Record of Cases and Cures."

See advertisement on fourth page cover of this number of HOME MAGAZINE.

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The Best, Cleanest &  
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Dressing. Never fails  
to restore youthful color  
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Ginger, Euchu, Mandrake, and many of the best medi-  
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The Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used.

It cures Complaints of Women, and diseases of the Stom-  
ach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, and is entirely  
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Hasson & Co., Chemists, N. Y. Large saving buying \$1 size.

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25c. and 75c. sizes.

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A Book of 100 Patterns for wor-  
sted work, etc. Borders, Corners, Fansies, Roses, Birds,  
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each, 8 books, \$1. J. F. INGALLS, Linn, Mass.

**50 Gold-Edge & Chrome Cards**, name on, 10c. Book of  
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Turkish Rug patterns. Address with stamp, E. S.  
FROST & CO., Biddeford, Maine.

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All Druggists:

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The most Valuable  
Family Remedy  
known.

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The Toilet  
Articles  
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are superior to any similar ones.

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An agreeable form of  
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For the  
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BURNS, SORES,  
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DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, CA-  
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BURN, and for every purpose where a lini-  
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Small sizes of all our goods.

**GRAND MEDAL AT THE PHILADELPHIA EXPOSITION.**  
**SILVER MEDAL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.**  
**HIGHEST AWARD AT THE LONDON MEDICAL CONGRESS.**

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Sole Agents.

Do not accept from your Druggist any Vaseline or other of our preparations  
excepting in our original packages, with our name on them. There are many  
worthless imitations in the market, which druggists and others are bottling and  
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# COMPOUND OXYGEN.

For the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Ozæna, Debility, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a Natural Process of Revitalization.

## THE GENUINENESS OF OUR TESTIMONIALS AND REPORTS OF CASES.

There are two classes, the naturally credulous and the naturally skeptical. Those who belong to the first are often deceived—often the prey of sharpers, empirics and speculators. They gain wisdom, but many times through dear experiences; and yet, in the long run, their gains probably far exceed their losses, because new discoveries in science are giving us a clearer knowledge and a larger command of the hidden forces in nature, and they are far more likely to profit by these new discoveries than those who belong to the class which takes it for granted that every alleged new discoverer is a cheat.

Against the doubts, skepticism and foregone conclusions of this second class we have had to contend from the beginning of our administration of Compound Oxygen; and now, after twelve years, when our patients are numbered by thousands, and the emphatic testimonials of a large number of these are before the public, the doubters are still inclined to the opinion that Compound Oxygen is a humbug, and the testimonials to its value manufactured or paid for.

As to the genuineness of the testimonials we publish, any one can satisfy himself by writing to those who have voluntarily given them under their real signatures. Of the large number of reports of cases given in *HEALTH AND LIFE*, our quarterly publication, and which are taken from the private correspondence of patients, we can only say that *they are verbatim copies of letters on file in our office*. Names are not given, except where consent is obtained, as this would be, as every one knows, a violation of professional confidence.

A letter, pertinent to this subject, is now before us. In our July number of *HEALTH AND LIFE* we made an extract from our correspondence with a patient, showing a large improvement in his condition since using Compound Oxygen. Writing to us after he had received that number, he says:

"I am stronger, and strength is constantly increasing. Lungs are also increasing in strength and capacity."

He then adds:

"I saw in your last issue of *HEALTH AND LIFE* a statement of my case and reports which I have made to you, and will say that it is all correct. \* \* \* I wrote to several of the persons whose testimonials

are published in one of your pamphlets, before ordering my first supply, about their testimonials, and they told me they were genuine, and would advise me to use Compound Oxygen. I told this to some of my neighbors, whom I was trying to persuade to use Compound Oxygen, and they said, 'How do you know that they are not bought to say and write this?' I answered, that there are too many whose testimonials are published that have used Compound Oxygen, and it would cost too much to buy them all.

"But now, since I have seen my own reports published, I know for a certainty that other reports published are genuine; for I was not asked to have mine published, but you did so (not using my name), and I knew nothing of it until I saw it in print. It is all right, though."

As to the large number of testimonials and reports given in our various publications, we can only affirm their entire genuineness. If doubters and skeptics refuse to credit the evidence we present, we cannot help it. Their numbers, however, are becoming less and less every year; for the positive results of Compound Oxygen, and the living witnesses to its value, are multiplying in a steadily increasing ratio all the while.

## "FEEL CLEARER OF PAINS AND ACHES THAN FOR TEN YEARS."

So writes a lady from Shelby County, Illinois, July 11th, 1881, after five weeks' use of Compound Oxygen. In submitting her case, she said:

"Have had a slight cough for years, but not much troubled until last winter, when it became very severe and has gradually grown worse. Within the last few weeks have had pain in right lung and spitting of blood."

What our Treatment effected in this case, is told as follows, in the patient's own words:

"It has been five weeks since I commenced using your Compound Oxygen, and with the best results. After taking it two or three times, the soreness and pain in my lungs left me, and my cough, which was so bad that I could not sleep at night, is a great deal better, so that I sleep well. Have not had that shortness of breath which I had. I feel clearer of pains and aches than I have for ten years."

"I was much reduced in flesh and strength, but am gaining, so that I am able to do all my household work for three in family and don't feel tired. If I continue to improve as I have since I have been using the Treatment, I will be nearly well by the time I am through with the two months' supply which is more than I ever expected, at my age, which is sixty-six."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "*Health and Life*," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.  
G. E. PALEN, Ph.B., M.D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Between Chestnut & Market), Phila., Pa.